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Centenary Edition

SINS AND SAFEGUARDS OF SOCIETY

Sins and Safeguards of Society

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BY

THEODORE PARKER

EDITED WITH NOTES

BY

SAMUEL B. STEWART

BOSTON
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
25 Beacon Street

EDITOR'S PREFACE

The sermons collected in this volume are concerned with certain phases of public morals and public education. The first two are virtually anti-slavery discourses, and their titles, being in general descriptive of the aim and scope, give title to the volume. An address on "The Public Education of the People" is included; also a review of the reports of the committees of the Public Schools of Boston, and of the State Board of Education.

As regards the sermons, there is little modern sociological phrasing, and they are more or less discursive in matter and manner, the one great iniquity that weighed most on Parker's soul haunting almost every theme, diverting his attention and compelling from him some side-thrust of rebuke. Sermons they are,— not treatises of the sociological specialist,— and must be judged as such. He had ranged, however, over the wide fields of social science with patient study and knew whereof he preached. His ideas of the means and instrumentalities of social reform and progress had not crystallized into creedal form; it is doubtful if they would have ever done so. What most concerns him is the basic principles of a sound and healthy social structure. Its architectural features must conform to the endlessly developing needs and conditions of society. He speaks, therefore, for his own time. But in the rough, with his practical sense and philosophy of life, he comes to conclusions in advance of public opinion — conclusions that are being accepted, and worked upon with more and more satisfactory results. The

weeds and parasites of society continue to spring and flourish and he would have been even more exercised by the complexity of the situation to-day, but the essential principles of a more perfect social order on which he discourses remain the same.

From his point of view and time, "The Chief Sins of the People" were the slave-power at the South and its subservient money-power at the North. Consideration of these matters is reserved for other volumes, and nothing need be said of them here save as they are the occasion, in the anti-slavery sermons, of an almost uncontrollable indignation and satirical invective. The literature of the anti-slavery crusade contains little so fearfully eloquent. "The most illustrious oratory" he says "thunders and lightens out of some tempest which threatens ruin to the State. The eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero came out of the stormy cloud which bore ruin to Athens and to Rome." Parker's eloquence flashed out of the black cloud of slavery threatening the Republic. Addressing the upholders of the Fugitive Slave Law, it is as if he would thrust them among the tyrants and traitors of the Inferno. For their sakes he would have interpolated a canto. He promises "not to speak again of Judas or the Judge, but they will come up before me," and, as the reader will see, to receive some new outburst of invective.

Time, however, has laid a soft and forgiving hand upon his scorching lips. "The Safeguards of Society" are righteousness in the people, in their laws and institutions, and in the service of their public officers — a sermon mainly for the enlightenment of those to whose consciences the Fugitive Slave Law was a stumbling block — a sermon of the higher law.

He exalts democracy as most favorable to the organization of justice and safety, and, especially, trial by jury. The third point does not aim at political corruption, or with the slightest suggestion of a civil service system, but at the bad conscience of public officials who felt constrained to see to the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law.

The address and also the review on "Education of the People" have intrinsic value. They present, also, a striking contrast between the educational privileges of American towns and cities sixty years ago and at the present time. Parker is inspired by and gives support to his contemporaries, the distinguished educators George B. Emerson and Horace Mann, who were laboring with the people and with the Massachusetts Legislature for ampler provision for the education of American youth and society. He urges the establishment of high schools, normal schools, girls' schools, — the education and employment of female teachers, a higher value set on teaching as an occupation and larger compensation; discountenances sectarian colleges, suggests the university system; insists upon scientific and literary culture for women as well as for men; points out the need of public libraries, the free lecture system and other agencies of public education. In his day these had scant existence, and it is interesting to see how the outline he sketches has been filled in — by what enlightened public sentiment, what generous legislative enactment, and by what wealth of endowment.

In one respect Parker was not an agitator of "The Public Function of Women." The suffragettes would be impatient of his sane and quiet discourse. He esteemed the domestic functions of woman more

highly than the public, but regarded her elevation as "the greatest practical reformation of the people," and further says in his "Development of New England," "When she is recognized as the equivalent of man in her individual, social, political, domestic and ecclesiastical rights, most beautiful results will follow." He knows no reason why woman "should not be a voter and hold office and administer laws," but doubts "that she will ever take the same interest as man in political affairs, or find there an abiding satisfaction." Whatever question subsequent events may raise as to his "doubt," the sermon is a prophecy of the freedom and honor woman has attained, and the important place she now occupies in literature, in humane and philanthropic administration, and as an educator of the people; it may be added as a factor in the direction of public opinion on political matters, and as a voter.

The discourses on "The Moral Dangers of Prosperity," "Hard Times" and "Poverty" show that modern Socialism was in its infancy — the word does not appear. The sermons reflect some of the economic conditions of the period, but with the exception of a discussion of the main cause of "hard times" — the panic of 1857, which he attributes to the evils of "paper money," they are strictly homiletic and practical. Capital and labor had not taken sides, as now under the new civilization fostered by universal education, a vast immigration, unparalleled discovery, invention and industry, and the individual accumulation of fabulous wealth. For the best he has to say on labor one must turn to his full and important papers — "Thoughts on Labor" and "Education of the Laboring Class." He expresses an expectation of labor organization, does "not know what will be done or

how;" also his belief that the "right to bequeath enormous estates to individuals will be cut off." The former has come to pass; the latter is yet far off. "Poverty may be an essential element in human civilization;" even that he doubts, and optimistically believes that, under the general advance of society, like cannibalism, slavery, intemperance, and other vices and barbarisms, it will disappear. At the same time, he says "Calamity is not half so calamitous as constant prosperity," "when it rains money, the world reaps no great crops of men," and deals out the tonic of stress and adversity, with abundant illustration from the social and political history of New England. Worship of the Almighty Dollar is America's great danger, especially to the youth; the luxurious life and the striving for the prestige of the "abounding class." He has no faith, however, in communistic schemes.

One finds here, also, a variety of suggestions, indicative of his practical benevolence and foresight, that have become the commonplaces of modern charitable organizations.

The sermon on "War" was inspired by our troubles with Mexico. His hatred of war is based on the usual ground of its barbarism as war of aggression, and its wanton waste of a nation's vitality, all which he supports with a mass of statistics; the suffering and burden of taxation it imposes upon the poor; and the check it gives to the cultivation of the higher and nobler interests of the people. The advocates of peace were a feeble folk then,—"crying in the wilderness." How the Hague Court and the twentieth century world-engaging peace sentiment would have rejoiced his heart!

"Crime and its Punishment," though somewhat dis-

cursive, expresses the saner, more humane feeling that prevails in enlightened communities, not only as to the causes of crime and the character of its punishment, but the educational and redeeming influences that should be brought to bear upon those who suffer the penalties of the law. Whether the unpunished crimes of the intelligent and the powerful are so extensively responsible for the crimes of the poor and ill-conditioned as he represents may be questioned. Capital punishment he condemns. While its grosser features are a disgrace to an enlightened community, the argument for its abolition is not wholly conclusive.

Especial interest attaches to the sermon "What Religion may do for a Man," with which the volume closes. It was the last Parker was able to preach, the last spoken word from his mount of vision. It was spoken out of his unyielding will and unsurrendering hope, but all the while the tides of physical strength, as seen and watched by those who admired and loved him,— and even at times, despairingly, by himself,— were surely ebbing — and beyond return.

SAMUEL B. STEWART

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I

THE CHIEF SINS OF THE PEOPLE

My friends, this is a day of public humiliation and prayer. We have one every year. It is commonly in the city churches only a farce, because there is no special occasion for it, and the general need is not felt. But such is the state of things in the Union at this moment, and particularly in Boston, that, if it were not a custom, it would be a good thing, even if it were for the first time in the history of our country, to have such a day for humiliation and prayer, that we consider the state of the nation, and look at our conduct in reference to the great principles of religion, and see how we stand before God; for these are times that try men's souls.

Last Sunday, I purposely disappointed you, and turned off from what was nearest to your heart and was nearest to mine,— a subject that would have been easy to preach on without any preparation. Then I asked you to go to the Fountain of all strength, and there prepare yourselves for the evils that we know not of. To-day, the governor has asked us to come together, and consider, in the spirit of Christianity, the public sins of the community, to contemplate the value of our institutions, and to ask the blessing of God on the poor, the afflicted, and the oppressed. I am glad of this occasion; and I will improve it, and ask your attention to "A Sermon of the Chief Sins of this People."

I have said that these are times that try men's souls.

This is such an occasion as never came before, and, I trust, never will again. I have much to say to you, much more than I intend to say to-day, much more than there are hours enough in this day to speak. Many things I shall pass by. I shall detain you to-day somewhat longer than is my wont; but do not fear, I will look out for your attention. I simply ask you to be calm, to be composed, and to hear with silence what I have to say.

To understand these things, we must begin somewhat far off.

The purpose of human life is to form a manly character, to get the best development of body and of spirit,— of mind, conscience, heart, soul. This is the end: all else is the means. Accordingly, that is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money or ease, the most power of place, honor, and fame; but that in which a man gets the most manhood, performs the greatest amount of human duty, enjoys the greatest amount of human right, and acquires the greatest amount of manly character. It is of no importance whether he win this by wearing a hod upon his shoulders, or a crown upon his head. It is the character, and not the crown, I value. The crown perishes with the head that wore it; but the character lives with the immortal man who achieved it; and it is of no consequence whether that immortal man goes up to God from a throne or from a gallows.

Every man has some one preponderating object in life,— an object that he aims at and holds supreme. Perhaps he does not know it; but he thinks of this in his day-dreams, and his dreams by night. It colors his waking hours, and is with him in his sleep. Some-

times it is sensual pleasure that he wants; sometimes money; sometimes office, fame, social distinction; sometimes it is the quiet of a happy home, with wife and children, all comfortable and blessed; sometimes it is excellence in a special science or art, or department of literature; sometimes it is a special form of philanthropy; and sometimes it is the attainment of great, manly character.

This supreme object of desire is sometimes different at different times in a man's life, but in general is mainly the same all through. For "the child is father of the man," and his days bound each to each, if not by natural piety, then by unnatural profaneness. This desire may act with different intensity in the active and passive periods, in manhood and in age. It is somewhat modified by the season of passion, and by the season of ambition.

If this object of special desire be worthy, so is the character in general; if base, so is the man. For this special desire becomes the master motive in the man; and, if strong, establishes a unity in his consciousness, and calls out certain passions, appetites, powers of mind and conscience, heart and soul; and, in a long life, the man creates himself anew in the image of his ideal desire. This desire, good or bad, which sways the man, is writ on his character, and thence copied into the countenance; and lust or love, frivolity or science, interest or principle, mammon or God, is writ on the man. Still this unity is seldom whole and complete. With most men there are exceptional times, when they turn off a little from their great general pursuit. Simeon the Stylite comes down from his pillar-top, and chaffers in the market-place with common folks. Jeffries is even just once or twice in his life,

and Wilkes is honorable two or three times. Even when the chief desire is a high and holy one, I should not expect a man to go through life without ever committing an error or a sin. When I was a youngster, just let loose from the theological school, I thought differently; but at this day, when I have felt the passions of life, and been stirred by the ambitions of life, I know it must be expected that a man will stumble now and then. I make allowances for that in myself, as I do in others. These are the exceptional periods in a man's life,— the eddies in the stream. The stream runs down hill all the time, though the eddy may for a time apparently run up.

Now, as with men, so it is with nations. The purpose of national life is to bring forth and bring up manly men, who do the most of human duty, have the most of human rights, and enjoy the most of human welfare. So that is not the most successful nation which fills the largest space, which occupies the longest time, which produces the most cattle, corn, cotton, or cloth, but that which produces the most men. And, in reference to men, you must count not numbers barely, but character quite as much. That is not the most successful nation which has an exceptional class of men, highly cultured, well bodied, well minded, well born, well bred, at the one end of society; and at the other a mighty multitude, an instantial class, poor, ill born, ill bred, ill bodied, and ill minded, too, as in England; but that is the most successful nation which has the whole body of its people well born, well bred, well bodied, and well minded, too; and those are the best institutions which accomplish this best; those worst, which accomplish it least. The government, the society, the school, or the church, which does this work,

is a good government, society, school, or church; that which does it not, is good for nothing.

As with men, so with nations. Each has a certain object of chief desire, which object prevails over others. The nation is not conscious of it,— less so, indeed, than the individual; but, silently, it governs the nation's life. Sometimes this chief desire is the aggrandizement of the central power,— the monarchy; it was so once in France; but, God be praised! is not so now. Then devotion to the king's person was held as the greatest national excellence, and disrespect for the king was treason, the greatest national crime. The people must not dare to whisper against their king. Sometimes it is the desire to build up an aristocracy. It was once so in Venice. It may be an aristocracy of priests, of soldiers, of nobles, or an aristocracy of merchants. Sometimes it is to build up a middle class of gentry, as in Basel and Berne. It may be a military desire, as in ancient Rome; it may be ecclesiastical ambition, as in modern Rome; or commercial ambition, as in London and many other places.

The chief object of desire is not always the same in the course of a nation's history. A nation now greatens the centripetal power, strengthening the king and weakening the people; now it greatens the centrifugal power, weakening the king and strengthening the people. But, commonly, you see some one desire runs through all the nation's history, only modified by its youth, or manhood, or old age, and by circumstances which re-act upon the nation as the nation acts upon them.

This chief object of desire may be permanent, and so govern the whole nation for all its history. Or it may be, on the other hand, a transient desire, which is to

govern it for a time. In either case, it will appear prominently in the controlling classes; either in the classes which control all through, or in such as last only for a time. Thus the military desire appeared chiefly in the patricians of old Rome, and not much in the plebeians; the commercial ambition appeared in the nobles of Venice; the ecclesiastical in the priests of modern Rome, where the people care little for the church, though quite as much, perhaps, as it deserves.

As the chief desire of the individual calls out appetites and passions, which are the machinery of that desire, and reconstructs the man in its image; so the desire of a nation, transient or permanent, becoming the master motive of the people, calls out certain classes of men, who become its exponents, its machinery, and they make the constitution, institutions, and laws to correspond thereto.

As with one man, so with the millions, there may be fluctuations of purpose for a time. I cannot expect that one man, or many men, will always pursue an object without at some time violating fundamental principles. I might have thought so once. But as I live longer, and see the passion and the ambition of men, see the force of circumstances, I know better. No ship sails across the ocean with a straight course, without changing a sail; it frequently leaves its direct line, now "standing" this way, now that; and the course is a very crooked one, although, as a whole, it is towards the mark.

America is a young nation, composite, not yet unified; and it is, therefore, not quite so easy to say what is the chief desire of the people; but, if I understand American history, this desire is the love of individual liberty. Nothing has been so marked in our history as

this. We are consciously, in part, yet still more unconsciously, aiming at democracy,— at a government of all the people, by all the people, and for the sake of all the people. Of course that must be a government by the higher law of God, by the eternal justice to which you and I and all of us owe reverence. We all love freedom for ourselves; one day we shall love it for every man,— for the tawny Indian and the sable negro, as much as for you and me. This love of freedom has appeared in the ideas of New England, and New England was once America; it was once the soul, although not the body of America. It appeared in its political action and its ecclesiastical action, in the State and in the Church, and in all the little towns. In general, every change in the constitution of a free State makes it more democratic; every change in local law is for democracy, not against it. We have broken with the old feudal tradition,— broken for ever with that. I think this love of individual liberty is the specific desire of the people. If we are proud of anything, it is of our free institutions. I know there are men who are prouder of wealth than of anything else: by and by I shall have a word to say of them. But in Massachusetts, New England, in the North, if we should appeal to the great body of the people, and "poll the house," and ask of all what they were proudest of, they would not say, of our cattle, or cotton, or corn, or cloth; but it is of our freedom, of our men and women. Leaving out of the calculation the abounding class, which is corrupt everywhere, and the perishing class, which is the vassal as it is the creature of the abounding class, and as corrupt and selfish here as everywhere, we shall find that seven-eighths of the people of New England are eminently desirous of this

one thing. This desire will carry the day in any fifty years to come, as it has done in two hundred and fifty years past. The great political names of our history are all on its side: Washington, the Adamses — both of them, God bless them! — Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, these were all friends of liberty. I know the exceptions in the history of some of these men, and do not deny them. Other American names, dear to the people, are of the same stamp. The national literature, so far as we have any national literature, is democratic. I know there is what passes for American literature, because it grows on American soil, but which is just as far from being indigenous to America as the orange is from being indigenous to Cape Cod. This literature is a poor, miserable imitation of the feudal literature of old Europe.[1] Perhaps it is now the prominent literature of the time. One day America will take it and cast it out from her. The true American literature is very poor, is very weak, is almost miserable now; but it has one redeeming quality,— it is true to freedom, it is true to democracy.

In the Revolution this desire of the nation was prominent, and came to consciousness. It was the desire of the most eminent champions of liberty. At one time in the history of the nation, the platform of speakers was in advance of the floor that was covered by the people at large, because at that time the speakers became conscious of the idea which possessed the hearts of the people. That is the reason why John Hancock, the two Adamses, and Jefferson, came into great prominence before the people. They were more the people than the people themselves; more democratic than the Democrats. I know, and I think it must be quite plain in our history, that this has been the chief desire of the

people. If so, it determines our political destination.

However, with nations as with men, there are exceptional desires; one of which, with the American nation at present, is the desire for wealth. Just now, that is the most obvious and preponderate desire in the consciousness of the people. It has increased surprisingly in fifty years. It is the special, the chief desire of the controlling class,— by the controlling class, I mean what are commonly called "our first men." I admit exceptions, and state the general rule. With them everything gives way to money, and money gives way to nothing, neither to man nor to God.

See some proofs of this. There are two ways of getting money; one is by trade, the other is by political office. The pursuit of money, in one or the other of these ways, is the only business reckoned entirely "commendable" and "respectable." There are other callings which are very noble in themselves, and deemed so by mankind; but here they are not thought "commendable" and "respectable," and accordingly you very seldom see young men, born in what is called "the most respectable class of society," engaged in anything except the pursuit of money by trade or by office. There are exceptions; but the sons of "respectable men," so called, seldom engage in the pursuit of anything but money by trade or office. This is the chief desire of a majority of the young men of talent, ambition, and education. Even in colleges more respect is paid to money than to genius. The purse is put before the pen. In the churches, wealth is deemed better than goodness or piety. It names towns and colleges; and he is thought the greatest benefactor of a university who endows it with money, not with mind. In giving name to a street in Boston, you call the

wealthy end after a rich man, and only the poor end after a man that was good and famous. Money controls the churches. It draws veils of cotton over the pulpit window, to color "the light that cometh from above." As yet the churches are not named after men whose only virtue is metallic, but the recognised pillars of the churches are all pillars of gold. Festus does not tremble before Paul, but Paul before Festus. The pulpit looks down to the pews for its gospel, not up to the eternal God. Is there a rich pro-slavery man in the parish? The minister does not dare read a petition from an oppressed slave, asking God that his "unalienable rights" be given him. He does not dare to ask alms for a fugitive. St. Peter is the old patron saint of the Holy Catholic Church. St. Hunker is the new patron saint of the churches of commerce, Catholic and Protestant.

Money controls the law as well as the gospel. The son of a great man and noble is forgotten if the father dies poor; but the mantle of the rich man falls on the son's shoulders. If the son be only half so manly as his sire, and twice as rich, he is sure to be doubly honored. Money supplies defects of character, defects of culture. It is deemed better than education, talent, genius, and character, all put together. Was it not written two thousand years ago, in the Proverbs, it "answereth all things?" Look round and see. It does not matter how you get or keep it. "The end justifies the means." Edmund Burke, or somebody else, said "Something must be pardoned to the spirit of liberty." Now it is "Something must be pardoned" to the love of money, nothing "to the spirit of liberty." We find that rich men will move out of town on the last day of April, to avoid taxation on the

first day of May. That is nothing. It is very "respectable," very "honorable," indeed! I do not believe that there is any master-carpenter or master-blacksmith in Boston who would not be ashamed to do so. But men of the controlling classes do not hesitate. No matter how you get money. You may rent houses for rum-shops and for brothels; you may make rum, import rum, sell rum to the ruin of the thousands whom you thereby bring down to the kennel and the almshouse and the jail. If you get money by that, no matter: it is "clean money," however dirtily got.

A merchant can send his ships to sea, and in the slave-trade acquire gold, and live here in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia; and his gold will be good sterling gold, no matter how he got it. In political office, if you are a senator from California or Oregon, you may draw "constructive mileage," and pay yourself two or three thousand dollars for a journey never made from home, and two or three thousand more back to your home. So you filch thousands of dollars out of the public purse, and you are the "Honorable Senator," just as before. You have got the money, no matter how. You may be a senator from Massachusetts, and you may take the "trust fund," offered you by the manufacturers of cotton, and be bound as their "retained attorney," by your "retaining fee," and you are still the "Honorable Senator from Massachusetts," not hurt one jot in the eyes of the controlling classes. If you are Secretary of State, you may take forty or fifty thousand dollars from State Street and Wall Street, and suffer no discredit at all. At one end of the Union they will deny the fact as "too atrocious to be believed;" at this end they admit it, and say it was "honorable in the people to give it," and "honorable in the Secretary to take it."

"Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the master, but undoes the scribe."

It would sound a little strange to some people, if we should find that the judges of a court had received forty or fifty thousand dollars from men who were plaintiffs in that court. You and I would remember that a gift blindeth the eyes of the prudent, how much more of the profligate! But it would be "honorable" in the plaintiffs to give it; "honorable" in the judges to take it!

Hitherto I have called your attention to the proofs of the preponderance of money. I will now point you to signs, which are not exactly proofs of this immediate worship of money. See these signs in Boston.

When the old South Church was built, when Christ Church in Salem Street, when King's Chapel, when Brattle Square Church, they were respectively the costliest buildings in town. They were symbols of religion, as churches always are: symbols of the popular esteem for religion. Out of the poverty of the people, great sums of money were given for these houses of God. They said, like David of old, "It is a shame that we dwell in a palace of cedars, and the ark of the Most High remains under the curtains of a tent." How is it now? A crockery shop overlooks the roof-tree of the church where once the eloquence of a Channing enchanted to heaven the worldly hearts of worldly men. Now an hotel looks down on the church which was once all radiant with the sweet piety of a Buckminster. A haberdasher's warehouse overtops the church of the Blessed Trinity; the roof of the shop is almost as tall as the very tower of the church. These things are only symbols. Let us compare Boston, in this respect, with any European city that you can

name; let us compare it with gay and frivolous Vienna, the gayest and most frivolous city of all Europe, not setting Paris aside. For though the surface of life in Paris sparkles and glitters all over with radiant and iridescent and dazzling bubbles, empty and ephemeral, yet underneath there flows a stream which comes from the great fountain of nature, and tends on to the ocean of human welfare. No city is more full of deep thought and earnest life. But in Vienna it is not so. Yet even there, above the magnificence of the Herrengasse, above the proud mansions of the Esterhazys and the Schwartzenbergs and the Lichtensteins, above the costly elegance of the imperial palace, St. Stephen's Church lifts its tall spire, and points to God all day long and all the night, a still and silent emblem of a power higher than any mandate of the kings of earth; ay, to the infinite God. Men look up to its cross overtowering the frivolous city, and take a lesson. Here trade looks down to find the church.

I am glad that the churches are lower than the shops. I have said it many times, and I say it now. I am glad they are less magnificent than our banks and hotels. I am glad that haberdasher's shops look down on them. Let the outward show correspond to the inward fact. If I am pinched and withered by disease, I will not disguise it from you by wrappages of cloth; but I will let you see that I am shrunken and shrivelled to the bone. If the pulpit is no nearer heaven than the tavern bar, let that fact appear. If the desk in the counting-room is to give law to the desk in the church, do not commit the hypocrisy of putting the pulpit desk above the counting-room. Let us see where we are.

The consequence of such causes as are symbolized by

these facts must needs appear in our civilization. Men tell us there is no law higher than mercantile. Do you wonder at it? It was said in deeds before words; the architecture of Boston told it before the politicians. Money is the god of idolatry. Let the fact appear in his temples. Money is master now, all must give way to it,— that to nothing: the Church, the State, the law, is not for man, but money.

Let the son of a distinguished man beat a watchman, knowing him to be such, and be brought before a justice (it would be "levying war" if a mulatto had done so to the marshal); he is bailed off for two hundred dollars. But let a black man have in his pockets a weapon, which the Constitution and laws of Massachusetts provide that any man may have, if he please, he is brought to trial and bound over for — two hundred dollars, think you? No! but for six hundred dollars! three times as much as is required of the son of the Secretary of State for assaulting a magistrate!

The Secretary of State publicly declared, a short time since, that "the great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad." I thank him for teaching us that word! That is the actual principle of the American government.

In all countries of the world, struggles take place for human rights. But in all countries there is a class who desire a privilege for themselves adverse to the rights of mankind: they are commonly richer and abler-minded than the majority of men; they can act in concert. Between them and mankind there is a struggle. The quarrel takes various forms. The contest has been going on for a long time in Europe. There, it is between the aristocracy of birth, and the

aristocracy of wealth; for there it is not money, but birth, that makes noble. In this struggle the aristocracy of birth is gradually giving way to the aristocracy of gold. A long and brilliant rent-roll makes up for a short and obscure pedigree.

In that great movement for human freedom which has lasted a thousand years, the city has generally represented right in its conflict with might. So, in the Middle Ages, the city, the home of the trader, of the mechanic, of the intelligent man, was democratic. There freedom got organized in guilds of craftsmen. But the country was the home of the noble and his vassals, the haughty, the ignorant, and the servile. Then the country was aristocratic. It was so in the great struggles between the king and the people in England and France, in Italy and Holland.

In America there is no nobility of birth — it was the people that came over, not monarchy, not aristocracy; they did not emigrate. The son of Guy Fawkes and the son of Charlemagne are on the same level. I know in Boston some of the descendants of Henri Quatre, the greatest king of France. I know also descendants of Thomas Wentworth, "the great Earl of Strafford;" and yet they are now obscure and humble men, although of famous birth. I do not say it should not be so; but such is the fact. Here the controversy is not between distinguished birth and money; it is between money on the one hand, and men on the other; between capital and labor; between usurped privilege and natural right. Here, the cities, as the seat of wealth, are aristocratic; the country, as the seat of labor, is democratic. We may see this in Boston. Almost all the journals in the city are opposed to a government of all the people, by all the people, for all

the people. Take an example from the Free-soil movement, which, so far as it goes, is democratic. I am told that of the twenty-one journals in Massachusetts that call themselves "democratic," eighteen favor the Free-soil movement, more or less; and that the three which do not are all in the cities. The country favors the temperance movement, one of the most democratic of all; for rum is to the aristocracy of gold what the sword once was to the aristocracy of blood; the castles of the baron, and the rum-shops of the capitalist, are alike fortresses adverse to the welfare of mankind. The temperance movement finds little favor in the cities.

In the country he who works with manly hands is held in esteem; in the city, in contempt. Here laboring men have no political influence, and little confidence in themselves. They have been accustomed to do as they were told,— to do as their "masters" bid.

I call a man a Tory who, for himself or for others, seeks a privilege adverse to the rights of mankind; who puts the accidents of men before the substance of manhood. I may safely say the cities, in the main, are Tory towns; that Boston, in this sense, is a Tory town. They are so, just as in the Middle Ages the cities were on the other side. This is unavoidable in our form of civilization just now. Accordingly, in all the great cities of the North, slavery is in the ascendant; but, as soon as we get off the pavement, we come upon different ideas; freedom culminates and rises to the meridian.

In America the controlling class in general are superior to the majority in money, in consequent social standing, in energy, in practical political skill, and in intellectual development; in virtue of these qualities, they are the controlling class. But in general they are

inferior to the majority of men in justice, in general humanity, and in religion — in piety and goodness. Respectability is put before right; law before justice; money before God. With them religion is compliance with a public hearsay and public custom; it is all of religion but piety and goodness; its chief sacrament is bodily presence in a meeting-house; its only sacrifice, a pew-tax. I know there are exceptions, and honor them all the more for being so very exceptional: they are only enough to show the rule.

In the main, this controlling class governs the land by two instruments: the first is the public law; the next is public opinion. The law is what was once public opinion, or thought to be; is fixed, written, and supposed to be understood by somebody. Public opinion is not written, and not fixed; but the opinion of the controlling class overrides and interprets the law,— bids or forbids its execution. Public opinion can make or unmake a law; interpret as it chooses, and enforce or forbid its execution as it pleases.

Such being the case, and such being the chief transient national desire just now, the controlling class consider the State as a machine to help them make money. A great politician, it is said, once laid down this rule,— "Take care of the rich, and the rich will take care of the poor." Perhaps he did not say that, though he did say that "the great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad." Such being the case, laws are made accordingly, and institutions are modified accordingly. Let me give an example. In all the towns of New England, town money is raised by taxes on all the people, and on all the property. The rich man is taxed according to his riches, and the poor man according to

his poverty. But the national money is raised by taxation not in proportion to a man's wealth. A bachelor in New England, with a million dollars, pays a much smaller national tax than a carpenter who has no money at all, but only ten children, the poor man's blessing. The mechanic, with a family of twelve, pays more taxes than the Southern planter owning a tract of land as wide as the town of Worcester, with fifteen hundred slaves to till it. This, I say is not an accident. It is the work of politicians, who know what they are about, and think a blunder is worse than a sin; and, sin as they may, they do not commit such blunders as that.

This controlling class, with their dependents, their vassals, lay and clerical — and they have lay as well as clerical vassals, and more numerous, if less subservient — keep up the institution of slavery. Two hundred years ago, that was the worst institution of Europe. Our fathers, breaking with feudal institutions in general, did not break with this; they brought it over here. But when the nation, aroused for its hour of trial, rose up to its great act of prayer, and prayed the Declaration of Independence, all the nation said "Amen" to the great American idea therein set forth. Every Northern State re-affirms the doctrine that "all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with unalienable rights, the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But in spite of this, and of the consciousness that it is true, while the Northern States have cast out this institution, the Southern States have kept it. The nation has adopted, extended, and fostered it. This has been done, notwithstanding the expectation of the people, in 1787, that it would soon end. It has been done against the de-

sign of the Constitution, which was "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty;" against the idea of America, that "all men have an equal and unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" against all religion, all humanity, all right,— ay, and against the conscience of a majority of the people.

Well, a law was passed last September, that would have been atrocious two hundred years ago; you all know it. I have no words to describe it by. For the last two hundred years, the English race has not invented an adjective adequate to describe it. The English language is used up and broken down by any attempt to describe it. That law was not the desire of the people: and, could the nation have been polled North and South, three-fourths would have said "No!" to the passage of that law. It was not passed to obtain the value of the slaves escaped, for in seven months twenty slaves have not been returned! It was not a measure looking to legal results, but it was a political measure, looking to political results: what those results will be, we shall see in due time.

In America the controlling class is divided into two great parties: one is the slave power in the States of the South; the other is the money power in the cities of the North. There are exceptional men in both divisions — men that own slaves, and yet love freedom and hate slavery. There are rich men in Northern cities who do the same; all honor to them. But in general it is not so; nay, it is quite otherwise. They are hostile to the great idea of America. Let me speak with the nicety of theological speech. These two divisions are

two "persons" in one "power;" there is only one "nature" in both, one "will." If not the same nature, it is a like nature: homoi-ousia, if not homo-ousia! The Fugitive Slave Law was the act of the two "persons," representing the same "nature," and the same "will." It was the result of a union of the slave power of the South with the money power of the North: the Philistines and the Hebrews ploughed with the same heifer.

There is sometimes an excuse or a palliation for a wicked deed. There was something like one for the "Gag Law," the "Alien and Sedition Law," although there is no valid excuse for either of these laws, none to screen their author from deserved reproach. There is no excuse for the Fugitive Slave Law; there was no occasion for it.

You all know how it was brought about; you remember the speech of Mr. Webster on the 7th of March, 1850, a day set apart for the blessed martyrs, Saints Perpetua and Felicitas. We all know who was the author of that law. It is Mr. Webster's Fugitive Slave Law! It was his "thunder," unquestioned and unquestionable. You know what a rapid change was wrought in the public opinion of the controlling classes soon after its passage. First the leading Whigs went over. I will not say they changed their principles,— God knows, not I, what principles they have; I will only say, they altered their "resolutions," and ate their own words. True, the Whigs have not all gone over. There are a few who still cling to the old Whig tree, after it has been shaken and shaken, and thrashed and thrashed, and brushed and brushed, by politicians, as apple trees in autumn. There are still a few little apples left, small and withered, no doubt,

and not daring to show their dishonored heads just now, but still continuing some precious seeds that may do service by and by. Whig journal after journal went over; politician after politician "caved in" and collapsed. At the sounding of the rams' horns of slavery, how quick the Whig Jericho went down! Its fortresses of paper resolutions rolled up and blew away. Of course, men changed only after "logical conviction." Of course, nobody expected a "reward" for the change, at least only in the world to come. Were they not all Christians? True, on the 17th of June last, seventy-five years after the battle of Bunker Hill, Mr. Webster said in the Senate, that if the North should vote for the Fugitive Slave Bill, a tariff was expected. But that was of no moment, no more than worldly riches to "the elect." Of course, a man has a right to change his opinions every ten minutes, if he has a good and sufficient reason. Of course, these men expected no offices under this or any future president! But presently the Fugitive Slave Law became a Whig doctrine, a test of party fidelity and fitness for office!

You all remember the "Union" meeting in Boston. On that occasion, Democrats "of the worst kind" suddenly became "respectable." The very Democratic prince of devils was thought to be as good a "gentleman" as any in the city.

It was curious to see the effect of the Fugitive Slave Law on the Democratic party. Democrat after Democrat "caved in;" journal after journal went over; horse, foot, and dragoons, they went over. The Democratic party North, and American slavery South, have long been accustomed to accommodate themselves with the same nag after the old fashion of "ride and tie." In the cities, Democrats went over in tribes; entire

Democratic Zabulons and Nephthalims, whole Galilees of Democratic Gentiles, all at once saw great Whig light; and to them that sat in the shadow of freedom, slavery sprang up.

That portion of the Whig party which did not submit, became as meek, ay, became meeker even than the beast which the old prophet in the fable is alleged to have ridden: for, though beaten again and again — because alarmed at seeing the angel of freedom that bars the way before the great Whig Balaam, who has been bidden by his master to go forth and curse the people of the Lord,— it dares not open its mouth and say, "What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?"

But when such a law is hostile to the feelings of a majority of the people, to their conscience and their religion, how shall we get the law executed? That is a hard matter. In Russia and in Austria it would be very easy. Russia has an army five hundred or eight hundred thousand strong; and that army is ready. But here there is no such army. True, the President asked Congress to give him greater power, and the answer came from the slave party South, not from the money party North, "No! you have more now than you know how to use." Failing in this attempt, what was to be done that the law might be executed? Two things must be done: a false idea must persuade the people to allow it to be done; base men must be found to do it. A word upon each point.

I. The false idea is set on foot, that the people are morally bound to obey any law which is made until it is repealed. General Haynau[2] wrote a letter, not long ago, to the subalterns in the Austrian army, and thus quoth he: —"You are bound to obey the law.

It is none of your business whether the law is constitutional or not; that is our affair." So went it with our officers here. We are told that there is "no such thing as a higher law;" "no rule of conduct better than that enacted by the law of the land." Conscience is only to tell you to keep the statutes. Religion consists in "fearing God and serving the king." You are told that religion bids you to "fear God and keep the commandments," no matter what these commandments may be. No matter whether it be King Ahab, or King Peter the Cruel: you are told,—"Mr. Republican, what right have you to question the constitutionality or justice of anything? Your business is to keep the law." Religion is a very excellent thing, quotes Mr. Webster, except when it interferes in politics; then it makes men mad.

It is instructive to see the different relations which religion has sustained to law, at different periods of the world's history. At some other time I may dwell more at length upon this; now I will say but one word. At the beginning, religion takes precedence of law. Before there is any human government, man bows himself to the source of law, and accepts his rule of conduct from his God. By and by, some more definite rule is needed, and wise men make human laws; but they pretend to derive these from a Divine source. All the primitive lawgivers, Moses, Minos, Zaleucus, Numa, and the rest, speak in the name of God. For a long time, law comes up to religion for aid and counsel. At length law and religion, both imperfect, are well established in society, religion being the elder sister; both act as guardians of mankind. Institution after institution rises up, all of them baptized by religion and confirmed by law, taking the sacrament from the hands of each. At

length it comes to pass that law seeks to turn religion out of doors. Politicians, intoxicated with ambition, giddy with power, and sometimes also drunk with strong drink, make a statute which outrages all the dictates of humanity, and then insist that it is the duty of sober men to renounce religion for the sake of keeping the wicked statute of the politicians. All tyrants have done so!

In the North, the majority of men think that the law of man is subordinate to religion — the statutes of man beneath the law of God; that as ethics, personal morals are amenable to conscience, so politics, national morals, are amenable to the same conscience; and that religion has much to do with national as with individual life. Depend upon it, that idea is the safeguard of the State and of the law. It will preserve it, purify it, and keep it; but it will scourge every wicked law out of the temple of justice with iron whips, if need be. Depend upon it, when we lose our hold of that idea, all hope of order is gone. But there is no danger; we are pretty well persuaded that the law of God is a little greater than the statute of an accidental president unintentionally chosen for four years. When we think otherwise, we may count our case hopeless, and give up all.

But with the controlling class of men it is not so. They tell us that we must keep any law, constitutional or not, legal or not, just or unjust: first, that we must submit passively, and let the government execute it; next, we must actively obey it, and with alacrity when called upon to execute it ourselves. This doctrine is the theory advanced in most of the newspapers of Boston. It is preached in some of the pulpits, though, thank God! not in all.

This doctrine appears in the charge of the judge of the Circuit Court to the grand jury.[3] I believe that judge to be a good, and excellent, and honorable man; I never heard a word to the contrary, and I am glad to think that it is so. I have to deal only with his opinions, not with his theoretic doctrines of law, of which latter I profess to know nothing; but with the theoretic doctrines of morality he lays down. Of morality I do profess to know something.

He says some excellent things in his charge, which I am glad were said. He is modest in some places, and moderate in others. He does not think that a dozen black men taking a fugitive out of court are guilty of "levying war," and therefore should be hanged, drawn, and quartered, if you can catch them. All honor to his justice. He does not say, as the Secretary of State, that we must suppress discussion and stop agitation. He says we may agitate as much as we have a mind to; may not only speak against a law, but may declaim against it, which is to speak strongly. I thank the judge for this respect for the Constitution. But with regard to the higher and lower law, he has some peculiar opinions. He supposes a case: that the people ask him, "Which shall we obey, the law of man or the law of God?" He says, "I answer, obey both. The incompatibility which the question assumes does not exist."

So, then, here is a great general rule, that between the "law of man" and the "will of God" there is no incompatibility, and we must "obey both." Now let us see how this rule will work.

If I am rightly informed, King Ahab made a law that all the Hebrews should serve Baal, and it was the will of God that they should serve the Lord. According to this rule of the judge, they must "obey both."

But if they served Baal, they could not serve the Lord. In such a case, "what is to be done?" We are told that Elijah gathered the prophets together; "and he came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." Our modern prophet says, "Obey both. The incompatibility which the question assumes does not exist." Such is the difference between Judge Elijah and Judge Peleg.

Let us see how this rule will work in other cases; how you can make a compromise between two opposite doctrines. The king of Egypt commanded the Hebrew nurses, "When you do the office of a midwife to the Hebrew women, if it be a son ye shall kill him." I suppose it is plain to the judge of the Circuit Court that this kind of murder, killing the new-born infants, is against "the will of God;" but it is a matter of record that it was according to "the law of man." Suppose the Hebrew nurses had come to ask Judge Sprague for his advice. He must have said, "Obey both!" His rule is a universal one.

Another decree was once made, as it is said, in the Old Testament, that no man should ask any petition of any God for thirty days, save of the king, on penalty of being cast into the den of lions. Suppose Daniel — I mean the old Daniel, the prophet — should have asked him, "What is to be done?" Should he pray to Darius or pray to God? "Obey both!" would be the answer. But he cannot, for he is forbid to pray to God. We know what Daniel did do.

The elders and scribes of Jerusalem commanded the Christians not to speak or to teach at all in the name of Jesus; but Peter and John asked those functionaries, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye."

Our judge must have said, "There is no 'incompatibility;' obey both!" What "a comfortable Scripture" this would have been to poor John Bunyan! What a great ethical doctrine to St. Paul! He did not know such Christianity as that. Before this time a certain man had said "No man can serve two masters." But there was one person who made the attempt, and he also is eminent in history. Here was "the will of God," to do to others as you would have others do to you: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Here is the record of "the law of man:" "Now both the chief priests and the Pharisees had given a commandment, that, if any man knew where he [Jesus] were, he should show it, that they might take him." Judas, it seems, determined to "obey both,"—"the law of man" and the "will of God." So he sat with Jesus at the last supper, dipped his hand in the same dish, and took a morsel from the hand of Christ, given him in token of love. All this he did to obey "the will of God." Then he went and informed the commissioner or marshal where Jesus was. This he did to obey "the law of man." Then he came back, and found Christ,—the agony all over, the bloody sweat wiped off from his brow, presently to bleed again,—the Angel of Strength there with him to comfort him. He was arousing his sleeping disciples for the last time, and was telling them, "Pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Judas came and gave him a kiss. To the eleven it seemed the friendly kiss, obeying "the will of God." To the marshal it also seemed a friendly kiss,—obeying "the law of man." So, in the same act, he obeys "the law of God" and "the will of man," and there is no "incompatibility!"

Of old it was said, "Thou canst not serve God and

mammon." He that said it has been thought to know something of morals,— something of religion.

Till the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, we did not know what a great saint Iscariot was. I think there ought to be a chapel for him, and a day set apart in the calendar. Let him have his chapel in the navy-yard at Washington. He has got a priest there already. And for a day in the calendar — set apart for all time the 7th of March!

Let us look at some other things in that judge's address to the grand jury. "Unjust and oppressive laws may indeed be passed by human government. But if infinite and inscrutable wisdom permits political society . . . to establish such laws, may not the same wisdom permit and require individuals . . . to obey them?" Ask the prophets, in such a case, if they would have felt themselves permitted and required to obey them! Ask the men who were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection; who had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment; who were stoned and sawn asunder; who were slain with the sword; who wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, destitute, afflicted, and tormented, of whom the world was not worthy! Ask the apostles, who thanked God they were counted worthy to suffer shame in the name of Christ! Ask Paul, who was eight times publicly beaten, thrice shipwrecked; and in perils of waters, of robbers, of the heathen, of false brethren — that worst of all peril! Nay, ask Christ; let the Crucified reply,— whether, when a wicked law is made, and we are commanded to keep it, God means we should! Ask the men who, with their ocean-wearied feet, consecrated the rock of Plymouth for ever! Ask the patriots of the revolution!

What do they say? I will not give the answer. Even the martyred Jesuits say "No." Who is it that says "Yes?" Judas and the judge. Let them go — each "to his own place." Let me say no more of them.

This attempt to keep the people down by false doctrine is no new thing. But to say that there is no law higher than what the State can make, is practical atheism. It is not a denial of God in His person; that is only speculative atheism. It is a denial of the functions and attributes of God; that is real atheism. If there is no God to make a law for me, then there is no God for me.

The law of the land is so sacred, it must override the law of God, must it? Let us see if all the laws of the United States are kept everywhere. Let a black man go to South Carolina in a ship, and we shall see. Let the British minister complain that South Carolina puts British subjects in jail, for the color of their skin. Mr. Secretary Clayton tells him, "We cannot execute the laws of the United States in South Carolina." Why not? Because the people of South Carolina will not allow it!

Are the laws of Massachusetts kept in Boston, then? The usury law says, "Thou shalt not take more than six per cent. on thy money." Is that kept? There are thirty-four millions of banking capital in Massachusetts, and I think that every dollar of this capital has broken this law within the past twelve months; and yet no complaint has been made. There are three or four hundred brothels in this city of Boston, and ten or twelve hundred shops for the sale of rum. All of them are illegal; some are as well known to the police as is this house; indeed, a great deal more frequented, by some of them, than any house of God. Does anybody

disturb them? No! I have a letter from an alderman who furnishes me with facts of this nature, who says, that "Some of the low places are prosecuted, some broken up." Last Saturday night, the very men who guarded Mr. Sims, I am told, were playing cards in his prison-house, contrary to the laws of Massachusetts. In Court Square, in front of the Court House, is a rum shop, one of the most frequented in the city, open at all hours of the day, and, for aught I know, of the night too. I never passed when its "fire was quenched," and its "worm" dead. Is its owner prosecuted? How many laws of Massachusetts have been violated this very week, in this very city, by the slave-hunters here, by the very officers of the State? What is the meaning of this? Every law which favors the accumulation of money, must be kept; but those which prohibit the unjust accumulation of money by certain classes — they need not be kept.

No doubt it would be a great pity to have the city government careful to keep the laws of the city,— to suppress rum-shops, and save the citizens from the almshouse, the jail, and the gallows. Such laws may be executed at Truro and Wellfleet; but it is quite needless for the officers of "The Athens of America," to attend to the temperance laws. What a pity for the magistrates of Boston to heed the laws of the State! No; it is the Fugitive Slave Law that they must keep.

II. A great deal of pains has been taken to impress the people with their "moral duty to obey the Fugitive Slave Law." To carry it out, government needs base men; and that, my brothers, is a crop which never fails. Rye and wheat may get blasted many times in the course of years; the potato may rot; apples and peaches fail. But base men never fail. Put up your

black pirate flag in the market-place, offer "money and office," and they will come as other carrion-vultures to their prey. The olive, the fig, and the orange are limited in their range; even Indian corn and oats will not grow everywhere; but base men are indigenous all the world over, between the tropics and under a polar sky. No bad scheme ever failed for lack of bad men to carry it out. Do you want to kill Baptists and Quakers in Boston? There are the men for you. To hang "witches" at Salem? There are hangmen in plenty on Gallows Hill. Would James the Second butcher his subjects? He found his "human" tools ready. Would Elizabeth murder the Puritans and Catholics? There was no lack of ruffians. Would bloody Mary burn the Protestants? There were more executioners than victims. Would the Spanish Inquisition torture and put to death the men for whom Christ died? She found priests and "gentlemen," ready for their office. Would Nero murder the Christians, and make a spectacle of their sufferings? Rome is full of scoundrels to do the deed, and teems with spectators rushing to the amphitheatre at the cry of "Christians to the lions!" all finding a holiday in their brothers' agony. Would the high priests crucify the Son of Man? They found a commissioner to issue the mandate, a marshal to enforce it, a commission to try him by illegal process,— for the process against Christ was almost as unconstitutional as that against Sims,— they found a commissioner ready to condemn Christ, against his own conscience, soldiers ready to crucify him. Ay! and there was a Peter to deny him, and a Judas to betray; and now there is a judge, with his legal ethics, to justify the betrayal! I promised not to speak of Judas or the judge again, but they will come up before

me! It is true that, if in Boston some judicial monster should wish to seethe a man in a pot of scalding water, he would find another John Boilman in Boston, as Judge Jeffreys found one in England, in 1686.

The churches of New England, and the North, have had their trials. In my time they have been tried in various ways. The temperance reformation tried them. They have had perils on account of slavery. The Mexican War tried them; the Fugitive Slave Law has put them to the rack. But never, in my day, have the churches been so sorely tried, nor done so well as now. The very letter of the New Testament on the one side, and of the old Testament on the other, both condemned the law; the spirit of them both was against all slavery.

There are two great sects in Christendom,— the churches of Christianity, and the churches of commerce. The churches of Christianity always do well: they think that religion is love to God, and love to man. But the churches of commerce, which know no higher law, what should they do? Some of the ministers of the churches of commerce were wholly silent. Why so? The poor ministers were very modest all at once. Now, modesty is a commendable virtue; but see how it works. Here is a man who has given his mind ten, twenty, or thirty years to the study of theology, and knows every Hebrew particle of the Old Testament, and every Greek particle of the New Testament, as well as he knows the Lord's Prayer; every great work on the subject of Christianity, from Nicodemus down to Norton. Let him come out and say that the Old Testament was written like other books; let him say that the miracles of the Old and New Testament are like the miracles of the popish legends; then, ministers in their pulpits, who never studied theology or philoso-

phy, or pretended to study, only to know, the historical development of religion in the world,— they will come down instantly upon our poor man, call his doctrines "false," and call him an "infidel," an "atheist." But let a rich parishioner, or a majority of the rich parishioners, be in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law, and all at once the minister is very modest indeed. He says to his people, by silence or by speech, "I do not understand these things; but you, my people, who all your lives are engaged in making money and nothing else, and worship mammon and nothing else, you understand them a great deal better than I do. My modesty forbids me to speak. Let us pray!"

Some ministers have been silent; others have spoken out in favor of the lower law, and in derision of the higher law. Here is a famous minister, the very chief of his denomination, reported in the newspapers to have said that he would surrender his own mother to slavery, rather than have the Union dissolved! I believe him this time. A few years ago that minister printed, in the organ of his sect, that the existence of God was "not a certainty!" He did not mean to say that he doubted or disbelieved it, only that it was "not a certainty!" I should suppose that he had gone further in that direction, and thought the non-existence of God was "a certainty." But he is not quite original in this proposed sacrifice. He has been preceded and outbid by a Spanish Catholic. Here is the story, in Señor de Çastro's "History of the Spanish Protestants," written this very year. I can tell the story shorter than it is there related. In 1581, there lived a man in Valladolid, who had two Protestant daughters, being himself a Catholic. The Inquisition was in full blast, and its fiery furnace heated seven times hotter than be-

fore. This man, according to the commandment of the priests and pope, complained to the inquisitors against his daughters, who were summoned to appear before them. They were tried and condemned to be burned alive, at his suggestion. He furnished the accusation, brought forward the evidence, and was the only witness in the case. That was not all. After this condemnation, he went round his own estates, and from selected trees cut down morsels of wood, and carried them to the city to use in burning his own daughters. He was allowed to do this, and of course the priest commended him for his piety and love of God! Thus, in 1581, in Valladolid, a father, at noon-day, with wood from his own estate, on his own complaint and evidence, with his own hands, burned his two daughters alive; and the Catholic Church said, "Well done!" Now, in my opinion, the hidalgo of Valladolid a little surpasses the Unitarian Doctor of Divinity. I do not know what "recompense of reward" the Spanish hidalgo got for his deed; but the American divine, for his offer, has been put into "one of the priests' offices, that he might eat a piece of bread." He has been appointed, as the newspapers say, a chaplain of the navy at Washington. Verily he has his reward.

But there nave been found men in Boston to go a little further. Last Thanksgiving Day, I said it would be difficult to find a magistrate in Boston to take the odium of sending a fugitive back to slavery. I believed, after all, men had some conscience, although they talked about its being a duty to deliver up a man to bondage. Pardon me, my country, that I rated you too high! Pardon me, town of Boston, that I thought your citizens all men! Pardon me, lawyers, that I

thought you had been all born of mothers! Pardon me, ruffians, who kill for hire! I thought you had some animal mercy left, even in your bosom! Pardon me, United States' commissioners, marshals, and the like, I thought you all had some shame! Pardon me, my hearers, for such mistakes. One commissioner was found to furnish the warrant! Pardon me, I did not know he was a commissioner; if I had, I never would have said it.

Spirits of tyrants, I look down to you! Shade of Cain, you great first murderer, forgive me that I forgot your power, and did not remember that you were parent of so long a line! And you, my brethren, if hereafter I tell you that there is any limit of meanness or wickedness which a Yankee will not jump over, distrust me, and remind me of this day, and I will take it back!

Let us look at the public conduct of any commissioner who will send an innocent man from Boston into slavery. I would speak of all men charitably; for I know how easy it is to err,— yea, to sin. I can look charitably on thieves, prowling about in darkness; on rum-sellers, whom poverty compels to crime; on harlots, who do the deed of shame that holy woman's soul abhors and revolts at; I can pity the pirate, who scours the seas in doing his fiendish crimes — he is tempted, made desperate by a gradual training in wickedness. The man, born at the South, owning slaves, who goes to Africa and sells adulterated rum in exchange for men to retail at Cuba,— I cannot understand the consciousness of such a man; yet I can admit that by birth and by breeding he has become so imbruted, he knows no better. Nay, even that he may, perhaps, justify his conduct to himself. I say I think his sin

is not so dreadful as that of a commissioner in Boston who sends a man into slavery. A man commits a murder, inflamed by jealousy, goaded by desire of great gain, excited by fear, stung by malice, or poisoned by revenge, and it is a horrid thing. But to send a man into slavery is worse than to murder him. I should rather be slain than enslaved. To do this, inflamed by no jealousy, goaded by no desire of great gain,— only ten dollars! — excited by no fear, stung by no special malice, poisoned by no revenge,— I cannot comprehend that in any man, not even in a hyena. Beasts that raven for blood do not kill for killing's sake, but to feed their flesh. Forgive me, O ye wolves and hyenas! that I bring you into such company. I can only understand it in a devil!

When a man bred in Massachusetts, whose Constitution declares that "All men are born free and equal;" within sight of Faneuil Hall, with all its sacred memories; within two hours of Plymouth Rock; within a single hour of Concord and Lexington; in sight of Bunker Hill,— when he will do such a deed, it seems to me that there is no life of crime long enough to prepare a man for such a pitch of depravity; I should think he must have been begotten in sin, and conceived in iniquity, and been born "with a dog's head on his shoulders;" that the concentration of the villany of whole generations of scoundrels would hardly be enough to fit a man for a deed like this!

You know the story of Thomas Sims. He crept on board a Boston vessel at Savannah. Perhaps he had heard of Boston, nay, even of Faneuil Hall, of the old Cradle of Liberty, and thought this was a Christian town, at least human, and hoped here to enjoy the liberty of a man. When the ship arrived here, the first

words he spoke were, "Are we up there?" He was seized by a man who at the court-house boasted of his cruelty towards him, who held him by the hair, and kept him down, seeking to kidnap and carry him back into slavery. He escaped!

But a few weeks pass by: the man-stealers are here; the commissioner issues his warrant; the marshals serve it in the night. Last Thursday night — when odious beasts of prey, that dare not face the light of heaven, prowl through the woods,— those ruffians of the law seized on their brother-man. They lie to the by-standers, and seize him on a false-pretense. There is their victim — they hold him fast. His faithless knife breaks in his hand; his coat is rent to pieces. He is the slave of Boston. Can you understand his feelings? Let us pass by that. His "trial!" Shall I speak of that? He has been five days on trial for more than life, and has not seen a judge! A jury? No,— only a commissioner! O justice! O republican America! Is this the liberty of Massachusetts?

Where shall I find a parallel with men who will do such a deed,— do it in Boston? I will open the tombs, and bring up most hideous tyrants from the dead. Come, brood of monsters, let me bring you up from the deep damnation of the graves wherein your hated memories continue for all time their never-ending rot. Come, birds of evil omen! come, ravens, vultures, carrion-crows, and see the spectacle! come, see the meeting of congenial souls! I will disturb, disquiet, and bring up the greatest monsters of the human race! Tremble not, women; tremble not, children; tremble not, men! They are all dead! They cannot harm you now! Fear the living, not the dead.

Come hither, Herod the wicked. Thou that didst

seek after that young child's life, and destroyedst the innocents! Let me look on thy face! No; go! Thou wert a heathen! Go, lie with the innocents thou hast massacred. Thou art too good for this company!

Come, Nero! Thou awful Roman Emperor! Come up! No; thou wast drunk with power! schooled in Roman depravity. Thou hadst, besides, the example of thy fancied gods! Go, wait another day. I will seek a worser man.

Come hither, St. Dominic! come, Torquemada!— Fathers of the Inquisition! Merciless monsters, seek your equal here! No; pass by! You are no companions for such men as these! You were the servants of atheistic popes, of cruel kings. Go to, and get you gone. Another time I may have work for you,— not now; lie there and persevere to rot. You are not yet quite wicked and corrupt enough for this comparison. Go, get ye gone, lest the sun turn back at sight of ye!

Come up, thou heap of wickedness, George Jeffreys! — thy hands deep purple with the blood of thy murdered fellow-men! Ah, I know thee! awful and accursed shade! Two hundred years after thy death, men hate thee still, not without cause! Let me look upon thee! I know thy history. Pause and be still, while I tell it to these men.

Brothers, George Jeffreys "began in the sedition line." "There was no act, however bad, that he would not resort to, to get on." "He was of a bold aspect, and cared not for the countenance of any man." "He became the avowed, unblushing slave of the court, and the bitter persecutor and unappeasable enemy of the principles he had before supported." He "was universally insolent and overbearing." "As a judge, he

did not consider the decencies of his post, nor did he so much as affect to be impartial, as became a judge." His face and voice were always unamiable. "All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, were obliterated from his mind." He had "a delight in misery merely as misery," and "that temper which tyrants require in their worst instruments." "He made haste to sell his forehead of brass and his tongue of venom to the court." He had "more impudence than ten carted street-walkers;" and was appropriately set to a work "which could be trusted to no man who reverenced law, or who was sensible of shame." He was a "commissioner" in 1685. You know of the "bloody assizes" which he held, and how he sent to execution three hundred and twenty persons in a single circuit. "The whole country was strewed with the heads and limbs of his victims." Yet a man wrote that "a little more hemp might have been usefully employed." He was the worst of the English judges. "There was no measure, however illegal, to the execution of which he did not devotedly and recklessly abandon himself." "During the Stuart reigns, England was cursed by a succession of ruffians in ermine, who, for the sake of court favor, wrested the principles of law, the precepts of religion, and the duties of humanity; but they were all greatly outstripped by Jeffreys." Such is his history.

Come, shade of judicial butcher! Two hundred years thy name has been pilloried in face of the world, and thy memory gibbeted before mankind! Let us see how thou wilt compare with those who kidnap men in Boston! Go seek companionship with them! Go claim thy kindred, if such they be! Go tell them that the memory of the wicked shall rot,— that there is a

God; an eternity; ay, and a judgment too! where the slave may appeal against him that made him a slave, to Him that made him a man.

What! Dost thou shudder? Thou turn back? These not thy kindred! Why dost thou turn pale, as when the crowd clutched at thy life in London Street? It is true, George Jeffreys, and these are not thy kin. Forgive me that I should send thee on such an errand, or bid thee seek companionship with such — with Boston hunters of the slave! Thou wert not base enough! It was a great bribe that tempted thee! Again I say, pardon me for sending thee to keep company with such men! Thou only struckst at men accused of crime; not at men accused only of their birth! Thou wouldst not send a man into bondage for two pounds! I will not rank thee with men who, in Boston, for ten dollars, would enslave a negro now! Rest still, Herod! Be quiet, Nero! Sleep, St. Dominic, and sleep, O Torquemada! in your fiery jail! Sleep, Jeffreys, underneath "the altar of the church," which seeks, with Christian charity, to hide your hated bones.

"But," asks a looker on, "what is all this for?" Oh! to save the Union. "A precious Union which needs a saving such as this! And who are to rend the Union asunder?" Why, men that hate slavery, and love freedom for all mankind. "Is this the way to make them love the Union and slavery, and hate freedom for all mankind?" We know none better. "What sort of a measure is this Fugitive Slave Law?" Oh! it is a "peace measure." Don't you see how well it works? how quiet the city? in the country not a mouse stirring? There will not be a word against the peace measure in all New England on this Fast Day. Blessed are the peacemakers saith the Lord!

"But you have great warrant for such deeds?" Oh, yes, the best in the world,— the example of Washington. He also "saved the Union." So men blaspheme.

Let me tell you a little of that great man. Shortly after the passage of the law of 1793, a favorite female slave of Washington's wife ran away from the President of the new republic, and went into New Hampshire. She lived at Portsmouth. Washington wrote to Mr. Whipple, a United States' marshal, I think, or, at any rate, an officer of the United States, saying that he should like to have the woman sent back to him, if it could be done without tumult, and without shocking the principles and the feelings of the people. He added that the slave was a favorite of his wife. Mr. Whipple wrote back, and said, "It cannot be done without tumult, nor without shocking the principles and feelings of the people." Washington said no more. The woman died at a great age, a few years ago, at Portsmouth. That was the example of Washington,— a man who at his death freed his slaves! Would to God he had done it before! But they that come at the eleventh hour shall never be cast out from my charity.

See what is the consequence of this measure! See what has been the condition of Boston for the past week! Read the mingled truth and lies in the newspapers; look at men's faces in the street; listen to their talk; see the court-house in chains; see one hundred policemen on guard, and three companies of military picketed in Faneuil Hall; behold the people shut out from the courts — I will not say of justice! See the officers of Massachusetts made slave hunters — against the law; constitutional rights struck down — against the law; sheriffs refusing to serve writs — against the

law; see the great civil rights our fathers gained five hundred years ago, the trial by jury, by our "peers," by the "law of the land," all cloven down; the writ of "personal replevin" made null — no sheriff daring to execute a law made to suit such a case as this, made but eight years ago! Where is your high sheriff? Where is your governor? See the judges of Massachusetts bend beneath that chain; see them bow down, one by one, and kneel, and creep, and cringe, and crouch, and crawl, under the chain! Note the symbol! That was the chain on the neck of the commonwealth, visible on the necks of the judges as they entered the Bastile of Boston,— the barracoon of Boston! A few years ago, they used to tell us, "Slavery is an abstraction; we at the North have nothing to do with it." Now liberty is only an abstraction! Here is a note just handed me in the pulpit: —

"Marshal Tukey told me this morning that his orders were not merely to keep the peace, but to assist the United States' marshal in detaining and transporting the slave; that he knew he was violating the State law, as well as I did; but it was not his responsibility, but that of the mayor and aldermen. I thought you might like to know this."

Well, my brethren, I know Boston has seen sad days before now. When the Stamp Act came here in our fathers' time, it was a sad day; they tolled the bells all over town, and Mayhew wished "they were cut off that trouble you." It was a sad day when the tea came here, although, when it went down the stream, all the hills of New England laughed. And it was a sadder day still, the 17th of June, 1775, when our fathers fought and bled on yonder hill, all red from battle at Concord and Lexington, and poured sheeted death into the ranks of their enemies, while the inhabitants of

this town lifted up their hands, but could not go to assist their brethren in the field: and when, to crown all their sadness, they saw four hundred of the houses of their sister town go up in flames to heaven, and could not lend a helping hand. A sadder day when they fired one hundred guns in Boston for the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. It was the saddest day of all, when a man was kidnapped in Boston by the men of Boston, and your court-house hung with chains.

It was not from the tyrants of the other side of the world that this trouble came.

If you could have seen what I have this morning, at sunrise, one hundred of the police of this city, contrary to the laws of the State, drilling with drawn swords, to learn to guard a man whilst he should be carried into bondage! And who do you suppose was at their head? A man bearing an honorable name — Samuel Adams! Tell it not in Massachusetts; let not your children hear of this, lest they curse the mothers that bore them. It is well that we should have a day of fasting and humiliation and prayer, when such things are done here.

Well, my brethren, these are only the beginning of sorrows. There will be other victims yet; this will not settle the question. What shall we do? I think I am a calm man and a cool man, and I have a word or two to say as to what we shall do. Never obey the law. Keep the law of God. Next, I say, resist not evil with evil; resist not now with violence. Why do I say this? Will you tell me that I am a coward? Perhaps I am; at least I am not afraid to be called one. Why do I say, then, do not now resist with violence? Because it is not time just yet; it would not succeed. If I had the eloquence that I sometimes dream of, which goes into a crowd of men, and gathers it in its mighty

arm, and sways them as the pendent boughs of yonder elm shall be shaken by the summer breeze next June, I would not give that counsel. I would call on men, and lift up my voice like a trumpet through the whole land, until I had gathered millions out of the North and the South, and they should crush slavery for ever, as the ox crushes the spider underneath his feet. But such eloquence is given to no man. It was not given to the ancient Greek who "shook the arsenal and fulmined over Greece." He that so often held the nobles and the mob of Rome within his hand, had it not. He that spoke as never man spake, and who has since gathered two hundred millions to his name, had it not. No man has it. The ablest must wait for time! It is idle to resist here and now. It is not the hour. If in 1765 they had attempted to carry out the Revolution by force, they would have failed. Had it failed, we had not been here to-day. There would have been no little monument at Lexington "sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind," honoring the men who "fell in the cause of God and their country." No little monument at Concord; nor that tall pile of eloquent stone at Bunker Hill, to proclaim that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." Success is due to the discretion, heroism, calmness, and forbearance of our fathers: let us wait our time. It will come — perhaps will need no sacrifice of blood.

Resist, then, by peaceful means; not with evil, but with good. Hold the men infamous that execute this law; give them your pity, but never give them your trust, not till they repent. Then swiftly forgive. Agitate, discuss, petition, and elect to office men whom you can trust; not men who never show their face in the day of darkness and of peril. Choose men that are men.

I suppose that this man will be carried back to slavery. The law of the United States has been cloven down; the law of Massachusetts cloven down. If we have done all that we can, we must leave the result to God. It is something that a man can only be kidnapped in Boston by riding over the law, and can only be tried in a court-house surrounded by chains, when the crouching judges crawl under the iron of slavery to enter their house of bondage; that even on Fast Day it is guarded by one hundred police, and three companies of military are picketed in Faneuil Hall — the "Sims Brigade!"

The Christians saw Christ crucified, and looked on from afar; sad, but impotent. The Christians at Rome saw their brethren martyred, and could not help them: they were too weak. But the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church. To-day is St. Bademus' Day:[4] three hundred and seventy-six years after Christ, that precious saint was slain because he would not keep the commandment of the king. By crucified redeemers shall mankind be saved. If we cannot prevent crucifixion, let us wait for the redemption.

Shall I ask you to despair of human liberty and rights? I believe that money is to triumph for the present. We see it does in Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Washington: see this in the defense of bribery; in the chains of the court-house; in the judges' pliant necks; in the swords of the police to-day; see it in the threats of the press to withdraw the trade of Boston from towns that favor the unalienable rights of man!

Will the Union hold out? I know not that. But, if men continue to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law, I do not know how soon it will end; I do not care how

soon the Union goes to pieces. I believe in justice and the law of God; that ultimately the right will prevail. Wrong will prevail for a time, and attract admiration. I have seen in a haberdasher's shop-window the figure of a wooden woman showily arrayed, turning round on a pivot, and attracting the gaze of all the passers-by; but ere long it is forgotten. So it will be with this transient love of slavery in Boston; but the love of right will last as long as the granite in New Hampshire hills. I will not tell you to despair of freedom because politicians are false; they are often so. Despair of freedom for the black man! No, never. Not till heaven shakes down its stars; nay, not till the heart of man ceases to yearn for liberty; not till the eternal God is hurled from His throne, and a devil takes His place! All the arts of wicked men shall not prevail against the Father; nay, at last, not against the Son.

The very scenes we have witnessed here,— the court-house in chains,— the laws of Massachusetts despised, — the commonwealth disgraced,— these speak to the people with an eloquence beyond all power of human speech. Here is great argument for our cause. This work begets new foes to every form of wrong. There is a day after to-day,— an eternity after to-morrow. Let us be courageous and active, but cool and tranquil, and full of hope.

These are the beginning of sorrows; we shall have others, and trials. Continued material prosperity is commonly bad for a man, always for a nation. I think the time is coming when there will be a terrible contest between liberty and slavery. Now is the time to spread ideas, not to bear arms. I know which will triumph: the present love of thraldom is only an eddy in the

great river of the nation's life; by and by it will pass down the stream and be forgot. Liberty will spread with us, as the spring over the New England hills. One spot will blossom, and then another, until at last the spring has covered the whole land, and every mountain rejoices in its verdant splendor.

O Boston! thou wert once the prayer and pride of all New England men, and holy hands were laid in baptism on thy baby brow! Thou art dishonored now; thou hast taken to thy arms the enemies of men. Thou hast betrayed the slave; thy brother's blood cries out against thee from the ground. Thou art a stealer of mankind. In thy borders, for long years, the cradle of liberty has been placed. The golden serpent of commerce has twined its snaky folds about it all, and fascinated into sleep the child. Tread lightly, soldiers: he yet may wake. Yes, in his time this child shall wake, and Boston shall scourge out the memory of the men who have trodden her laws under foot, violated the dearest instincts of her heart, and profaned her religion. I appeal from Boston, swollen with wealth, drunk with passion, and mad against freedom — to Boston in her calm and sober hour.

O Massachusetts, noble State! the mother that bore us all; parent of goodly institutions and of noble men, whose great ideas have blessed the land! — how art thou defiled, dishonored, and brought low! One of thine own hired servants has wrought this deed of shame, and rent the bosom which took him as an adopted son. Shall it be always thus? I conjure thee by all thy battle-fields,— by the remembrance of the great men born of thee, who battled for the right, thy Franklin, Hancock, the Adamses — three in a single name,— by thine ideas and thy love of God,— to

forbid for ever all such deeds as this, and wipe away thy deep disgrace.

America, thou youngest born of all God's family of States! thou art a giant in thy youth, laying thine either hand upon thine either sea; the lakes behind thee, and the Mexique Bay before. Hast thou too forgot thy mission here, proud only of thy wide-spread soil, thy cattle, corn, thy cotton, and thy cloth? Wilt thou welcome the Hungarian hero, and yet hold slaves, and hunt poor negroes through thy land? Thou art the ally of the despot, thyself out-heathening the heathen Turk. Yea, every Christian king may taunt thee with thy slaves. Dost thou forget thine own great men,—thy Washington, thy Jefferson? forget thine own proud words prayed forth to God in thy great act of prayer? Is it to protect thy wealth alone that thou hast formed a state? and shall thy wealth be slaves? No, thou art mad. It shall not be. One day thou wilt heed the lessons of the past, practise thy prayer, wilt turn to God, and rend out of thy book the hated page where slavery is writ. Thy sons who led thee astray in thy madness, where shall they appear?

And thou our God, the Father of us all, Father and Mother too, Parent of freemen, Parent also of the slave, look down upon us in our sad estate. Look down upon thy saints, and bless them; yea, bless thy sinners too; save from the wicked heart. Bless this town by Thy chastisement; this State by Thine afflictions; this nation by Thy rod. Teach us to resist evil, and with good, till we break the fetters from every foot, the chains from every hand, and let the oppressed go free. So let Thy kingdom come; so may Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

II

THE THREE CHIEF SAFEGUARDS OF SOCIETY

Righteousness exalteth a nation.— Proverbs xiv. 34.

This is the first Sunday after the anniversary of the national birth-day. It seems proper, on this occasion, to go beyond matters merely personal, and affecting us only as individuals. I will speak of the duties of man in a wider sphere; of political affairs. So I ask your attention to "A Sermon on the Safeguards of Society." I choose this subject because some men profess a fear that American society is in danger, and because some persons are busily teaching doctrines which seem hostile to the very design of society itself. I shall not speak of politics as economy, but as morality, and look at the affairs of state from a religious point of view.

We are often told, that human society is of divine appointment; society meaning the mass of men living together in a certain fellowship. If this means that man is by nature a social being, and in their progressive development men must unite and form societies, then, it is true, society is of divine appointment. But so is a farm; for man is by nature and position an agricultural being, and in their progressive development men make farms and practise agriculture. Agriculture is as necessary as society. But it does not follow from this, that the Egyptian, the Flemish, or the American mode of agriculture is of divine appointment, and men bound by God to practise that, or to

limit themselves thereto; and it no more follows that the Egyptian, the Flemish, or the American mode of society is of divine appointment, and men bound by God to limit themselves to it. It would be thought ridiculous to claim divinity for Dutch farming, or any other special mode of farming; but it is just as ridiculous to claim divinity for Dutch society, or any other society. The farm and the society are alike and equally the work of men.

Then we are often told, that human government is of divine appointment, and men morally bound to submit to it; government being used as a collective term to include the political, ecclesiastical, and social establishments of a people, and the officers who administer them. If this means, that, at a certain stage of man's progressive political development, it is necessary to have certain political, ecclesiastical, and social establishments, such as a monarchy or an aristocracy, with persons to administer them, then it is true, and government is of divine appointment. But the fence of a farm is just as necessary to agriculture, at a certain stage of agricultural development, as government to society. However, it does not follow from this, that a stone wall or a rail fence is of divine appointment; and it no more follows that a monarchy or an aristocracy is of divine appointment. It would be thought ridiculous for a farmer to claim divinity for his fence: it is just as absurd for a politician to claim it for his government. Both are alike and equally the work of men.

Again it is said that human statutes are of divine appointment, and therefore binding on the conscience of men. If this means, that, at a certain stage of social and political development, men must form certain rules for social and political conduct, then it is

true, and human statutes are of divine appointment. But rules for agricultural conduct are just as necessary for the farm and the garden as political rules for society and the state, and so equally divine. But it does not follow from this, that the agricultural rules for the farm and the garden laid down by Columella the Roman, or Cobbett the Briton,[1] are of divine appointment; and it no more follows that the political rules for society and the state laid down by the men of New England or the men of New Holland — by men "foreordained" at birth to be lawgivers, or by men "elected" in manhood to make laws — are of divine appointment. It would be thought ridiculous for a British farmer to claim divinity for Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry;" but it is just as absurd for a British politician to claim divinity for the British Constitution, or the statutes of the realm. Rules for farming the land and rules for farming the people are alike and equally the work of men.

Still further, it is said that human officers to execute the statutes, administer the government, and sustain society, are also of divine appointment; and hence we are morally bound to employ, honor, and obey them. If this means that at a certain stage of man's social, political, and legal development, it is necessary to have certain persons whose official business it shall be to execute those statutes, then it is true, and human officers are of divine appointment. But it is just as necessary to have certain persons whose official business it shall be to execute the rules for farming the land; and so the agricultural officers are just as much of divine appointment as the political. But it does not follow that ploughman Keith and reaper Gibson are such by the grace of God, and therefore we are morally bound to

employ, honor, and obey them; and it no more follows that King Ferdinand or President Fillmore are such by the grace of God, and we morally bound to employ, honor and obey them. It would be thought ridiculous for Keith and Gibson to claim divinity for their function of ploughman or reaper; but it is equally absurd for Fillmore and Ferdinand to claim divinity for their function of president or king. The farm office and the State office are alike and equally the work of men.

Yet it is often taught that society, government, statutes, and officers, are peculiarly and especially of divine appointment, in a very different sense from that mentioned just now; and therefore you and I are morally bound to respect all the four. We are told this by men who would be astonished if any one should claim divine appointment for farm-fences, rules of husbandry, for ploughmen and reapers. This is sometimes done by persons who know no better.

In conformity with that fourfold claim of divinity for things of human appointment, we are told that the great safeguard of man's social welfare is this: entire subordination of the individual to the community, subordination in mind and conscience, heart and soul; entire submission to the government; entire obedience to the statute; entire respect for the officer; in short, the surrender of the individual to the State, of his mind to the public opinion, of his conscience to the public statute, of his religion to some bench of attorneys, and his will to the magistrate. This fourfold subordination of the individual is demanded, no matter what the community, the government, the statutes, or the officers may be. Let us look a little more narrowly into this matter, and see what is the purpose, the end, and aim of individual human life, and of social human life;

then we may be the better able to determine what are the safeguards thereof.

What is man here on earth to accomplish? He is to unfold and perfect himself, as far as possible, in body and spirit; to attain the full measure of his corporeal and spiritual powers, his intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious powers; to develop the individual into a complete man. That, I take it, is the purpose, the end, the scope, and final cause of individual life on earth. Accordingly, that is the best form of individual life which does this most completely; that worst which does it least. He is the most fortunate man who gets the greatest development of his body and his spirit in all their several and appropriate functions: all else is means thereto, and this the end thereof. Ease, wealth, honor, fame, power, and all the outward things men wish for, and all such things as are valuable, are means to this end, no more. Wise men do not account him lucky who comes into the world born to riches, distinction, thrones of power; but him who goes out of it wise, just, good, and holy.

Accordingly, all else is to be subordinated to the attainment of this purpose; this to nothing. But what faculties of the individual are to rule and take precedence? The highest over the lowest; the lasting over the transient; the eternal over the perishing. I will wound my hand to save my head, subordinating the less to the greater. Not barely to live, but to live nobly, is my purpose. I will wound or sacrifice my body to save the integrity of my spirit, to defend the rights of my mind, of my conscience, of my affections, of my religious faculty — my soul. Conscience, when awakened, commands this. Prophets of the Old Testament, and apostles of the New Testament, martyrs

of all the churches under heaven, are historical witnesses to this instinct of human nature. Millions of soldiers have been found ready to sacrifice the life of their body to the integrity of their spirit: they would die, but not run.

Man is social by nature: gregarious by instinct, he is social with self-conscious will. To develop the individual into the perfect man, men must mix and mingle. Society is the condition of individual development. Moses or Newton, living all alone, would not have attained the human dignity of a clown or a savage; they would never have mastered articulate speech: the gregarious elephant, the lonely eagle, would surpass these men, born to the mightiest genius. Society, companionship of men, is both a necessity and a comfort, a good in itself, a means to other good.

As the great purpose of human life is to develop the individual into the complete and perfect man in body and spirit, so the purpose of society is to help furnish the means thereto; to defend each, and furnish him an opportunity and all possible help to become a complete and perfect man. Individuals are the monads, the primitive atoms, of which society is composed: its power, its perfection, depend primarily on the power and perfection of the individuals, as much so as the weight of a pendulum or of Mount Sheehallin depends on the primitive atoms thereof. Destroy the individuality of those atoms, human or material, all is gone. To mar the atom is to mar the mass. To preserve itself, therefore, society is to preserve the individuality of the individual.

Such is its general purpose: this involves several particulars. One is purely negative in its form, to prevent men from hurting one another. In early ages

that was the chief business of society which men had become conscious of. Society was recognized as an instrument to help accomplish two things: first, to defend itself against other societies or collections of men, and so preserve the integrity of the mass. This was done by means of armies, forts, fleets, and all the artillery of war. The next thing was, within itself, to defend the many feeble from the few that are strong, or the few strong from the many weak; to preserve the integrity of the individuals, the atoms which compose the mass. This was done by statutes of prohibition, declaring, "Thou shalt not." This defense from foreign or domestic harm involves two things: first, the protection of the person, the substance of the community or the individual; and, next, the protection of the property, the accident of the social or individual person. All this may be comprised in one term as the negative function of society, appearing in two modes, as it protects from foreign or domestic hurt. This function is performed consciously: one community says to other communities, "You shall not hurt me," and to its own members, "You must not hurt one another," and knows what it is about in so doing. Some of the nations of Europe have scarcely got beyond this; their government seems to acknowledge no function but this negative one.

Then comes the positive function of society; that is, to furnish opportunities for the mass, as such, to develop itself; and the individual, as such, to develop himself, individually and socially, and exercise all his faculties in his own way, subject only to this rule, that he hurts nobody else. See how this is done abroad between society and society. This community agrees with others, that they, mutually, shall not only

not injure each other, but positively help one another. "Protect my citizens by your statutes whilst in your land, and I will do the same with yours," says Belgium to France. That is agreed upon. "Let my ships into your harbors," says England, "come whence they may, and with what they may bring, and I will do the same by yours." America says, "Agreed," and it is so to the good of both. Thus each Christian nation secures for itself opportunities for development in all other Christian countries, and so helps the person and also his property. This is done by treaties; and each nation has its ministers and consuls to live abroad, and help accomplish this work. This is the foreign part of the positive function of society, and is destined to a great expansion in times to come.

See how it is done at home, and the whole furnishes positive helps to the special parts. Society establishes almshouses, hospitals, schools, colleges, churches, and postoffices; coins money as a standard measure of all values; builds roads of earth, of water, or of iron; carries letters; surveys the land; prints books telling of its minerals, plants, and living things that swim, or creep, or fly, or walk; puts lighthouses along the coast, and breakwaters to protect a port. Thus society furnishes its members a positive help for the mind, body, and estate; helps the individual become a complete and perfect man, by affording him facilities for the development of his substance and the possession of his accidents. This is the domestic part of the positive function of society. Some men, as the Socialists in France, wish to extend it much further, making the government patriarchal to bless — not, as of old, despotic to curse. This also is done with a distinct self-consciousness of the immediate end and the means thereto.

But the greater part of this positive work is done with no such distinct consciousness thereof; it is brought about by the men living together; is done, not by government, but by society. The presence of numbers increases the intellectual temperature, so to say, and quickens the social pulse. Machines are invented, science extended, new truths in morals and religion are found out, literature and art create new loveliness, and men become greater and more noble, while society takes no heed; and so all are helped. The government often only checks this work.

By most subtle contrivances, though not of you and me, a provision is made for the great. Without willing it, we prepare a cradle for every giant, ready to receive him as soon as he is born. A young woman has a rare genius for music: no legal and constitutional provision has been made for her, society having no instinctive and prophetic consciousness of such an advent; but men with music in their souls, and spell-bound by their ears, are drawn together, and encourage her sweet soul into all the wildest, sweetest, and most bewildering witchery of song. If some lad of marvelous genius is born in the woods, men seek him out, and train him up with the accumulated wisdom of ten thousand years, that this newest diamond from the mine of God may be appropriately set. So it is with a thousand other things; and thus society calls out the dainties of the cook, the machine of the inventor, the orator's persuasive power, the profound thought of the thinker, the poet's vision and his faculty divine, the piety of the highest saint God sends. Thus, spite of all the Herods in Jerusalem, a crown is got ready for him that is born King of the world; wise men are always waiting for the star which goes before the new-

born Son of God; and, though that star stand still over a stable, they are ready on the spot with their myrrh, their frankincense, and their gold. Society has its shepherds watching their flock, and its angels to proclaim the glad tidings of great joy to all mankind.

While society, in its positive function, thus helps the strong, it provides also for the weak, and gives them the benefit of the strong man's protection; thus the individuality of the ablest and the most feeble is defended at the same time. This is done in part by private charity, in part also by the organized public charity. The sick, the poor, the crazy, the lame, the blind, the deaf, are sacredly cared for. Even the fool is not left in his folly, but the wisdom of society watches over his impotent and wretched brain. Thus the two extremes of the human race are provided for: the man of vast genius and a tough body gets his culture and his place, and, from his station in the senate, the pulpit, or the closet, sends out his thunder, his lightning, or his sunshine, over all the land, to save the people and to bless; while the lame man, the lunatic woman, the blind boy, the poor and sickly little girl born with the scrofulous worm feeding on her cheek, all have the benefit of the manifold power of society. The talent of a Webster, the genius of an Emerson, the frailty of an unacknowledged child left on the door-stone at night, to die next month in the almshouse, all have their place in the large cradle of society, whose coverlet wraps them all — the senator, the poet, and the fool. Attend a meeting of the alumni of Harvard College, of the heads of the railroads or factories of New England, a convention of merchants, naturalists, metaphysicians, of the senate of the nation; you see how society gives place and protection to the best heads

in the State. Then go to some house of industry, and see the defense afforded for the worst; you see what a wonderful contrivance society itself is. I say a contrivance, yet it is not the contrivance chiefly of Solon or Charlemagne, but of Almighty God; a contrivance for three things — to prevent men from hurting one another in person or property; to give the strong and the weak the advantage of living together; and thus to enable each to have a fair chance for the development of his person and the acquisition of property. The mechanism of society, with its statical and dynamical laws, is the most marvelous phenomenon in the universe. Thereby we are continually building wiser than we know, or rather the providence of the Father builds by us, as by the coral insect of Pacific seas, foundations for continents which we dream not of.

These three things are the general end of society, and indispensable to the purpose of life. To attain them there must be a certain amount of individual variety of action, a certain amount of social unity of action; and the two must be to a certain degree balanced into equilibrium. The larger the amount of individual variety and social unity of action, the more complete the equilibrium of the two, the more completely is the purpose of individual and social life accomplished and attained: the atom is not sacrificed to the mass, nor the mass to the atom; the individual gains from being a citizen, the citizen from his individuality; all are the better for each, and each for all.

To accomplish this purpose, men devise certain establishments — institutions, constitutions, statutes — human machinery for attaining the divine end in the individual and the social form. But here is the condi-

tion of existence which all these establishments must conform to. Everything in nature has a certain constant mode of action: this we call a law of nature. The laws of nature are universal, unchangeable, and perfect as God, whose mind they in part express. To succeed in anything, we must find out and keep the natural laws relating thereto. There are such laws for the individual — constant modes of action which belong to human nature, writ therein by God. My mind and conscience are the faculties by which I learn these laws. Conscience perceives by instinct: mind sees afterwards by experiment. There are also such laws for society, constant modes of action, which belong to human nature in its social form. They are also written in the nature of man. The mind and conscience of the individuals who make up the society are the faculties by which these laws likewise are found out. These laws, constant modes of individual or social action, are the sole and exclusive basis of human establishments which help attain the end of individual and social life. What conforms to these natural rights is called right; what conforms not, is wrong. A mill-dam or a monument must conform to the statical laws of matter, or not serve the purpose it was meant for: a mill or a steam-engine must conform to the dynamical laws of matter, or it is also useless. So all the social establishments of mankind, designed to further the positive or negative functions of society, must conform to the laws of human nature, or they will fail to achieve the purposes of individual and social life.

As I come to individual self-consciousness, I give utterance to these natural laws, or my notion of them, in certain rules of conduct which I make for myself. I say, "This will I do, for it is right; that will I not

do, for it is wrong." These are my personal resolutions, personal statutes. I make them in my high act of prayer, and in my common life seek to conform thereto. When I rise higher, in another act of prayer which has a greater experience for its basis, and so represents more life, I shall revise the old rules of conduct, and make new ones that are better. The rules of conduct derive all their objective and real value from their conformity with the law of God writ in my nature; all their subjective and apparent value, from their conformity to my notions of the law of God. The only thing which makes it right, and an individual moral duty, for me to keep my resolutions, is, that they themselves are right, or I believe them so. Now, as I see they are wrong, or think I see it, I shall revise or change them for better. Accordingly, I revise them many times in my life: now by a gradual change, the process of peaceful development; now by a sudden change, under conviction of sin, in penitence for the past, and great concern of mind for the future, by the process of personal revolution. But these rules of conduct are always provisional — my ladder for climbing up to the purposes of individual life. I will throw them away as soon as I can get better. They are amenable subjectively to my notion of right, and objectively to right itself — to conscience and to God.

As the individuals, all, the majority, or some controlling men, come to social self-consciousness, they express these natural laws, or their notion thereof, in certain rules of social conduct. They say, "This shall all men do, for it is right; that shall no man do, for it is wrong." The nation makes its social resolutions, social statutes, in its act of prayer; for legislation is to the State what prayer is to the man — often an

act of penitence, of sorrow, of fear, and yet of faith, hope, and love. When it rises higher it revises and makes better rules of conduct: they derive all their objective and real value from their conformity with the law of God; all their subjective and apparent value from their conformity with the nation's notion thereof. The only thing which makes it right, and a social moral duty for society, or any of its members, to keep these social statutes, is that they are right, or thought so. In the progress of society, its rules of conduct get revised a good many times: now it is done by gradual, peaceful development — now by sudden and stormy revolutions, when society is penitent for the sin of the past, and in great anxiety and concern of mind through fear of the future. These social statutes are only provisional, to help men climb up to the purpose of social life. They are all amenable subjectively to the notion of right; objectively to right itself — to the conscience of the individuals and to God.

Then society appoints officers whose special conventional function is to see to the execution of these social rules of conduct. They are legally amenable to the rules of conduct they are to carry out, socially amenable to the community that appoints them, individually amenable to their own conscience and to God.

To sum up all this in one formula: officers are conventionally amenable to society; society, with its officers and its rules of conduct, amenable to the purpose of society; the design of individual life, to the individuals that compose it; individuals, with their rules of conduct, amenable each to his own conscience; and all to the law of the universe, to the eternal right, which represents the conscience of God. So far as so-

ciety is right, government right, statutes right, officers right, all may justly demand obedience from each: for though society, government, statutes, and officers, are mere human affairs, as much so as farms, fences, top-dressing, and reapers, and are as provisional as they; yet right is divine, is of God, not merely provisional and for to-day, but absolute and for eternity. So, then, the moral duty to respect the government, to keep the statutes, to obey the officers, is all resolvable into the moral duty of respecting the integrity of my own nature, of keeping the eternal law of nature, of obeying God. If government, statutes, officers, command me to do right, I must do it, not because commanded, but because it is right; if they command me to do wrong, I must refuse, not because commanded, but because it is wrong. There is a constitution of the universe: to keep that is to preserve the union between man and man, between man and God. To do right is to keep this constitution: that is loyalty to God. To keep my notion of it is loyalty to my own soul. To be false to my notion thereof is treason against my own nature: to be false to that constitution is treason against God. The constitution of the universe is not amenable to men: that is the law of God, the higher law, the constant mode of action of the Infinite Father of all. In that He lives, and moves, and has His being.

It is now easy to see what are the safeguards of society, the things which promote the end and aim of society — the development of the body and spirit of all men after their law — and thus help attain the purpose of individual life. I will mention three of these safeguards, in the order of their importance.

First of all is righteousness in the people: a re-

ligious determination to keep the law of God at all hazards; a sacred and inflexible reverence for right; a determined habit of fidelity each to his own conscience. This, of course, implies a hatred of wrong; a religious and determined habit of disobeying and resisting everything which contradicts the law of God — of disobeying what is false to this and our conscience. There is no safeguard for society without this. It is to man what impenetrability, with the other primary qualities, is to matter. All must begin with the integral atoms, with the individual mind and conscience; all be tried by that test, personal integrity, at last. What is false to myself I must never do — at no time, for no consideration, in nowise. This is the doctrine of the higher law; the doctrine of allegiance to God; a doctrine which appears in every form of religion ever taught in the world; a doctrine admitted by the greatest writers on the foundation of human law, from Cicero to Lord Brougham. Even Bentham comes back to this. I know it is nowadays taught in the United States, that, if any statute is made after the customary legal form, it is morally binding on all men, no matter what the statute may be; that a command to kidnap a black man and sell him into slavery is as much morally binding as a command for a man to protect his own wife and child. A people that will practically submit to such a doctrine is not worthy of liberty, and deserves nothing but law, oppressive law, tyrannical law, and will soon get what it deserves. If a people has this notion, that they are morally bound to obey any statute legally made, though it conflict with public morals, with private conscience, and with the law of God, then there is no hope of such a people, and the sooner a tyrant whips them into their shameful

grave, the better for the world. Trust me, to such a people the tyrant will soon come. Where the carcass is, thither will the vultures be gathered together. Let no man put asunder the carrion and the crow. So much for the first and indispensable safeguard.

The next is derivative therefrom: righteousness in the establishments of the people. Under this name I include three things — namely, institutions, constitutions, and statutes. Institutions are certain modes of operation, certain social, ecclesiastical, or political contrivances for doing certain things. Thus, an agricultural club is a social institution to help farming; a private school is a social institution for educating its pupils; a church is an ecclesiastical institution for the promotion of religion; an aristocracy is a political institution for governing all the people by means of a few, and for the sake of a few; a congress of senators and representatives is a legislative institution for making statutes; a jury of twelve men is a judicial institution to help execute the statutes; universal suffrage is a democratic institution for ruling the State.

Constitutions are fundamental rules of conduct for the nation, made by the highest human authority in the land, and only changeable thereby, determining what institutions shall be allowed, how administered, by whom and in what manner statutes shall be made.

Statutes are particular rules of conduct to regulate the action of man with man, of individuals with the State, and of the State with individuals.

Statutes are amenable to the constitutions; the constitutions to the institutions; they to the people; all subjectively to the conscience of the individual, and objectively to the conscience of God.

Establishments are the machinery which a people

contrives wherewith to carry out its ideas of the right or the expedient. In the present state of mankind they are indispensable to accomplish the purpose of individual life. There are indeed a few men who, for their good conduct, after they are mature, require no human laws whatever. They regulate themselves by their idea of right, by their love of truth, of justice, of man and God. They see the law of God so clear that they need no prohibitive statutes to restrain them from wrong. They will not lie nor steal, though no statutes forbid, and all other men both lie and steal; not if the statutes command falsehood and theft. These men are saints. The wealth of Athens could not make Aristides unjust. Were all men like Jesus of Nazareth, statutes forbidding wrong would be as needless as sails to a shark, a balloon to a swallow, or a railroad to the lightning of heaven. This is always a small class of men, but one that continually increases. We all look to the time when this will include all men. No man expects to find law books and courts in the kingdom of heaven.

Then there is a class who need these statutes as a well-known rule of conduct, to encourage them to do right, by the assurance that all other men will likewise be made to do so, even if not willing. They see the law of God less clear and strong, and need human helps to keep it. This class comprises the majority of mankind. The court-house helps them, though they never use it; the jail helps them, though never in it. These are common men. They are very sober in Connecticut, not very sober in California.

Then there is a third class, who will do wrong unless they are kept from it by punishment or the fear thereof. They do not see the law of God, or will not

keep it if they do. The court-house helps them; so does the jail, keeping them from actual crime while there, deterring while out of it. Take away the outward restraints, their seeming virtue falls to pieces like a barrel without its hoops. These are knaves. I think this class of men will continually diminish with the advance of mankind; that the saints will grow common, and the knaves get scarce. Good establishments promote this end; those of New England, especially the schools, help forward this good work, to convert the knaves to common men, to transfigure the common men to saints. Bad establishments, like many in Austria, Ireland, and South Carolina, produce the opposite effect: they hinder the development of what is high and noble in man, and call out what is mean and low; for human laws are often instruments to debauch a nation.

If a nation desires to keep the law of God, good establishments will help the work; if it have none such, it must make them before it can be at peace. They are as needful as coats and gowns for the body. Sometimes the consciousness of the people is far in advance of its establishments, and there must be a revolution to restore the equilibrium. It is so at Rome, in Austria, and Prussia. All these countries are on the brink of revolution, and are only kept down by the bayonet. It was so here seventy-five years ago, and our fathers went through fire and blood to get the establishments they desired. They took of the righteousness in the people, and made therefrom institutions, constitutions, and statutes. So much for the second and derivative safeguard.

The third is righteousness in the public officers: good men to administer the establishments, manage the institutions, expound and enforce the constitutions, and execute the statutes, and so represent the righteousness of

the people. In the hands of such men as see the purpose of social and individual life, and feel their duty to keep the integrity of their conscience and obey the law of God, even bad establishments are made to work well, and serve the purpose of human life; because the man puts out the evil of the institution, constitution, or statute, and puts his own righteousness in its place. There was once a judge in New England who sometimes had to administer bad laws. In these cases he told the jury, "Such is the law, common or enacted; such are the precedents; such the opinions of Judge This and Judge That; but justice demands another thing. I am bound by my oath as judge to expound to you the law as it is: you are bound by oath as jurors to do justice under it; that is your official business here to-day." Such a man works well with poor tools; with good ones he would work much better. By the action of such men, aided by public opinion, which they now follow and now direct, without any change of legislation, there is a continual progress of justice in the establishments of a nation. Bad statutes are dropped or corrected; constitutions silently ameliorated; all institutions made better. Thus wicked laws become obsolete. There is a law in England compelling all men to attend church. Nobody enforces it.

Put a bad man to administer the establishments, one who does not aim at the purpose of society, nor feel bound to keep the higher law of God, the best institutions, constitutions, statutes, become ineffectual, because the man puts out the good thereof, and puts in his own evil. The best establishments will be perverted to the worst of purposes. Rome had all the machinery of a commonwealth; with Cæsar at the head it became a despotism. In 1798 France had the establishments of a republic; with Napoleon for first consul you know

what it became: it soon was made an empire, and the constitution was trodden under foot. In 1851 France has the institutions of a democracy; with Louis Napoleon as chief you see what is the worth of the provisions for public justice. What was the constitution of England good for under the thumb of Charles I. and James II.? What was the value of the common law, of the trial by jury, of Magna Charta, "such a fellow as will have no sovereign," with a George Jeffreys for judge, a James II. for king, and such juries as corrupt sheriffs brought together? They were only a mockery. What were the charters of New England against a wicked king and a corrupt cabinet? Connecticut went out of the court and into the Charter Oak for self-preservation. What were all the institutions of Christianity when Alexander VI. dishonored the seat even of the pope?

Put a saint, who feels his duty to keep the law of God, in office, even bad rules will work well. But put a man who recognises no law of God, not into a jail, but in a great office; give him courts and courtiers, fleets and armies — nay, only newspapers and "Union committees" to serve him, you will see what will be done. The resolute determination of the people to obey the law of God, the righteousness of their establishments, will be of small avail, frustrated by the wickedness of the men in power. The English Parliament once sent a fleet to aid the Huguenots at Rochelle. King Charles I. gave the admiral secret orders to surrender his ships to the enemy he was sent to oppose! The purpose of all human life may be as foully betrayed by wicked men in a high place. In a monarchy the king is answerable for it with his neck; in a republic there is the same danger; but where all seems to pro-

ceed from the people it may be more difficult to do justice to a wicked officer. So much for the third safeguard, also derivative from the first.

To make a good house, you want good materials — solid stone, sound bricks, sound timber — a good plan, and also good builders. So, as safeguards of society, to achieve its purpose, you want good material — a righteous people, who will be faithful to their own conscience, and obey God, and reverence the law of nature; a good plan — righteous establishments, institutions, constitutions, statutes conformable to the laws of God; and you want good builders — righteous officers to represent the eternal justice of the Father. You want this threefold righteousness.

How are we provided with these three safeguards just now? Have we this righteousness in the people which is the first thing? Perhaps there is no nation with a higher reverence for justice, and more desire to keep the law of God; at least we have been told so, often enough. I think the nation never had more of it than now; never so much. But here are whole classes of men who practically seem to have no reverence for God's law; who declare there is no such thing; whose conduct is most shamefully unrighteous in all political matters. They seek to make us believe there is no law above the caprice of man. Of such I will speak by and by.

It is plain there is not righteousness enough in the people to hinder us from doing what we know is contrary to the law of God. Thus, we keep one-sixth part of the people in a state of slavery. This we do in violation of our own axiom, declared to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, endowed by their Creator with the unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pur-

suit of happiness. We have here three millions of slaves: if things go on as now, there will be twelve millions before the century ends. We need not say we cannot help it. Slavery in America is as much our work as democracy, as free schools, as the Protestant form of religion. At the Declaration we might have made the slaves free; at the time of the Confederation; at the formation of the Constitution. But no! there was not righteousness enough in the people to resist the temptation of eating the bread which others earn. American slavery has always been completely in the power of the American people. We may abolish it any time we will. We might have restricted it to the old States, which had it before, and so have kept it out of Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and all that mighty realm west of the great river. No! we took pains to extend it there. We fought with Mexico to carry slavery into the "halls of the Montezumas," whence a half-barbarous people drove it away. We long to seize on Cuba, and yet other lands, to plant there our "American institution." We are indignant when Austria unjustly seizes an American in Hungary, and hales him to prison; but have nothing to say when slave States systematically confine the colored freemen of the North, or when Georgia offers a large reward for the head of a citizen of Boston. We talk of the "pauper labor of Europe." It is pauper labor, very much of it. I burn with indignation at the men who keep it so. But it is not slave labor. Paupers spin cotton at Manchester, and at Glasgow, say the Whigs. Who raises cotton at South Carolina and Mississippi? The spoil of the slave is in our houses. We are a republic, but the only nation of the Christian world whose fields are tilled by

chattel slaves. To such a degree has covetousness blinded the eyes of the whole nation. In saying all this I will not say that we are less righteous than other nations. No other people has had the same temptation. It has been too great for America. Slavery is loved as well in Boston as in New Orleans. The love of liberty is strong with us; but it is liberty for ourselves we love, not for our brother man whom we can oppress and enthrall. This vice is not confined to the South. I look on some of the clergymen of the North as only chaplains of the slave-driver.

Look at the next safeguard of society. Setting aside the institution of slavery, and the statutes relating thereto, I think we have the most righteous establishments in the world. By no means perfect, they produce the greatest variety of action in the individuals, the greatest unity of action in society, and afford an opportunity to achieve the purpose of social and individual life. Here is the great institution of democracy, the government of all, by all, and for all, resting on the American idea that all men have natural rights which only the possessor can alienate, that all are equal in their rights, that it is the business of government to preserve them all for each man. Under this great institution of a free State, there naturally come the church, the school, the press — all free. In politics, and all depending thereon, we are coming to recognise this principle, that restraint is only to be exercised for the good of all, the restrainer and the restrained.

Let me single out two excellent institutions, not wholly American: the contrivance for making laws, and that for executing them. To make laws, the people choose the best men they can find and confide in, and set them to this work. They aim to take all the good

of past times, of the present times, and add to it their private contribution of justice. Each State legislature is a little political academy for the advancement of jural science and art. They get the wisest and most humane men to aid them. Then after much elaboration the law is made. If it works well in one State it is soon tried in others; if not, it is repealed and ceases to be. The experience of mankind has discovered no better way than this of popular legislation, for organizing the ideal justice of the people into permanent forms. If there is a man of moral and political genius in the community, he can easily be made available to the public. The experiment of popular legislation has been eminently successful in America.

Then, still further, we have officers chosen by the people for a limited time, to enforce the laws when made — the executive; others to expound them — the judiciary. It is the official business of certain officers to punish the man who violates the laws. In due and prescribed form they arrest the man charged with the offense. Now, two things are desirable: one to protect society, in all its members, from injury by any one acting against its just laws; the other is, to protect the man complained of from being hurt by government when there is no law against him, or when he has not done the deed alleged, or from an unjust punishment, even if it be legal. In despotic countries little is thought of this latter; and it goes hard with a man whom the government complains of, even if there is no positive statute against the crime charged on him, or when he is innocent of the deed alleged. Nothing can screen him from the lawful punishment, though that be never so unjust. The statute and its administration are a rule without mercy. But in liberal governments

a contrivance has been devised to accomplish both these purposes — the just desire of society to execute its laws; the just desire of the individual to have justice done. That is the trial by a jury of twelve men, not officers of the government, but men taken for this purpose alone from the bosom of the community, with all their human sympathies and sense of responsibility to God about them. The jury are to answer in one word, "Guilty" or "Not guilty." But it is plain they are to determine three things: first, Did the prisoner do the deed alleged, and as alleged? next, if so, Is there a legal and constitutional statute forbidding it, and decreeing punishment therefore? and then, if so, Shall the prisoner for that deed suffer the punishment denounced by that law?

Human statutes partake of human imperfections. See the checks against sudden, passionate, or unjust legislation. We choose legislators, and divide them into two branches, a Senate and a House of Representatives, each to aid and check the other. If a bill pass one house, and seem unjust to the other, it is set aside. If both approve of it, a third person has still a qualified negative; and if it seems unjust to him, he sets it aside. If it passes this three-fold ordeal, it becomes a statute of the land. See the checks in the execution of the laws which relate to offenses. Before they can be brought against any man, in any matter beyond a trifle, a jury of his peers indict him for the offense. Then, before he can be punished, twelve men of his peers must say with one accord, "You shall inflict the penalties of the statute upon this man."

This trial by jury has long been regarded as one of the most important of the secondary safeguards of society. It has served to defend the community

against bad citizens, and the citizens against an evil establishment — bad institutions, bad constitutions, bad statutes; against evil officers — bad rulers, bad judges, bad sheriffs. If the community has much to fear from bad citizens, here is the offensive armor, and the jury do not bear the sword in vain. If its citizens have much to fear from a wicked government, oppressive, grasping, tyrannical, desirous of pretending law where there is none, declaring "ship-money" and other enormities constitutional, or pressing a legal statute beyond justice, making it treason to tell of the wickedness of officers — here is the defensive armor, and the jury do not bear in vain the shield of the citizen. Sometimes the citizens have more to fear from the government than from all other foes. Louis XIV. was a great robber, and plundered and murdered more of his subjects than all the other alleged felons in the sixteen millions of Frenchmen. The honest burghers of Paris had more to fear from the monarch in the Tuileries than from the murderer in the Faubourg St. Antoine, or the cut-purse in the Rue St. Jacob. Charles I. was a more dangerous enemy to our fathers in England and America than all the other thieves and murderers in the realm. What were all the Indians in New England, for peril to its Christian citizens, compared to Charles II. and his wicked brother? What was a foot-pad to Henry VIII.? He plundered a province, while the robber only picked a pocket.

The trial by jury has done manly service. It was one of the first bulwarks of human society, then barbarous and feeble, thrown up by the Germanic tribe which loved order, but loved justice too. It is a line of circumvallation against the loose, unorganized wickedness of the private ruffian; a line of contravallation

also against the organized wickedness of the public government. It began before there were any regular courts or written laws, and ever since it has done great service when corrupt men in high places called a little offense "treason;" when corrupt judges sought to crush down the people underneath oppressive laws, to advance themselves; and when corrupt witnesses were ready to "enlarge" their testimony so as to "despatch" the men accused; yea, to swear black was black, and then, when the case seemed to require it, swear white was black. Any man who reads the history of England under the worst of kings, the worst of ministers, the worst of judges, and with the worst of witnesses, and compares it with other nations, will see the value of the trial by jury as a safeguard of the people. The bloody Mary had to punish the jurors for their verdict of acquittal before she could accomplish her purposes of shame. George III., wishing to collect a revenue in the American colonies, without their consent or any constitutional law, found the jury an obstacle he could not pass over. Attorneys might try John Hancock for smuggling in his sloop "Liberty;" no jury would convict. The tea, a vehicle of unjust taxation, went floating out of Boston Bay in a most illegal style. No attempt was made to try the offenders: the magistrates knew there was a jury who would not convict men for resisting a wicked law. Men must be taken "over seas for trial" by a jury of their enemies before the wicked laws of a wicked ministry could be brought upon the heads of the resolute men of America.

It is of great importance to keep this institution pure; to preserve its spirit, with such expansion as the advance of mankind requires. Otherwise, the laws

may be good, the constitutions good, institutions good, the disposition of the people good; but with a wicked minister in the cabinet, a wicked judge on the bench, a wicked attorney at the bar, and a wicked witness to forswear himself on the stand — and all these can easily be had — you can purchase your wicked witnesses; nay, sometimes one will volunteer and "enlarge his testimony" — a man's life and liberty are not safe for a moment. The administration may grasp any man at will. The minister represents the government; the judge, the attorney, all represent the government. It has often happened that all these had something to gain by punishing unjustly some noble man who opposed their tyranny, and they used their official power to pervert justice and ruin the State, that they might exalt themselves. The jury does not represent the government, but "the country;" that is, the justice, the humanity, the mercy of mankind. This is its great value.

Have we the third safeguard, righteous officers? I believe no nation ever started with nobler officers than we chose at first. But I think there has been some little change from Washington down through the Tylers and the Polks to the present administration. John Adams, in coming to the presidency, found his son in a high office, and asked his predecessor if it were fit for the President to retain his own son in office. Washington replied, "It would be wrong for you to appoint him, but I hope he will not be discharged from office, and so the country be deprived of his valuable services, merely 'because he is your son!'" What a satire is this on the conduct of men in power at this day! We have had three "second General Washingtons" in the presidential chair since 1829;

two new ones are now getting ready, "standing like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start," for that bad eminence. These three past and two future "Washingtons" have never displayed any very remarkable family likeness to the original, who left no descendant in this particular. I pass over the general conduct of our executive and judicial officers, which does not seem to differ much from that of similar functionaries in England, in France, in Italy, Austria, Turkey, and Spain. But I must speak of some special things in the conduct of some of these persons — things which ought to be looked at on such a day as this, and in the light of religion. Attempts have lately been made in this city to destroy the juror's power to protect the citizen from the injustice of government — attempts to break down this safeguard of individual liberty. We have seen a judge charge the grand jury, that, in case of conflict between the law of God and the statutes made by men, the people must "obey both." Then we have seen an attempt made by the government to get a partial jury, who should not represent the country, but should have prejudices against the prisoner at the bar. We have seen a man selected as foreman of the jury who had previously, and before witnesses, declared that all the persons engaged in the case which was to come before him "ought to be hung." We have seen a man expelled from the jury, after he had taken the juror's oath, because he declared that he had "a general sympathy with the downtrodden and oppressed here and everywhere," and so did not seem likely to "despatch" the prisoner, as the government desired. This is not all; the judge questions the jurors before their oath, and refuses to allow any one to be impaneled who doubts

the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law. Even this is not the end: he charges the jury, thus selected, packed, picked, and winnowed, that they are to take the law as he lays it down; that they are only judges of the fact, he exclusively of the law; and if they find that the prisoner did the deed alleged, then they must return him "guilty" of the offense charged.

I am no lawyer: I shall not speak here with reference to usages and precedents of the past, only with an eye to the consequences for the future. If the court can thus select a jury to suit itself, mere creatures of its own, what is the use of a jury to try the fact? See the consequences of this decision, that no man shall serve as juror who doubts the constitutionality of a law, and that the jurors are not judges of the law itself as well as the fact. Let me suppose some cases which may happen. The Constitution of the United States provides that Congress shall not prohibit the free exercise of religion. Suppose that Congress should pass a law to punish any man with death who should pray to the "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The government wishes to punish an obnoxious orthodox minister for violating this "form of law." It is clearly unjust; but the judge charges the grand jury they are to "obey both" the laws of God and the statutes of men. The grand jury indict the man. He is brought for trial. The law is obviously unconstitutional, but the judge expels from the jury all who think the law is unconstitutional. He selects the personal enemies of the accused, and finds twelve men foolish enough or wicked enough to believe it is constitutional to do what the Constitution declares must not be done, and then proceeds to trial, selecting for foreman the man who has said, "All men that thus

pray ought to be hung!" What is the value of your Constitution? The jury might convict, the judge sentence, the President issue his warrant, and the man be hanged in twenty-four hours, for doing a deed which the Constitution itself allows, and Christendom daily practises, and the convictions of two hundred million men require!

It is alleged the jury must not judge of the law, but only of the fact. See the consequences of this principle in several cases. The Secretary of State has declared the rescuing of Shadrach was "treason," and, of course, punishable with death. Suppose the court had charged the jury that, to rescue a man out of the hands of an incompetent officer — an offense which in Boston has sometimes been punished with a fine of five dollars — was "levying war" against the United States, and they were only to find if the prisoner did the deed, and, if so, return a verdict of guilty. Suppose the jury are wicked enough to accept his charge, where is the protection of the citizen? The government may say, to smuggle goods into Boston harbor is "levying war," and hang a man for treason who brings on shore an ounce of camphor in his pocket without paying duties! Is not the jury, in such a case, to judge what the law makes treason — to decide for itself?

There was once a law making it felony without benefit of clergy to read the Bible in the English language. Suppose the government, wishing to make away with an obnoxious man, should get him indicted next term for this offense, and the judge should declare that the old law is still in force. Is the jury not to judge whether we live under the bloody Mary or the constitution of Massachusetts — whether what

was once law is so now? If not, then the laws of King Darius or King Pharaoh may be revived whenever Judge Hategood sees fit, and Faithful must hang for it.

Suppose the judge makes a law himself, declaring that if any one speaks against the justice of the court, he shall be whipped with forty stripes save one, and gets a man indicted under it and brought to trial — is the jury not to judge if there be such a law? Then we might as well give up all legislation, and leave all to the "discretion of the court."

A judge of the United States Court was once displaced on account of mental imbecility. Was Judge Simpleton to determine what was law, what not, for a jury of intelligent men?

Another judge, not long ago, in Boston, in his place in court, gave an opinion in a most important affair, and was drunk when he gave it. I do not mean he was horizontally drunk, but only so that his friends feared "he would break down in court, and expose himself." Was the opinion of a drunken judge to be taken for law by sober men?

Suppose the judge is not a simpleton nor a drunkard, but is only an ordinary lawyer and a political partisan, and appointed to his office because he is a fawning sycophant, and will interpret the law to suit the ambition of the government — a thing that has happened in this city. Is he to lay down the law for the jurors, who aim only to live in honorable morality, to hurt no one, and give every man his due?

Suppose the attorneys at the bar know the law better than the attorney on the bench — a thing that daily happens — are not the jurors to decide for themselves?

I have chosen fictitious cases to try the principle. Extreme cases make shipwreck of a wicked law, but are favoring winds to bring every just statute into its happy harbor at the last. Will you say we are not likely to suffer from such usurpation? You know what we have suffered within three months past. God only knows what is to come. But no man has ever to seek for a stick if he wishes to beat a dog, or for a cross if he would murder his Saviour. The only way to preserve liberty is by eternal vigilance: we must be jealous of every president, every minister, every judge, every officer, from a king to the meanest commissioner he appoints to kidnap men. You have seen the attempts made to sap and undermine one of the most valuable safeguards of our social welfare — seen that it excited very little attention; and I wish to warn you of the danger of a false principle. I have waited for this day to speak on this theme. Executive tyranny, with soldiers at its command, must needs be open in its deeds of shame. It may waste the money of the public which cleaves to the suspected hands of its officers; it is not so easy to get the necks of those it hates; for we have no Star Chamber of democracy, and here the executive has not many soldiers at command, must ask before it can get them. It did ask, and got "No" for answer. Legislative tyranny must needs be public, and is easily seen. But judicial tyranny is secret, subtle, unseen in its action; and all experience shows it is one of the most dangerous forms of tyranny. A corrupt judge poisons the wells of human society. Scroggs and Jeffreys are names deservedly hated by mankind, and there are some American names likely to be added to them. The traditionary respect entertained here for an office which has been

graced by some of the noblest men in the land, doubles our danger.

But an attack is made on another safeguard of society, yet more important. We have been told that there is no law higher than a human statute, no law of God above an Act of the American Congress. You know how this doctrine of the supremacy of the lower law has been taught in the high places of the State, in the high places of the Church, and in the low places of the public press. You know with what sneers men have been assailed who appealed to conscience, to religion, and said, "The law of God is supreme, above all the enactments of mortal men." You have been witness to attempts to howl down the justice of the Almighty. We have had declamation and preaching against the law of God. It is said the French Assembly, some fifty or sixty years ago, voted that there should be no public worship of God; that there was no God to worship; but it was left for politicians and preachers of America, in our time, to declare that there is no law above the caprice of mortal men. Did the French "philosophers" decree speculative atheism? The American "wise men" put it in practice. They deny the function of God. "He has nothing to do with mankind." This doctrine is one of the foulest ever taught, and tends directly to debauch the conscience of the people. What if there were no law higher than an act of Parliament? What would become of the Parliament itself? There is such a thing conceivable as personal, speculative atheism. I think it is a very rare thing. I have never known an atheist: for with all about us speaking of God, all within us speaking of Him; every telescope revealing the infinite mind in nebulæ resolved to groups of systems of

suns; every microscope revealing the infinite Father, yea, Mother of the world, in a drop of water, a grain of perishing wood, or an atom of stone; every little pendulum revealing His unchanging law on a small scale; and this whole group of solar systems, in its slow and solemn swing through heavenly space, disclosing the same law on a scale which only genius at first can comprehend — it is not easy to arrive at personal, speculative atheism. It would be a dreadful thing, the stark denial of a God. To say there is no infinite mind in finite matter, no order in the universe, in providence only a fate, no God for all, no Father for any, only an inextinguishable nothing, that fills the desert and illimitable ether of space and time, the whence and whither of all that are — such a belief is conceivable; but I do not believe that there is a single atheist living on the whole round world. There is no general danger of personal, speculative atheism. When M. Lalande declared that he saw no God through his telescope, though he meant not to deny the real God of nature, the world rang with indignation at an astronomer undevout and mad. But practical, political atheism has become a common thing in America, in New England. This is not a denial of the essence of God and His being, but of His function as Supreme Ruler of the Church, of the State, of the people, of the universe. Of that there is danger. The devil of ambition tempts the great man to it; the devil of covetousness, the little man. Both strike hands, and say, "There is no higher law;" and low men lift up their mean foreheads in the pulpits of America, and say, "It is the voice of a God, and not of a man. There is no higher law." The greatest understanding of this land, with haughty scorn, has lately said, "The North

Mountain is very high, the Blue Ridge higher still, the Alleghanies higher than either; and yet this 'higher law' ranges further than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghanies." [2] The impious taunt was received with "laughter" by men who have long acted on the maxim that there is no law of God, and whose State is impoverished by the attempt to tread His law under foot. I know men in America have looked so long at political economy that they have forgotten political morality, and seem to think politics only national housekeeping, and he the best ruler who buys cheapest and sells dearest. But I confess I am amazed when statesmen forget the lessons of those great men that have gone before us, and built up the social state, whose "deep foundations have been laid with prayer." What! is there no law above the North Mountain, above the Blue Ridge, higher than the Alleghanies? Why, the old Hebrew poet told us of One "which removeth the mountains, and they know not; which overturneth them in His anger; which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea. Lo! He goeth by me, and I see Him not; He passeth on also, but I perceive Him not." Yes, there is One — His law "an eagle's flight above the Alleghanies" — who humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in heaven, whose strong hand setteth fast the mountains; yea, One who hath weighed the mountains in scales; before whom all nations are as a very little thing. Yes, Father in heaven! before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. Yea, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Thy name alone is excellent, Thy glory above the earth and heaven!

No higher law for States than the poor statutes they enact!

> "Among the assemblies of the great
> A greater Ruler takes his seat;
> The God of heaven as Judge surveys
> These 'gods of earth' and all their ways:
> 'Why will you frame oppressive laws?
> Or why support the unrighteous cause?
> When will you once defend the poor,
> That foes may vex the saints no more?'
> They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
> Dark are the ways in which they go:
> Their name of 'earthly gods' is vain,
> For they shall fall and die like men."

It would be a great calamity for this nation to lose all of its mighty riches, and have nothing left but the soil we stand on. But in seven or eight generations it would all be restored again; for all the wealth of America has been won in less time. We are not two hundred and fifty years from Jamestown and Plymouth. It would be a great misfortune to lose all the foremost families of the nation. But England lost hers in the War of the Roses; France, in her Revolution. Nature bore great men anew, and fresh families sprung up as noble as the old. But if this generation in America could believe that there was no law of God for you and me to keep — say the Acts of Congress what they might say — no law to tame the ambition of men of mountain greatness, and curb the eagle's flight of human tyranny, that would be a calamity which the nation would never recover from. No! then religion would die out, affection fall dead; conscience would perish, intellect give up the ghost, and be no more. No law higher than human will! No watchmaker can make a long pendulum vibrate so quick as a short. In this very body there is that law.

I wake, and watch, and will: my private caprice turns my hand, now here, now there. But who controls my breath? Who bids this heart beat all day long, and all the night, sleep I, or wake? Whose subtle law holds together these particles of flesh, of blood, and bone, in marvellous vitality? Who gives this eye its power to see, and opens wide the portal of the ear? and who enchants, with most mysterious life, this wondrous commonwealth of dust I call myself? It is the same Hand whose law is "higher than the Blue Ridge," an "eagle's flight above the Alleghanies." Who rules the State, and, out of a few stragglers that fled here to New England for conscience' sake, built up this mighty, wealthy State? Was it Carver and Winthrop who did all this, Standish and Saltonstall? Was it the cunning craftiness of mightiest men that consciously, well knowing what they did, laid the foundations of our New England State and our New England Church? Why, the boys at school know better. It was the eternal God, whose higher law the Pilgrim and the Puritan essayed to keep, not knowing whereunto the thing would grow. Shall the fool say in his heart there is no God? He cannot make a hair grow on his head but by the eternal law of his Father in heaven. Will the politician say there is no law of God for States? Ask the sorrowing world: let Austria and Hungary make reply. Nay, ask the Southern States of America to show us their rapid increase in riches, in civilization; to show us their schools and their scholars, their literature, their science, and their art! No law of God for States! It is writ on the iron leaf of destiny, "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a curse to any people." Let the wicked hand of the South join with the Northern wicked hand, iniquity

shall not prosper. But the eye of the wicked shall fail; they shall not escape; their hopes shall be as giving up the ghost; because their tongue and their doings are against the Lord, to provoke the eyes of His glory. Their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust, if they cast away the law of the Lord, and despise the word of the Holy One.

In America the people are strongly attached to the institutions, constitutions, and statutes of the land. On the whole, they are just establishments. If not, we made them ourselves, and can make them better when we will. The execution of laws is also popular. Nowhere in the world is there a people so orderly, so much attached to the law, as the people of these Northern States. But one law is an exception. The people of the North hate the Fugitive Slave Law, as they have never hated any law since the Stamp Act. I know there are men in the Northern States who like it — who would have invented slavery, had it not existed long before. But the mass of the Northern people hate this law, because it is hostile to the purpose of all just human law, hostile to the purpose of society, hostile to the purpose of individual life; because it is hostile to the law of God — bids the wrong, forbids the right. We disobey that for the same reason that we keep other laws, because we reverence the law of God. Why should we keep that odious law which makes us hated wherever justice is loved? Because we must sometimes do a disagreeable deed to accomplish an agreeable purpose? The purpose of that law is to enable three hundred thousand slaveholders to retake on our soil the men they once stole on other soil! Most of the city churches of the North

seem to think that is a good thing. Very well: is it worth while for fifteen million freemen to transgress the plainest of natural laws, the most obvious instincts of the human heart, and the plainest duties of Christianity, for that purpose? The price to pay is the religious integrity of fifteen million men: the thing to buy is a privilege for three hundred thousand slaveholders to use the North as a hunting-field whereon to kidnap men at our cost. Judge you of that bargain.

But I must end this long discourse. The other day I spoke of the vices of passion: great and terrible evils they wrought. They were as nothing to the vices of calculation. Passion was the flesh, ambition the devil. There are vices of democracy, vices of radicalism; very great vices they are too. You may read of them in Hume and Alison. They are painted black as night and bloody as battle in Tory journals of England and the more vulgar Tory journals of America. Democracy wrought terrible evils in Britain in Cromwell's time, in France at her Revolution. But to the vices, the crimes, the sins of aristocracy, of conservatism, they are what the fleeting lust of the youth is to the cool, hard, calculating and indomitable ambition of the grown man. Radicalism pillaged Governor Hutchinson's house, threw some tea into the ocean; conservatism set up its Stamp Act, and drove America into revolution. Radicalism helped Shadrach out of court: conservatism enacted the Fugitive Slave Bill. Radicalism sets up a republic that is red for six months; conservatism sets up a red monarchy covered with blood for hundreds of years. Judge you from which we have the most to fear.

Such are the safeguards of society, such our con-

dition. What shall we do? Nobody would dare pretend to build a church except on righteousness; that is the rock of ages. Can you build a state on any other foundation — that house upon the sand? What should you think of a minister of the Church who got his deacons together, and made a creed, and said, "There is no higher law, no law of God. You laymen must take our word for your guidance, and do just as we bid you, and violate the plainest commands of conscience?" What would be atheism in a minister of the Church, is that patriotism in a minister of the State? A bad law is a most powerful instrument to demoralize and debauch the people. If it is a law of their own making it is all the worse. There is no real and manly welfare for a man without a sense of religious obligation to God; none in a family, none in a church, none in a state. We want righteousness in the people, in their establishments, in their officers. I adjure you to reverence a government that is right, statutes that are right, officers that are right; but to disobey everything that is wrong, I entreat you, by your love for your country, by the memory of your fathers, by your reverence for Jesus Christ, yea, by the deep and holy love of God, which Jesus taught, and you now feel.

III

THE PUBLIC EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE

Education is the developing and furnishing of the faculties of man. To educate the people is one of the functions of the State. It is generally allowed in the free States of America, that the community owes each child born into it a chance for education, intellectual, moral, and religious. Hence the child has a just and recognised claim on the community for the means of this education, which is to be afforded him, not as a charity, but as a right.

The fact indicates the progress mankind has made in not many years. Once the State only took charge of the military education of the people; not at all of their intellectual, moral, or religious culture. They received their military discipline, not for the special and personal advantage of the individuals, Thomas and Oliver, but for the benefit of the State. They received it, not because they were men claiming it in virtue of their manhood, but as subjects of the State, because their military training was needful for the State, or for its rulers who took the name thereof. Then the only culture which the community took public pains to bestow on its members, was training them to destroy. The few, destined to command, learned the science of destruction, and the kindred science of defense; the many, doomed to obey, learned only the art to destroy, and the kindred art of defense.

The ablest men of the nation were sought out for military teachers, giving practical lessons of the

science and the art; they were covered with honor and loaded with gold. The wealth of the people and their highest science went to this work. Institutions were founded to promote this education, and carefully watched over by the State, for it was thought the commonwealth depended on disciplined valor. The soldier was thought to be the type of the State, the archtype of man; accordingly the highest spiritual function of the State was the production of soldiers.

Most of the civilized nations have passed through that stage of their development: though the few or the many are still taught the science or the art of war in all countries called Christian, there is yet a class of men for whom the State furnishes the means of education that is not military; means of education which the individuals of that class could not provide for themselves. This provision is made at the cost of the State; that is, at the cost of every man in the State, for what the public pays, you pay and I pay, rich or poor, willingly and consciously, or otherwise. This class of men is different in different countries, and their education is modified to suit the form of government and the idea of the State. In Rome the State provides for the public education of priests. Rome is an ecclesiastical state; her government is a theocracy — a government of all the people, but by the priests, for the sake of the priests, and in the name of God. Place in the Church is power, bringing honor and wealth; no place out of the Church is of much value. The offices are filled by priests, the chief magistrate is a priest, supposed to derive his power and right to rule, not democratically, from the people, or royally, by inheritance,— for in theory the priest is as if he had no father, as theoretically he has no child — but theocratically from God.

In Rome the priesthood is thought to be the flower of the State. The most important spiritual function of the State, therefore, is the production of priests; accordingly the greatest pains are taken with their education. Institutions are founded at the public cost, to make priests out of men; these institutions are the favorites of Government, well ordered, well watched over, well attended, and richly honored. Institutions for the education of the people are of small account, ill endowed, watched over but poorly, thinly attended, and not honored at all. The people are designed to be subjects of the Church, and as little culture is needed for that, though much to make them citizens thereof, so little is given.

As there are institutions for the education of the priests, so there is a class of men devoted to that work; able men, well disciplined, sometimes men born with genius, and always men furnished with the accomplishments of sacerdotal and scientific art; very able men, very well disciplined, the most learned and accomplished men in the land. These men are well paid and abundantly honored, for on their faithfulness the power of the priesthood, and so the welfare of the State, is thought to depend. Without the allurement of wealth and honors, these able men would not come to this work; and without the help of their ability, the priests could not be well educated. Hence their power would decline; the class, tonsured and consecrated but not instructed, would fall into contempt; the theocracy would end. So the educators of the priests are held in honor, surrounded by baits for vulgar eyes; but the public educators of the people, chiefly women or ignorant men, are held in small esteem. The very buildings destined to the education of the priests are

conspicuous and stately; the colleges of the Jesuits, the Propaganda, the seminaries for the education of priests, the monastaries for training the more wealthy and regular clergy, are great establishments, provided with libraries, and furnished with all the apparatus needful for their important work. But the school-houses for the people are small and mean buildings, ill made, ill furnished, and designed for a work thought to be of little moment. All this is in strict harmony with the idea of the theocracy, where the priesthood is mighty and the people are subjects of the Church; where the effort of the State is toward producing a priest.

In England the State takes charge of the education of another class, the nobility and gentry; that is, of young men of ancient and historical families, the nobility, and young men of fortune, the gentry. England is an oligarchical state; her government an aristocracy, the government of all by a few, the nobility and gentry, for the sake of a few, and in the name of a king. There the foundation of power is wealth and birth from a noble family. The union of both takes place in a wealthy noble. There, nobility is the blossom of the State; aristocratic birth brings wealth, office, and their consequent social distinction. Political offices are chiefly monopolized by men of famous birth or great riches. The king, the chief officer of the land, must surpass all others in wealth, and the pomp and circumstance which comes thereof, and in aristocracy of birth. He is not merely noble but royal; his right to rule is not at all derived from the people, but from his birth. Thus he has the two essentials of aristocratic influence, birth and wealth, not merely in the heroic degree, but in the supreme degree.

As the State is an aristocracy, its most important spiritual function is the production of aristocrats; each noble family transmits the full power of its blood only to a single person — the eldest son; of the highest form, the royal, only one is supposed to be born in a generation, only one who receives and transmits in full the blood royal.

As the nobility are the blossom of the State, great pains must be taken with the education of those persons born of patrician or wealthy families. As England is not merely a military or ecclesiastical State, though partaking largely of both, but commercial, agricultural, and productive in many ways; as she holds a very prominent place in the politics of the world, so there must be a good general education provided for these persons; otherwise their power would decline, the nobility and gentry sink into contempt, and the government pass into other hands,— for though a man may be born to rank and wealth, he is not born to knowledge, nor to practical skill. Hence institutions are founded for the education of the aristocratic class: Oxford and Cambridge, "those twins of learning," with their preparatories and help-meets.

The design of these institutions is to educate the young men of family and fortune. The aim in their academic culture is not as in pagan Rome, a military state, to make soldiers, nor as in Christian Rome, to turn out priests; it is not, as in the German universities, to furnish the world with scholars and philosophers, men of letters and science, but to mature and furnish the gentleman, in the technical sense of that word, a person conventionally fitted to do the work of a complicated aristocratic State, to fill with honor its various offices, military, political, ecclesiastical or social, and

enjoy the dignity which comes thereof. These universities furnish the individual who resorts thither with opportunities not otherwise to be had; they are purchased at the cost of the State, at the cost of each man in the State. The alumnus at Oxford pays his term-bills, indeed, but the amount thereof is a trifle compared to the actual cost of his residence there; mankind pays the residue.

These institutions are continually watched over by the State, which is the official guardian of aristocratic education; they are occasionally assisted by grants from the public treasury, though they are chiefly endowed by the voluntary gifts of individual men. But these private gifts, like the public grants, come from the earnings of the whole nation. They are well endowed, superintended well, and richly honored; their chancellors and vice-chancellors are men of distinguished social rank; they have their representatives in Parliament; able men are sought out for teachers, professors, heads of houses; men of good ability, of masterly education, and the accomplishments of a finished gentlemen; they are well paid, and copiously rewarded with honors and social distinction. Gentility favors these institutions; nobility watches over them, and royalty smiles upon them. In this threefold sunlight, no wonder that they thrive. The buildings at their service are among the most costly and elegant in the land; large museums are attached to them, and immense libraries; every printer in England, at his own cost, must give a copy of each book he publishes to Cambridge and Oxford. What wealth can buy, or artistic genius can create, is there devoted to the culture of this powerful class.

But while the nobility and gentry are reckoned the

flower of the State, the common people are only the leaves, and therefore thought of small importance in the political botany of the nation. Their education is amazingly neglected; is mainly left to the accidental piety of private Christians, to the transient charity of philanthropic men, or the "enlightened self-interest" of mechanics and small traders, who now and then found institutions for the education of some small fraction of the multitude. But such institutions are little favored by the Government, or the spirit of the dominant class; gentility does not frequent them, nor nobility help them, nor royalty watch over to foster and to bless. The Parliament, which voted one hundred thousand pounds of the nation's money for the queen's horses and hounds, had but thirty thousand to spare for the education of her people. No honor attends the educators of the people; no wealth is heaped up for them; no beautiful buildings are erected for their use; no great libraries got ready at the public charge; no costly buildings are provided. You wonder at the colleges and collegiate churches of Oxford and of Cambridge; at the magnificence of public edifices in London, new or ancient — the Houses of Parliament, the Bank, the palaces of royal and noble men, the splendor of the churches — but you ask, where are the school-houses for the people? You go to Bridewell and Newgate for the answer. All this is consistent with the idea of an aristocracy. The gentleman is the type of the State; and the effort of the State is towards producing him. The people require only education enough to become the servants of the gentlemen, and seem not to be valued for their own sake, but only as they furnish pabulum for the flower of the oligarchy.

In Rome and England, great sums have been given by wealthy men, and by the State itself, to furnish the means of a theocratic or aristocratic education to a certain class; and to produce the national priests, and the national gentlemen. There public education is the privilege of a few, but bought at the cost of the many; for the plough-boy in Yorkshire, who has not culture enough to read the petition for daily bread in the Lord's Prayer, helps pay the salary of the Master of Trinity; and the swine-herd in the Roman Campagna, who knows nothing of religion, except what he learns at Christmas and Easter by seeing the Pope carried on men's shoulders into St. Peter's, helps support the Propaganda and the Roman College. The privileged classes are to receive an education under the eye of the State, which considers itself bound to furnish them the means of a public education, partly at the individual's cost, chiefly at the cost of the public. The amount of education depends on three things: — on the educational attainments of the human race; on the wealth and tranquillity of the special nation, enabling it to avail itself of that general attainment; and on the natural powers and industry of the particular individual in the nation. Such is the solidarity of mankind that the development of the individual thus depends on that of the race, and the education of a priest in Rome, or a gentleman in England is the resultant of these three forces,— the attainment of mankind, the power of the nation, and the private character and conduct of the man himself. Each of these three is a variable and not a constant quantity. So the amount of education which a man can receive at Oxford or at Rome fluctuates, and depends on the state of the nation and of the world; but as the attainments of man-

kind have much increased within a few years, as the wealth of England has increased, and her tranquillity become more secure, you see how easy it becomes for the State to offer each gentleman an amount of education which it would have been quite impossible to furnish in the time of the Yorks and the Lancasters.

In America things are quite other and different. I speak of the free States of the North; the slave States have the worst features of an oligarchy, combined with a theocratic pride of caste, which generates continual unkindness; there the idea of the State is found inconsistent with the general and public education of the people; it is as much so in South Carolina as in England or Rome; even more so, for the public and general culture of all is only dangerous to a theocracy or aristocracy while it is directly fatal to slavery. In England, and still more in Catholic Rome, the churches — themselves a wonderful museum of curiosities, and open all the day to all persons — form an important element for the education of the most neglected class. But slavery and education of the people are incommensurable quantities. No amount of violence can be their common measure. The republic, where master and slave were equally educated, would soon be a red-republic. The slave-master knows this, and accordingly puts education to the ban, and glories in keeping three million barbarians in the land, and, of course, suffers the necessary degradation which comes thereof. But in the free States of the North the government is not a theocracy or an aristocracy; the State, in theory, is not for the few, not even for the majority, but for all; classes are not recognised, and therefore not protected in any privilege. The government is a democracy, the government of all, by all, for all, and in the

name of all. A man is born to all the rights of mankind; all are born to them, so all are equal. Therefore, what the State pays for, not only comes at the cost of all, but must be for the use and benefit of all. Accordingly as a theocracy demands the education of priests, and an aristocracy that of the nobility and the gentry, so a democracy demands the education of all. The aim must be, not to make priests and gentlemen of a few, a privileged class, but to make men of all; that is to give a normal and healthy development of their intellectual, moral, affectional and religious faculties, to furnish and instruct them with the most important elementary knowledge, to extend this development and furnishing of the facilities as far as possible.

Institutions must be founded for this purpose — to educate all, rich and poor, men well born with good abilities, men ill born with slender natural powers. In New England, these institutions have long since been founded at the public cost, and watched over with paternal care, as the ark of our covenant, the palladium of our nation. It has been recognised as a theory, and practised on as a fact, that all the property in the land is held by the State for the public education of the people, as it is for their defense; that property is amenable to education as to military defense.

In a democracy there are two reasons why this theory and practice prevail. One is a political reason. It is for the advantage of the State; for each man that keeps out of the jail and the poor-house, becomes a voter at one-and-twenty; he may have some office of trust and honor; the highest office is open before him. As so much depends on his voting wisely, he must have a chance to qualify himself for his right of electing and of being elected. It is as necessary now in a

democracy, and as much demanded by the idea thereof, that all should be thus qualified by education, as it once was in a military state, that all should be bred up soldiers.

The other is a philosophical reason. It is for the advantage of the individual himself, irrespective of the State. The man is a man, an integer, and the State is for him; as well as a fraction of the State, and he for it. He has a man's rights; and, however inferior in might to any other man, born of parentage how humble soever, to no wealth at all, with a body never so feeble, he is yet a man, and equal in rights to any other man born of a famous line, rich and able; of course he has a right to a chance for the best culture which the educational attainment of mankind, and the circumstances of the nation render possible to any man; to so much thereof as he has the inborn power and the voluntary industry to acquire. This conclusion is getting acted on in New England, and there are schools for the dumb and the blind, even for the idiot and the convict.

So, then, as the idea of our government demands the education of all, the amount of education must depend on the same three variables mentioned before; it must be as good as it is possible for them to afford. The democratic State has never done its political and educational duty, until it affords every man a chance to obtain the greatest amount of education which the attainment of mankind renders it possible for the nation, in its actual circumstances, to command, and the man's nature and disposition render it possible for him to take.

Looking at the matter politically, from the point of view of the State, each man must have education enough

to exercise his rights of electing and being elected. It is not easy to fix the limits of the amount; it is also a variable continually increasing. Looking at the matter philosophically, from the point of view of the individual, there is no limit but the attainment of the race and the individual's capacity for development and growth. Only a few men will master all which the circumstances of the nation and the world render attainable; some will come short for lack of power, others for lack of inclination. Make education as accessible as it can now be made, as attractive as the teachers of this age can render it, the majority will still get along with the smallest amount that is possible or reputable. Only a few will strive for the most they can get. There will be many a thousand farmers, traders, and mechanics in their various callings, manual and intellectual, to a single philosopher. This is also as it should be, and corresponds with the nature of man and his function on the earth. Still all have the natural right to the means of education to this extent, by fulfilling its condition.

To accomplish this work, the democratic education of the whole people, with the aim of making them men, we want public institutions founded by the people, paid for by the public money; institutions well endowed, well attended, watched over well, and proportionately honored; we want teachers, able men, well disciplined, well paid, and honored in proportion to their work. It is a good thing to educate the privileged classes, priests in a theocracy, and gentlemen in an aristocracy. Though they are few in number, it is a great work; the servants thereof are not too well paid, nor too much held in esteem in England, nor in Rome, nor too well furnished with apparatus. But the

public education of a whole people is a greater work, far more difficult, and should be attended with corresponding honor, and watched over even more carefully by the State.

After the grown men of any country have provided for their own physical wants, and insured the needful physical comforts, their most important business is to educate themselves still further, and train up the rising generation to their own level. It is important to leave behind us cultivated lands, houses and shops, railroads and mills, but more important to leave behind us men grown, men that are men; such are the seed of material wealth,— not it of them. The highest use of material wealth is its educational function.

Now the attainments of the human race increase with each generation; the four leading nations of Christendom, England, France, Germany, and the United States, within a hundred years, have apparently, at the least, doubled their spiritual attainments; in the free States of America, there is a constant and rapid increase of wealth, far beyond the simultaneous increase of numbers; so not only does the educational achievement of mankind become greater each age, but the power of the State to afford each man a better chance for a better education greatens continually, the educational ability of the State enlarging as those two factors get augmented. The generation now grown up, is, therefore, able and bound to get a better culture than their fathers, and leave to their own children a chance still greater.

Each child of genius, in the nineteenth century, is born at the foot of the ladder of learning, as completely as the first child, with the same bodily and spiritual nakedness; though of the most civilized race, with

six, or sixty thousands of years behind him, he must begin with nothing but himself. Yet such is the union of all mankind, that, with the aid of the present generation, in a few years he will learn all that mankind has learned in its long history; next go beyond that, discovering and creating anew; and then draw up to the same height the new generation, which will presently surpass him.

A man's education never ends, but there are two periods thereof, quite dissimilar, the period of the boy, and that of the man. Education in general is the developing and instructing the faculties, and is, therefore, the same in kind to both man and boy, though it may be brought about by different forces. The education of the boy, so far as it depends on institutions, and conscious modes of action, must be so modified as to enable him to meet the influences which will surround him when he is a man; otherwise, his training will not enable him to cope with the new forces he meets, and so will fail of the end of making him a man. I pass over the influence of the family, and of nature, which do not belong to my present theme. In America, the public education of men is chiefly influenced by four great powers, which I will call educational forces, and which correspond to four modes of national activity: —

I. The political action of the people, represented by the State.

II. The industrial action of the people, represented by business.

III. The ecclesiastical action of the people, represented by the Church.

IV. The literary action of the people, represented by the press.

I now purposely name them in this order, though I shall presently refer to them several times, and in a different succession. These forces act on the people, making us such men as we are; they act indirectly on the child before he comes to consciousness; directly, afterwards, but most powerfully on the man. What is commonly and technically called education — the development and instruction of the faculties of children, is only preparatory; the scholastic education of the boy is but introductory to the practical education of the man. It is only this preparatory education of the children of the people that is the work of the schoolmasters. Their business is to give the child such a development of his faculties, and such furniture of preliminary knowledge, that he can secure the influence of all these educational forces, appreciating and enhancing the good, withstanding, counteracting, and at last ending the evil thereof, and so continue his education; and at the same time that he can work in one or more of those modes of activity, serving himself and mankind, politically by the State, ecclesiastically by the Church, literally by the press, or, at any rate, industrially by his business. To give children the preparatory education necessary for this fourfold receptivity, or activity, we need three classes of public institutions:

I. Free common schools.

II. Free high schools.

III. Free colleges.

Of these I will presently speak in detail, but now, for the sake of shortness, let me call them all collectively by their generic name — the school. It is plain the teachers who work by this instrument ought to understand the good and evil of the four educational

forces which work on men grown, in order to prepare their pupils to receive the good thereof, and withstand the evil. So then let us look a moment at the character of these educational forces, and see what they offer us, and what men they are likely to make of their unconscious pupils. Let us look at the good qualities first, and next at the evil.

It is plain that business, the press, and politics all tend to promote a great activity of body and mind. In business, the love of gain, the enterprising spirit of our practical men in all departments, their industry, thrift, and forecast, stimulate men to great exertions, and produce a consequent development of the faculties called out. Social distinction depends almost wholly on wealth; that never is accumulated by mere manual industry, such is the present constitution of society, but it is acquired by the higher forms of industry, in which the powers of nature serve the man, or he avails himself of the creations of mere manual toil. Hence there is a constant pressure towards the higher modes of industry for the sake of money; of course, a constant effort to be qualified for them. So in the industrial departments the mind is more active than the hand. Accordingly it has come to pass that most of the brute labor of the free States is done by cattle, or by the forces of nature — wind, water, fire — which we have harnessed by our machinery, and set to work. In New England most of the remaining work which requires little intelligence is done by Irishmen, who are getting a better culture by that very work. Men see the industrial handiwork of the North, and wonder; they do not always see the industrial head-work, which precedes, directs, and causes it all; they seldom see the complex forces of which this enterprise and progress are the resultant.

There is no danger that we shall be sluggards. Business now takes the same place in the education of the people that was once held by war; it stimulates activity, promotes the intercourse of man with man, nation with nation; assembling men in masses, it elevates their temperature, so to say; it leads to new and better forms of organization; it excites men to invention, so that thereby we are continually acquiring new power over the elements, peacefully annexing to our domain new provinces of nature — water, wind, fire, lightning — setting them to do our work, multiplying the comforts of life, and setting free a great amount of human time. It is not at all destructive; not merely conservative, but continually creates anew. Its creative agent is not brute force, but educated mind. A man's trade is always his teacher, and industry keeps a college for mankind, much of our instruction coming through our hands; with us, where the plough is commonly in the hands of him who owns the land it furrows, business affords a better education than in most other countries, and develops higher qualities of mind. There is a marked difference in this respect between the North and South. There was never before such industry, such intense activity of head and hand in any nation in a time of peace.

The press encourages the same activity, enterprise, perseverance. Both of these encourage generosity; neither honors the miser, who gets for the sake of getting, or "starves, cheats, and pilfers to enrich an heir;" he does not die respectably in Boston, who dies rich and bequeaths nothing to any noble public charity. It encourages industry which accumulates with the usual honesty, and for a rather generous use.

The press furnishes us with books exceedingly cheap.

We manufacture literature cheaper than any nation except the Chinese. Even the best books, the works of the great masters of thought, are within the reach of an industrious farmer or mechanic, if half-a-dozen families combine for that purpose. The educational power of a few good books scattered through a community is well known.

Then the press circulates, cheap and wide, its newspapers, emphatically the literature of men who read nothing else; they convey intelligence from all parts of the world, and broaden the minds of home-keeping youths, who need not now have homely wits.

The State also promotes activity, enterprise, hardihood, perseverance, and thrift. The American Government is eminently distinguished by these five qualities. The form of government stimulates patriotism, each man has a share in the public lot. The theocracies, monarchies, and aristocracies of old time have produced good and great examples of patriotism, in the few or the many; but the nobler forms of love of country, of self-denial and disinterested zeal for its sake, are left for a democracy to bring to light.

Here all men are voters, and all great questions are, apparently and in theory, left to the decision of the whole people. This popular form of government is a great instrument in developing and instructing the mind of the nation. It helps extend and intensify the intelligent activity which is excited by business and the press. Such is the nature of our political institutions that, in the free States, we have produced the greatest degree of national unity of action, with the smallest restriction of personal freedom, have reconciled national unity with individual variety, not seeking uniformity; thus room is left for as much individualism

as a man chooses to take; a vast power of talent, enterprise, and invention is left free for its own work. Elsewhere, save in England, this is latent, kept down by government. Since this power is educated and has nothing to hold it back; since so much brute work is done by cattle and the forces of nature, now domesticated and put in harness, and much time is left free for thought, more intelligence is demanded, more activity, and the citizens of the free States have become the most active, enterprising, and industrious people in the world; the most inventive in material work.

In all these three forms of action there is much to stir men to love of distinction. The career is open to talent, to industry; open to every man; the career of letters, business, and politics. Our rich men were poor men; our famous men came of sires else not heard of. The laurel, the dollar, the office, and the consequent social distinction of men successful in letters, business, and politics,— these excite the obscure or needy youth to great exertions, and he cannot sleep; emulation wakes him early, and keeps him late astir. Behind him, scattering "the rear of darkness," stalk poverty and famine, gaunt and ugly forms, with scorpion whip to urge the tardier, idler man. The intense ambition for money, for political power, and the social results they bring, keeps men on the alert. So ambition rises early, and works with diligence that never tires.

The Church, embracing all the churches under that name, cultivates the memory of men, and teaches reverence for the past; it helps keep activity from wandering into unpopular forms of wickedness or of unbelief. Men who have the average intelligence, goodness, and piety, it keeps from slipping back, thus blocking to rearward the wheels of society, so that the ascent

gained shall not be lost; men who have had less than this average it urges forward, addressing them in the name of God, encouraging by hope of heaven, and driving with fear of hell. It turns the thought of the people towards God; it sets before us some facts in the life, and some parts of the doctrine, of the noblest One who ever wore the form of man, bidding us worship him. The ecclesiastical worship of Jesus of Nazareth is, perhaps, the best thing in the American church. It has the Sunday and the institution of preaching under its control. A body of disciplined men are its servants; they praise the ordinary virtues; oppose and condemn the unpopular forms of error and of sin. Petty vice, the vice of low men, in low places, is sure of their lash. They promote patriotism in its common form. Indirectly, they excite social and industrial rivalry, and favor the love of money by the honor they bestow upon the rich and successful. But at the same time they temper it a little, sometimes telling men, as business or the State does not, that there is in man a conscience, affection for his brother man, and a soul which cannot live by bread alone; no, not by wealth, office, fame, and social rank. They tell us, also, of eternity, where worldly distinctions, except of orthodox, and heterodox, are forgotten, where wealth is of no avail; they bid us remember God.

Such are the good things of these great national forces; the good things which in this fourfold way we are teaching ourselves. The nation is a monitorial school, wonderfully contrived for the education of the people. I do not mean to say that it is by the forethought of men that the American democracy is at the same time a great practical school for the education of the human race. This result formed no part of our

plan, and it is not provided for by the Constitution of the United States; it comes of the forethought of God, and is provided for in the constitution of the universe.

Now each of these educational forces has certain defects, negative evils, and certain vices, positive evils, which tend to misdirect the nation, and so hinder the general education of the people; of these, also, let me speak in detail.

The State appeals to force, not to justice; this is its last appeal; the force of muscles aided by force of mind, instructed by modern science in the art to kill. The nation appeals to force in the settlement of affairs out of its borders. We have lately seen an example of this, when we commenced war against a feeble nation, who, in that special emergency, had right on her side, about as emphatically as the force was on our side. The immediate success of the enterprise, the popular distinction acquired by some of the leaders, the high honor bestowed on one of its heroes,— all this makes the lesson of injustice attractive. It may be that a similar experiment will again be tried, and doubtless with like success. Certainly there is no nation this side of the water which can withstand the enterprise, the activity, the invention, industry, and perseverance of a people so united, and yet so free and intelligent. Another successful injustice of this character, on a large scale, will make right still less regarded, and might honored yet more.

The force we employ out of our borders, might opposed to right, we employ also at home against our brethren, and keep three millions of them in bondage; we watch for opportunities to extend the institution of slavery over soil unpolluted by that triple curse, and convert the Constitution, the fundamental law of the

land, into an instrument for the defense of slavery.

The men we honor politically, by choosing them to offices in the State, are commonly men of extraordinary force, sometimes, it is true, only of extraordinary luck, but of only ordinary justice; men who, perhaps, have mind in the heroic degree, but conscience of the most vulgar pattern. They are to keep the law of the United States when it is wholly hostile to the law of the universe, to the everlasting justice of God.

I am not speaking to politicians, professional representatives of the State; not speaking for political effect; not of the State as a political machine for the government of the people. I am speaking to teachers, for an educational purpose; of the State as an educational machine, as one of the great forces for the spiritual development of the people. Now, by this preference of force and postponement of justice at home and abroad, in the selection of men for office, with its wealth, and rank, and honor, by keeping the law of the land to the violation of the law of God, it is plain we are teaching ourselves to love wrong; at least to be insensible to the right. What we practise on a national scale as a people, it is not easy to think wrong when practised on a personal scale, by this man and that.

The patriotism, also, which the State nurses, is little more than the Old Testament patriotism which loves your countrymen, and hates the stranger; the affection which the Old Testament attributes to Jehovah, and which makes Him say, "I loved Jacob, and I hated Esau;" a patriotism which supports our country in the wrong as readily as in the right, and is glad to keep one-sixth part of the nation in bondage without hope. It is not a patriotism which, beginning here,

loves all the children of God; but one that robs the Mexican, enslaves the African, and exterminates the Indian.

These are among the greater evils taught us by the political action of the people as a whole. If you look at the action of the chief political parties, you see no more respect for justice in the politics of either party than in the politics of the nation, the resultant of both; no more respect for right abroad, or at home. One party aims distinctively at preserving the property already acquired; its chief concern is for that, its sympathy there; where its treasure is, is also its heart. It legislates, consciously or otherwise, more for accumulated wealth than for the laboring man who now accumulates. This party goes for the dollar; the other for the majority, and aims at the greatest good of the greatest number, leaving the good of the smaller number to most uncertain mercies. Neither party seems to aim at justice, which protects both the wealth that labor has piled up, and the laborer who now creates it; justice, which is the point of morals common to man and God, where the interests of all men, abroad and at home electing and elected, greatest number and smallest number, exactly balance. Falsehood, fraud, a willingness to deceive, a desire for the power and distinction of office, a readiness to use base means in obtaining office — these vices are sown with a pretty even hand upon both parties, and spring up with such blossoms and such a fruitage as we all see. The third political party has not been long enough in existence to develop any distinctive vices of its own.

I shall not speak of the public or private character of the politicians who direct the State; no doubt that is a powerful element in our national education; but

as a class, they seem no better and no worse than merchants, mechanics, ministers, and farmers, as a class; so in their influence there is nothing peculiar, only their personal character ceases to be private, and becomes a public force in the education of the people.

The churches have the same faults as the State. There is the same postponement of justice and preference of force; the same neglect of the law of God in their zeal for the statutes of men; the same crouching to dollars or to numbers. However, in the churches these faults appear negatively, rather than as an affirmation. The worldliness of the Church is not open, self-conscious, and avowed; it is not, as a general thing, that human injustice is openly defended, but rather justice goes by default. But if the churches do not positively support and teach injustice, as the State certainly does, they do not teach the opposite, and, so far as that goes, are allies of the State in its evil influence. The fact that the churches, as such, did not oppose the war, and do not oppose slavery, its continuance or its extension — nay, that they are often found its apologists and defenders, seldom its opponents; that they not only pervert the sacred books of the Christians to its defense, but wrest the doctrines of Christianity to justify it; the fact that they cannot, certainly do not, correct the particularism of the political parties, the love of wealth in one, of mere majorities in the other; that they know no patriotism not bounded by their country, none co-extensive with mankind; that they cannot resist the vice of party spirit — these are real proofs that the Church is but the ally of the State in this evil influence.

But the Church has also certain specific faults of its own. It teaches injustice by continually referring to

the might of God, not His justice; to His ability and will to damn mankind, not asking if He has the right. It teaches that in virtue of His infinite power, He is not amenable to infinite justice and to infinite love. Thus, while the State teaches, in the name of expediency and by practice, that the strong may properly be the tyrants of the weak, the mighty nation over the feeble, the strong race over the inferior, that the Government may dispense with right at home and abroad — the Church, as theory in Christ's name, teaches that God may repudiate His own justice and His own love.

The churches have little love for truth, as such, only of its uses. It must be such a truth as they can use for their purposes; canonized truth; truth long known; that alone is acceptable, and called "religious truth;" all else is "profane and carnal," as the reason which discovers it. They represent the average intelligence of society; hence, while keeping the old, they welcome not the new. They promote only popular forms of truth, popular in all Christendom, or in their special sect. They lead in no intellectual reforms; they hinder the leaders. Negatively and positively, they teach, that to believe what is clerically told you in the name of religion, is better than free, impartial search after the truth. They dishonor free thinking, and venerate constrained believing. When the clergy doubt, they seldom give men audience of their doubt. Few scientific men, not clerical, believe the Bible account of creation,— the universe made in six days, and but a few thousand years ago,— or that of the formation of woman, and of the deluge. Some clerical men still believe these venerable traditions, spite of the science of the times; but the clerical men who have no faith in these stories not only leave the people to think

them true and miraculously taught, but encourage men in the belief, and calumniate the men of science who look the universe fairly in the face, and report the facts as they find them.

The Church represents only the popular morality, not any high and aboriginal virtue. It represents not the conscience of human nature, reflecting the universal and unchangeable moral laws of God, touched and beautified by His love, but only the conscience of human history, reflecting the circumstances man has passed by, and the institutions he has built along the stream of time. So, while it denounces unpopular sins, vices below the average vice of society, it denounces also unpopular excellence, which is above the average virtue of society. It blocks the wheels rearward, and the car of humanity does not roll down hill; but it blocks them forward also. No great moral movement of the age is at all dependent directly on the Church for its birth; very little for its development. It is in spite of the Church that reforms go forward; it holds the curb to check more than the rein to guide. In morals, as in science, the Church is on the anti-liberal side, afraid of progress, against movement, loving "yet a little sleep, a little slumber;" conservative and chilling, like ice, not creative, nor even quickening, as water. It doffs to use and wont; has small confidence in human nature, much in a few facts of human history. It aims to separate piety from goodness, her natural and heaven-appointed spouse, and marry her to bigotry, in joyless and unprofitable wedlock. The Church does not lead men to the deep springs of human nature, fed ever from the far heights of the Divine nature, whence flows that river of God, full of living water, where weary souls

may drink perennial supply. While it keeps us from falling back, it does little directly to advance mankind. In common with the State, this priest and Levite pass by on the other side of the least developed classes of society, leaving the slave, the pauper, and the criminal to their fate, hastening to strike hands with the thriving or the rich.

These faults are shared in the main by all sects; some have them in the common, and some in a more eminent degree, but none is so distinguished from the rest as to need emphatic rebuke, or to deserve a special exemption from the charge. Such are the faults of the Church of every land, and must be from the nature of the institution; like the State, it can only represent the average of mankind.

I am not speaking to clergymen, professional representatives of the Church, not of the Church as an ecclesiastical machine for keeping and extending certain opinions and symbols; not for an ecclesiastical purpose; I speak to teachers, for an educational purpose, of the Church as an educational machine, one of the great forces for the spiritual development of the people.

The business of the land has also certain vices of its own; while it promotes the virtues I have named before, it does not tend to promote the highest form of character. It does not tend to promote justice and humanity, as one could wish; it does not lead the employer to help the operative as a man, only to use him as a tool, merely for industrial purposes. The average merchant cares little whether his ship brings cloth and cotton, or opium and rum. The average capitalist does not wish the stock of his manufacturing company divided into small shares, so that the operatives can

invest their savings therein and have a portion of the large dividends of the rich; nor does he care whether he takes a mortgage on a ship or a negro slave, nor whether his houses are rented for sober dwellings or for drunkeries; whether the State hires his money to build harbors at home, or destroy them abroad. The ordinary manufacturer is as ready to make cannons and cannon-balls to serve in a war which he knows is unjust, as to cast his iron into mill-wheels, or forge it into anchors. The common farmer does not care whether his barley feeds poultry for the table, or, made into beer, breeds drunkards for the almshouse and the jail; asks not whether his rye and potatoes become the bread of life, or, distilled into whisky, are deadly poison to men and women. He cares little if the man he hires becomes more manly or not; he only asks him to be a good tool. Whips for the backs of negro slaves are made, it is said, in Connecticut, with as little compunction as Bibles are printed there; "made to order," for the same purpose — for the dollar. The majority of blacksmiths would as soon forge fetter-chains to enslave the innocent limbs of a brother man, as draught-chains for oxen. Christian mechanics and pious young women, who would not hurt the hair of an innocent head, have I seen at Springfield, making swords to slaughter the innocent citizens of Vera Cruz and Jalapa. The ships of respectable men carry rum to intoxicate the savages of Africa, powder and balls to shoot them with; they carry opium to the Chinese; nay, Christian slaves from Richmond and Baltimore to New Orleans and Galveston. In all commercial countries the average vice of the age is mixed up with the industry of the age, and unconsciously men learn the wickedness long intrenched

in practical life. It is thought industrial operations are not amenable to the moral law, only to the law of trade. "Let the supply follow the demand," is the maxim. A man who makes as practical a use of the golden rule as of his yard-stick, is still an exception in all departments of business.

Even in the commercial and manufacturing parts of America, money accumulates in large masses; now in the hands of an individual, now of a corporation. This money becomes an irresponsible power, acting by the laws, but yet above them. It is wielded by a few men, to whom it gives a high social position, and consequent political power. They use this triple form of influence — pecuniary, social, and political — in the spirit of commerce, not of humanity, not for the interest of mankind; thus the spirit of trade comes into the State. Hence it is not thought wrong in politics to buy a man, more than in commerce to buy a ship; hence the rights of a man, or a nation, are looked on as articles of trade, to be sold, bartered, and pledged; and in the Senate of the United States we have heard a mass of men, more numerous than all our citizens seventy years ago, estimated as worth twelve hundred millions of dollars.

In most countries business comes more closely into contact with men than the State, or the Church, or the press, and is a more potent educator. Here it not only does this, but controls the other three forces, which are mainly instruments of this; hence this form of evil is more dangerous than elsewhere, for there is no power organized to resist it as in England or Rome; so it subtly penetrates everywhere, bidding you place the accidents before the substance of manhood, and value money more than man.

Notwithstanding the good qualities of the press, the books it multiplies, and the great service it renders, it also has certain vices of its own. From the nature of the thing, the greater part of literature represents only the public opinion of the time. It must therefore teach deference to that, not deference to truth and justice. It is only the eminent literature which can do more than this; books, which at first fall into few hands, though fit, and like the acorns sown with the mulleins and the clover, destined to germinate but slowly, long to be overtopped by an ephemeral crop, at last, after half a hundred years, shall mature their own fruit for other generations of men. The current literature of this age only popularizes the thought of the eminent literature of the past. Great good certainly comes from this, but also great evil.

Of all literature, the newspapers come most into contact with men — they are the literature of the people, read by such as read nothing else; read also by such as read all things beside. Taken in the mass, they contain little to elevate men above the present standard. The political journals have the general vice of our politics, and the special faults of the particular party; the theological journals have the common failings of the Church, intensified by the bigotry of the sects they belong to; the commercial journals represent the bad qualities of business. Put all three together, and it is not their aim to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, nor to promote justice, the whole of justice, and nothing but justice. The popular literature helps bring to consciousness the sentiments and ideas which prevail in the State, the Church, and business. It brings those sentiments and ideas intimately into connection with men, magnetizing them

with the good and ill of those three powers, but it does little directly to promote a higher form of human character.

So, notwithstanding the good influence of these four modes of national activity in educating the grown men of America, they yet do not afford the highest teaching which the people require, to realize individually the idea of a man, and jointly that of a democracy. The State does not teach perfect justice; the Church does not teach that, or love of truth. Business does not teach perfect morality; and the average literature, which falls into the hands of the million, teaches men to respect public opinion more than the word of God, which transcends that. Thus, these four teach only the excellence already organized or incorporated in the laws, the theology, the customs, and the books of the land. I cannot but think these four teachers are less deficient here than in other lands, and have excellences of their own, but the faults mentioned are inseparable from such institutions. An institution is an organized thought; of course, no institution can represent a truth which is too new or too high for the existing organizations, yet that is the truth which it is desirable to teach. So there will always be exceptional men, with more justice, truth, and love than is represented by the institutions of the time, who seem therefore hostile to these institutions, which they seek to improve, and not destroy. Contemporary with the priests of Judah and Israel were the prophets thereof, antithetic to one another as the centripetal and centrifugal forces, but, like them, both necessary to the rhythmic movement of the orbs in heaven, and the even poise of the world.

In Rome and in England the idea of a theocracy

and an aristocracy has become a fact in the institutions of the land, which accordingly favor the formation of priests and gentlemen. The teachers of the educated class, therefore, may trust to the machinery already established to do their work, only keeping off the spirit of the age which would make innovations; and such is the respectability and popular esteem of the institutions, that this is done easier than men think, by putting an exceptional book in the index at Rome, or in the academical fire at Oxford. But here, the idea of a democracy is by no means so well established and organized in institutions. It is new; and, while a theocrat and an aristocrat are respected everywhere, a democrat is held in suspicion; accordingly, to make men, the teacher cannot trust his educational machinery, he must make it, and invent anew as well as turn his mill.

These things being so, it is plain the teachers in the schools should be of such a character that they can give the children what they will most want when they become men; such an intellectual and moral development that they can appreciate and receive the good influence of these four educational forces, and withstand, resist, and exterminate the evil thereof. In the schools of a democracy, which are to educate the people and make them men, you need more aboriginal virtue than in the schools of an aristocracy or a theocracy, where a few are to be educated as gentlemen or priests. Since the institutions of the land do not represent the idea of a democracy, and the average spirit of the people, which makes the institutions, represents it no more, if the children of the people are to become better than their fathers, it is plain their teachers must be prophets, and not priests merely;

must animate them with a spirit higher, purer, and more holy than that which inspires the State, the Church, business, or the common literature of the times. As the teacher cannot impart and teach what he does not possess and know, it is also plain that the teacher must have this superior spirit.

To accomplish the public education of the children of the people, we need the three classes of institutions just mentioned: free common schools, free high schools, and free colleges. Let me say a word of each.

The design of the common school is to take children at the proper age from their mothers, and give them the most indispensable development, intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious; to furnish them with as much positive useful knowledge as they can master, and, at the same time, teach them the three great scholastic helps or tools of education — the art to read, to write, and to calculate.

The children of most parents are easily brought to school, by a little diligence on the part of the teachers and school committee; but there are also children of low and abandoned, or at least neglected parents, who live in a state of continual truancy; they are found on the banks of your canals, they swarm in your large cities. When those children become men, through lack of previous development, instruction and familiarity with these three instruments of education, they cannot receive the full educational influence of the State and Church, of business and the press; they lost their youthful education, and therefore they lose, in consequence, their manly culture. They remain dwarfs, and are barbarians in the midst of society; there will be exceptional men whom nothing can make vulgar; but this will be the lot of the mass. They cannot per-

form the intelligent labor which business demands, only the brute work; so they lose the development which comes through the hand that is active in the higher modes of industry, which, after all, is the greatest educational force. Accordingly, they cannot compete with ordinary men, and remain poor; lacking also that self-respect which comes of being respected, they fall into beggary, into intemperance, into crime; so, from being idlers at first, a stumbling-block in the way of society, they become paupers, a positive burden which society must take on its shoulders; or they turn into criminals, active foes to the industry, the order, and the virtue of society.

Now if a man abandons the body of his child, the State adopts that body for a time; takes the guardianship thereof, for the child's own sake; sees that it is housed, fed, clad, and cared for. If a man abandons his child's spirit, and the child commits a crime, the State, for its own sake, assumes the temporary guardianship thereof, and puts him in a jail. When a man deserts his child, taking no concern about his education, I venture to make the suggestion whether it would not be well, as a last resort, for the State to assume the guardianship of the child for its own sake, and for the child's sake. We allow no one, with ever so thick a skin, to grow up in nakedness; why should we suffer a child, with however so perverse a parent, to grow up in ignorance and degenerate into crime? Certainly, a naked man is not so dangerous to society as an ignorant man, nor is the spectacle so revolting. I should have less hope of a State where the majority were so perverse as to continue ignorant of reading, writing, and calculating, than of one where they were so thick-skinned as to wear no clothes. In Massachu-

setts, there is an Asylum for juvenile offenders, established by the city of Boston; a Farm School for bad boys, established by the characteristic benevolence of the rich men of that place; and a State Reform School under the charge of the Commonwealth: all these are for lads who break the laws of the land. Would it not be better to take one step more, adopt them before they offended, and allow no child to grow up in the barbarism of ignorance? Has any man an unalienable right to live a savage in the midst of civilization?

We need also public high schools to take children where the common schools leave them, and carry them further on. Some States have done something towards establishing such institutions; they are common in New England. Some have established normal schools, special high schools for the particular and professional education of public teachers. Without these, it is plain there would not be a supply of competent educators for the public service.

Then we need free colleges, conducted by public officers, and paid for by the public purse. Without these the scheme is not perfect. The idea which lies at the basis of the public education of a people in a democracy is this: every man, on condition of doing his duty, has a right to the means of education, as much as a right, on the same condition, to the means of defense from a public enemy in time of war, or from starvation in time of plenty and of peace. I say every man, I mean every woman also. The amount of education must depend on the three factors named before,— on the general achievement of mankind, the special ability of the State, and the particular power of the individual.

If all is free, common schools, high schools, and col-

leges, boys and girls of common ability and common love of learning, will get a common education; those of greater ability, a more extended education; and those of the highest powers, the best culture which the race can now furnish, and the State afford. Hitherto no nation has established a public college, wholly at the public cost, where the children of the poor and the rich could enjoy together the great national charity of superior education. To do this is certainly not consistent with the idea of a theocracy or an aristocracy; but it is indispensable to the complete realization of a democracy. Otherwise the children of the rich will have a monopoly of superior education, which is the case with the girls everywhere — for only the daughters of rich men can get a superior education, even in the United States — and with boys in England and France, and of course the offices, emoluments, and honors which depend on a superior education; or else the means thereof will be provided for poor lads by private benefactions, charity funds, and the like, which some pious and noble man has devoted to this work. In this case the institutions will have a sectarian character, be managed by narrow, bigoted men, and the gift of the means of education be coupled with conditions which must diminish its value, and fetter the free spirit of the young man. This takes place in many of the collegiate establishments of the North, which, notwithstanding those defects, have done a great good to mankind.

The common schools, giving their pupil the power of reading, writing, and calculating, developing his faculties, and furnishing him with much elementary knowledge, put him in communication with all that is written in a common form in the English tongue; its

treasures lie level to his eye and hand. The high school and the college, teaching him also other languages, afford him access to the treasures contained there; teaching him the mathematics and furnishing him with the discipline of science, they enable him to understand all that has hitherto been recorded in the compendious forms of philosophy, and thus place the child of large ability in connection with all the spiritual treasures of the world. In the mean time, for all these pupils, there is the material and the human world about them, the world of consciousness within. They can study both, and add what they may to the treasures of human discovery or invention.

It seems to me that it is the duty of the State to place the means of this education within the reach of all children of superior ability,— a duty that follows from the very idea of a democracy, not to speak of the idea of Christianity. It is not less the interest of the State to do so, for then youths well born, with good abilities, will not be hindered from getting a breeding proportionate to their birth, and from occupying the stations which are adequately filled only by men of superior native abilities, enriched by culture, and developed to their highest power. Then the work of such stations will fall to the lot of such men, and of course be done. Eminent ability, talent, or genius, should have eminent education, and so serve the nation in its eminent kind; for when God makes a million-minded man, as once or twice in the ages, or a myriad-minded man, as He does now and then, it is plain that this gift also is to be accounted precious, and used for the advantage of all.

I say no State has ever attempted to establish such institutions; yet the government of the United States

has a seminary for the public education of a few men at the public cost. But it is a school to qualify men to fight; they learn the science of destruction, the art thereof, the kindred art and science of defense. If the same money we now pay for military education at West Point were directed to the education of teachers of the highest class, say professors and presidents of colleges; if the same pains were taken to procure able men, to furnish them with the proper instruction for their special work, and give them the best possible general development of their powers, not forgetting the moral, the affectional, and the religious, and animating them with the philanthropic spirit needed for such a work, how much better results would appear! But in the present intellectual condition of the people it would be thought unworthy of a nation to train up schoolmasters! But is it only soldiers that we need?

All these institutions are but introductory, a preparatory school, in three departments, to fit youths for the great educational establishment of practical life. This will find each youth and maiden as the schools leave him, molding him to their image, or molded by him to a better. So it is plain what the teachers are to do; — besides teaching the special branches which fall to their lot, they are to supply for the pupils the defects of the State, of the Church, of business, and the press, especially the moral defects. For this great work of mediating between the mother and the world, for so furnishing and fitting the rising generation, introducing them into practical life, that they shall receive all the good of these public educational forces with none of the ill, but enhance the one while they withstand the other, and so each in himself realize the idea of man, and all, in their social ca-

pacity, the idea of a democracy — it is also plain what sort of men we need for teachers: we need able men, well endowed by nature, well disciplined by art; we need superior men — men juster than the State, truer and better than the churches, more humane than business, and higher than the common literature of the press. There are always men of that stamp born into the world; enough of them in any age to do its work. How shall we bring them to the task? Give young men and women the opportunity to fit themselves for the work, at free common schools, high schools, normal schools, and colleges; give them a pay corresponding to their services, as in England and Rome; give them social rank and honor in that proportion, and they will come: able men will come; men well disciplined will come; men of talent and even genius for education will come.

In the State you pay a man of great political talents large money and large honors; hence there is no lack of ability in politics, none of competition for office. In the Church you pay a good deal for a "smart minister," one who can preach an audience into the pews and not himself out of the pulpit. Talent enough goes to business; educated talent, too, at least with a special education for this, honor, and social distinction. Private colleges and theological schools often have powerful men for their professors and presidents; sometimes, men of much talent for education; commonly, men of ripe learning and gentlemanly accomplishments. Even men of genius seek a place as teachers in some private college, where they are under the control of the leaders of a sect — and must not doubt its creed, nor set science a going freely, lest it run over some impotent theological dogma — or else

of a little coterie, or close corporation of men selected because radical or because conservative; men chosen not on account of any special fitness for superintending the superior education of the people, but because they were one-sided, and leaned this way in Massachusetts and that in Virginia. Able men seek such places because they get a competent pay, competent honors, competent social rank. Senators and ambassadors are not ashamed to be presidents of a college, and submit to the control of a coterie, or a sect, and produce their results. If such men can be had for private establishments, to educate a few to work in such trammels and such company, certainly it is not difficult to get them for the public and for the education of all. As the State has the most children to educate, the most money to pay with, it is clear, not only that they need the best ability for this work, but that they can have it as soon as they make the teacher's calling gainful and respectable.

In England and Rome, the most important spiritual function of the State is the production of the gentleman and the priest; in democratic America it is the production of the man. Some nations have taken pains with the military training of all the people, for the sake of the State, and made every man a soldier. No nation has hitherto taken equivalent pains with the general education of all, for the sake of the State and the sake of the citizens; — "the heathens of China" have done more than any Christian people, for the education of all. This was not needed in a theocracy, nor an aristocracy; it is essential to a democracy. This is needed politically; for where all men are voters, the ignorant man, who cannot read the ballot which he casts — the thief, the pirate, and the murderer

— may at any time turn the scale of an election, and do us a damage which it will take centuries to repair. Ignorant men are the tools of the demagogue; how often he uses them, and for what purposes, we need not go back many years to learn. Let the people be ignorant and suffrage universal, a very few men will control the State, and laugh at the folly of the applauding multitude whose bread they waste, and on whose necks they ride to insolence and miserable fame.

America has nothing to fear from any foreign foe; for nearly forty years she has had no quarrel but of her own making. Such is our enterprise and our strength, that few nations would carelessly engage in war with us; none without great provocation. In the midst of us is our danger; not in foreign arms, but in the ignorance and the wickedness of our own children, the ignorance of the many, the wickedness of the few who will lead the many to their ruin. The bulwark of America is not the army and navy of the United States, with all the men at public cost instructed in the art of war; it is not the swords and muskets idly bristling in our armories; it is not the cannon and the powder carefully laid by; no, nor is it yet the forts, which frown in all their grim barbarity of stone along the coast, defacing the landscape, else so fair; these might all be destroyed to-night, and the nation be as safe as now. The more effectual bulwark of America is her schools. The cheap spelling-book, or the vane on her school-house is a better symbol of the nation than "the star-spangled banner;" the printing-press does more than the cannon; the press is mightier than the sword. The army that is to keep our liberties — you are a part of that, the noble army of teachers. It is you who are to make a great nation greater, even

wise and good,— the next generation better than their sires.

Europe shows us, by experiment, that a republic cannot be made by a few well-minded men, however well-meaning. They tried for it at Rome, full of enlightened priests; in Germany, the paradise of the scholar, but there was not a people well educated, and a democracy could not stand upright long enough to be set a-going. In France, where men are better fitted for the experiment than elsewhere in continental Europe, you see what comes of it — the first step is a stumble, and for their president the raw republicans chose an autocrat, not a democrat; not a mere soldier, but only the name of a soldier; one that thinks it an insult if liberty, equality, and fraternity be but named!

Think you a democracy can stand without the education of all; not barely the smallest pittance thereof which will keep a live soul in a live body, but a large, generous cultivation of mind and conscience, heart and soul? A man, with half an eye, can see how we suffer continually in politics for lack of education among the people. Some nations are priest-ridden, some king-ridden, some ridden of nobles; America is ridden by politicians, a heavy burden for a foolish neck.

Our industrial interests demand the same education. The industrial prosperity of the North, our lands yearly enriching, while they bear their annual crop; our railroads, mills, and machines, the harness with which we tackle the elements,— for we domesticate fire and water, yes, the very lightning of heaven — all these are but material results of the intelligence of the people. Our political success, and our industrial prosperity, both come from the pains taken with the education of the people. Halve this education, and you

take away three-fourths of our political welfare, three-fourths of our industrial prosperity; double this education, you greaten the political welfare of the people, you increase their industrial success fourfold. Yes, more than that, for the results of education increase by a ratio of much higher powers.

It seems strange that so few of the great men in politics have cared much for the education of the people; only one of those, now prominent before the North, is intimately connected with it. He,[1] at great personal sacrifice of money, of comfort, of health, even of respectability, became superintendent of the common schools of Massachusetts, a place whence we could ill spare him, to take the place of the famous man he succeeds. Few of the prominent scholars of the land interest themselves in the public education of the people. The men of superior culture think the common school beneath their notice; but it is the mother of them all.

None of the States of the North has ever given this matter the attention it demands. When we legislate about public education, this is the question before us: — Shall we give our posterity the greatest blessing that one generation can bestow upon another? Shall we give them a personal power which will create wealth in every form, multiply ships, and roads of earth, or of iron; subdue the forest, till the field, chain the rivers, hold the winds as its vassals, bind with an iron yoke the fire and water, and catch and tame the lightning of God? Shall we give them a personal power which will make them sober, temperate, healthy, and wise; that shall keep them at peace, abroad and at home, organize them so wisely that all shall be united, and yet, each left free, with no tyranny of the few over the

many, or the little over the great? Shall we enable them to keep, to improve, to double manifold the political, social, and personal blessings they now possess; shall we give them this power to create riches, to promote order, peace, happiness — all forms of human welfare, or shall we not? That is the question. Give us intelligent men, moral men, men well developed in mind and conscience, heart and soul, men that love man and God,— industrial prosperity, social prosperity, and political prosperity, are sure to follow. But without such men, all the machinery of this threefold prosperity is but a bauble is a child's hand, which he will soon break or lose, which he cannot replace when gone, nor use while kept.

Rich men, who have intelligence and goodness, will educate their children, at whatever cost. There are some men, even poor men's sons, born with such native power that they will achieve an education, often a most masterly culture; men whom no poverty can degrade, or make vulgar, whom no lack of means or culture can keep from being wise and great. Such are exceptional men; the majority, nine-tenths of the people, will depend for their culture on the public institutions of the land. If there had never been a free public school in New England, not half of her mechanics and farmers would now be able to read, not a fourth of her women. I need not stop to tell what would be the condition of her agriculture, her manufactures, her commerce; they would have been, perhaps, even behind the agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of South Carolina. I need not ask what would be the condition of her free churches, or the republican institutions which now beautify her rugged shores and sterile soil; there would be no such churches,

no such institutions. If there had been no such schools in New England, the Revolution would yet remain to be fought. Take away the free schools, you take away the cause of our manifold prosperity; double their efficiency and value, you not only double and quadruple the prosperity of the people, but you will enlarge their welfare — political, social, personal — far more than I now dare to calculate. I know men object to public schools; they say, education must be bottomed on religion, and that cannot be taught unless we have a State religion, taught "by authority" in all our schools; we cannot teach religion, without teaching it in a sectarian form. This objection is getting made in New York; we have got beyond it in New England. It is true, all manly education must be bottomed on religion; it is essential to the normal development of man, and all attempts at education, without this, must fail of the highest end. But there are two parts of religion which can be taught in all the schools, without disturbing the denominations, or trenching upon their ground, namely,— piety; the love of God; and goodness, the love of man. The rest of religion, after piety and goodness are removed, may safely be left to the institutions of any of the sects, and so the State will not occupy their ground.

It is often said that superior education is not much needed; the common schools are enough, and good enough, for it is thought that superior education is needed for men as lawyers, ministers, doctors, and the like, not for men as men. It is not so. We want men cultivated with the best discipline, everywhere, not for the profession's sake, but for man's sake. Every man with a superior culture, intellectual, moral, and religious, every woman thus developed, is a safeguard and

a blessing. He may sit on the bench of a judge or a shoemaker, be a clergyman or an oysterman, that matters little, he is still a safeguard and a blessing. The idea that none should have a superior education but professional men — they only for the profession's sake — belongs to dark ages, and is unworthy of a democracy.

It is the duty of all men to watch over the public education of the people, for it is the most important work of the State. It is particularly the duty of men who, hitherto, have least attended to it, men of the highest culture, men, too, of the highest genius. If a man with but common abilities has attained great learning, he is one of the "public administrators," to distribute the goods of men of genius, from other times and lands, to mankind, their legal heirs. Why does God sometimes endow a man with great intellectual power, making, now and then, a million-minded man? Is that superiority of gift solely for the man's own sake? Shame on such a thought! It is of little value to him unless he use it for me; it is for your sake and my sake, more than for his own. He is a precious almoner of wisdom; one of the public guardians of mankind, to think for us, to help us think for ourselves; born to educate the world of feebler men. I call on such men, men of culture, men of genius, to help build up institutions for the education of the people. If they neglect this, they are false to their trust. The culture which hinders a man from sympathy with the ignorant, is a curse to both, and the genius which separates a man from his fellow-creatures, lowlier born than he, is the genius of a demon.

Men and women, practical teachers now before me, a great trust is in your hands; nine-tenths of the

children of the people depend on you for their early culture, for all the scholastic discipline they will ever get; their manly culture will depend on that, their prosperity thereon, all these on you. When they are men, you know what evils they will easily learn from State and Church, from business and the press. It is for you to give them such a developing, and such a furnishing of their powers, that they will withstand, counteract, and exterminate that evil. Teach them to love justice better than their native land, truth better than their church, humanity more than money, and fidelity to their own nature better than the public opinion of the press. As the chief thing of all, teach them to love man and God. Your characters will be the inspiration of these children; your prayers their practice, your faith their works.

The rising generation is in your hands, you can fashion them in your image, you will, you must do this. Great duties will devolve on these children when grown up to be men; you are to fit them for these duties. Since the Revolution, there has not been a question before the country, not a question of constitution or confederacy, free trade or protective tariff, sub-treasury or bank, of peace or war, freedom or slavery, the extension of liberty, or the extension of bondage — not a question of this sort has come up before Congress, or the people, which could not have been better decided by seven men, honest, intelligent, and just, who loved man and God, and looked, with a single eye, to what was right in the case. It is your business to train up such men. A representative, a senator, a governor may be made, any day, by a vote. Ballots can make a president out of almost anything; the most ordinary material is not too cheap and vulgar

for that. But all the votes of all the conventions, all the parties, are unable to make a people capable of self-government. They cannot put intelligence and justice into the head of a single man. You are to do that. You are the "Sacred Legion," the "Theban Brothers" to repel the greatest foes that can invade the land, the only foes to be feared; you are to repel ignorance, injustice, unmanliness, and irreligion. With none else to help you, in ten years' time you can double the value of your schools; double the amount of development and instruction you annually furnish. So doing, you shall double, triple, quadruple, multiply manifold the blessings of the land. You can, if you will. I ask you if you will? If your works say, "Yes," then you will be the great benefactors of the land, not giving money, but a charity far nobler yet,—education, the greatest charity. You will help fulfil the prophecy which noble men long since predicted of mankind, and help found the kingdom of heaven on earth; you will follow the steps of that noblest man of men, the Great Educator of the human race, whom the Christians still worship as their God. Yes, you will work with God himself; He will work with you, work for you, and bless you with everlasting life.

IV

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE

Education, in the wide sense of the word, is the harmonious development of all the natural powers of man, — of the body, of the mind, conscience, affections, will, and religious sentiments. The general means to that end are twofold — the world of matter and the world of man. Leaving the former out of account, the latter may be considered under four several forms, as constituting so many educational forces, which influence the development of the rising generation in this country. There is —

I. The political action of the people, represented by the State;

II. The material action of the people, represented by business;

III. The literary and scientific action of the people, represented by the press;

IV. The ecclesiastical action of the people, represented by the churches.

Now these four, the State, business, the press, and the churches, are the educational forces which most powerfully affect the intellectual and moral development of the people, modifying the original tendency of each generation as it rises. This is so from the very nature of man and the constitution of society.

But subordinate to these general educational forces, there are likewise special institutions, whose design is to prepare the child, and put him in communication with these general influences. The more completely

they do that, the more completely are they commonly thought to do their work; and for this purpose schools and colleges have mainly been established — to put the youth in connection with these forces, and thus enable them to do the duties and receive the instruction which the State, business, the press, and the churches may demand or afford him. He who has learned to read, to write, and to calculate, has got possession of the three most important educational tools or helps; and by the use thereof receives the aid of these great general educators. He who learns, also, a foreign language, letting alone other advantages of that study, may thereby receive the instruction which the State, business, press, and churches of another land have likewise to offer him.

Were these great and general educational forces of a higher or a lower character than now with us, their influence would be modified accordingly. It is the duty of a wise educator to appreciate the kind and degree of influence which these forces actually exert on the young, and act with or against it, as the case may require. The State, by its actions, may teach men to reverence the eternal right, or only the power of armies and commerce. The business of the nation may teach respect for honesty and manly usefulness, or only the omnipotence of the dollar. The press may direct men to honor justice, truth, and manliness, may fill them with noble ideas and sentiments, or teach them to be mean and little, taking public opinion as their standard. The churches may instruct men to love God and to love man, as the supreme objects of ideal or practical affection, or they may teach men to comply with public sins, to believe a lie, and for a pretense make long prayers, hypocritically affecting a be-

lief in all manner of absurdities and contradictions. It is the duty of such as direct the public education of the people to understand the character and influence of all these. It will be hard work for the teacher to make his pupil ascend, though by his proper motion, while these forces are contending to drive him down. But when these forces act in the right direction, it is difficult for the youth to go wrong. However, it is not our task at present to criticize these educational forces, and inquire what they actually teach in America at this day,— what good they promise, what ill they threaten, for the future; — we wish rather to look at the subordinate institutions for the public education of the people, whose aim is to furnish the youth of our land with the rudiments of learning.

After a nation has provided for the common material wants of protection, food, shelter, clothing, and the like, the most important work is to educate the rising generation. To do this is not merely a duty which the father owes to his own child, but which society, in virtue of its eminent paternity, owes to every child born in its bosom. The right of the State to control alike person and property, is continually set forth, till it often comes to be considered as superior to reason and conscience; but the duty of the State to watch over the culture of its children is too often forgot. But this duty is co-extensive with the right, and both grow out of the relation of sovereignty which the State holds over the individuals that compose it.

It has always been acknowledged that society owes something to each person subject to its power. In the rudest ages of social existence it is felt to be the duty of the State to protect, as far as possible, the lives of its citizens from the violence of a public enemy from

abroad, or a private enemy at home. Next it becomes recognized as a natural duty to protect also the property of each man, as well as his person: then the State admits its obligation to aid all its citizens or subjects in their religious culture, and so, in some form or other, provides for the public worship of the God of the State. There is no government in Europe which does not admit all these obligations. All have established armies, jails, and churches, with their appropriate furniture, to protect the persons and property of their subjects, and do something to advance their religious culture. At a period of social progress considerably more advanced, the State first admits it is a public duty of the sovereign power to defend a man from want, and save him from starvation, not only in times of famine and war, but in the ordinary state of things. At a period of progress still more recent, it is also recognized as a public duty to look after the education of all the children of the State. This duty rests on the same foundation with the others. At this day it is admitted by all civilians, that each citizen has a right to claim of his State protection for property and person; food enough, likewise, to keep him from perishing — on condition that he does what he can to protect himself. In New England and most of the enlightened States of the world, it is also admitted that each child has a right, likewise, to claim of the State an opportunity of acquiring the rudiments of education. But how far ought the State to carry this education, which is to be placed within the reach of all? The answer to this question we will attempt to give in another part of this article, only premising here, that in a progressive people the zero point of education is continually rising: what was once

the maximum of hope, one day becomes the minimum of sufferance.

In New England it has long been admitted in practice, though not proclaimed in our political theories, that the State owes each child in it a chance to obtain the average education, so far as schools can secure that attainment. Our scheme of public education of the people is one of the most original things in America. In literature and science America has hitherto shown little invention, and has achieved little worth mentioning. In business the nation is eminently creative, and in politics we are the most original of nations, both in respect of ideas and the forms in which they become actual. With these exceptions, the New England scheme of public education, now extended over most of the free States, it is the most original thing which America has produced. Take New England as a whole, with the States which have descended from her — her public free schools are the noblest monument of the character of the people; of their industry, their foresight, their vigorous and thrifty manhood. New England has been complimented for her ships, her roads of earth and iron, her factories, her towns, and her shops; she has often looked with pride on her churches, once the dwelling-place of such piety, and long the bulwark of civil freedom in the new world: but she has far more reason to be proud — if aught human may be proud — of her common schools. These are more honorable to her head and heart, than even the great political and legal institutions which have grown around them, and above them, often, but always out of the same soil.

Democracy is the government of all the citizens for the sake of all the citizens, and by means of them all.

Of course, it is only possible on condition that it is itself conducted by the eternal laws of justice, which man has not made, but only found made; otherwise it will not be for the sake of all, but hostile to the welfare of some. Such a democracy is of course only an ideal as yet. But the prevalent sentiments of America, especially of New England and her descendant States, are democratic; her ideas are democratic; her institutions, in the main, democratic,— all progressively tending towards that ideal. The public schools of New England have grown out of these democratic sentiments and ideas,— their growth as unavoidable as that of lichens and mosses on Monadnock.

Democracy is the ideal of America. But is an ideal which can never be realized except on the conditions that the people, the whole people, are well educated, in the large sense of the word. There may be a monarchy —despotic or constitutional, or an aristocracy, without any considerable culture on the part of the mass of the people; but a democracy under such circumstances cannot be. A nation of ignorant savages may be governed: it is only a wise people that can govern themselves. The very political constitution of New England, therefore, demands a degree of culture in the people hitherto unknown in the most advanced nations of the world. Thus in America there is not only the general duty of society to educate all its members, but also the special duty of a democratic government — which thereby is fulfilling the most imperative conditions of its existence.

At the first settlement of America, it was not possible for the infant State, struggling for existence, to spend much time in the education of the children; yet, considering all things, the ideal set up in New England,

in the seventeenth century, was exceedingly high, and the achievement, likewise, greater than a sanguine man would have dared predict. At this day, the intelligence of the mass is much enhanced, and the wealth thereof is prodigiously increased. The zero point of public education has also risen.

This may be laid down as a maxim — that it is the duty of society to afford every child born in it a chance of obtaining the best education which the genius of the child is capable of receiving, and the wealth of intelligence of society are capable of bestowing. It seems to us, from the very nature of man and of society, that each child has just as good a claim for this as for protection from violence or starvation. Much, doubtless, will be possible in the way of education a hundred years hence, not thought of now; but now much is possible which is not attempted — much not even hoped for. When the opportunity for obtaining even a liberal culture is afforded to all, is there danger that men will leave the laborious callings of life, and rush to what are called the educated professions? Quite the contrary. There will always be five hundred good carpenters to one good philosopher or poet. There are but few men who have an innate preference for being lawyers, ministers, and doctors, rather than farmers, shoemakers, and blacksmiths. Many are now in the professions solely because these offered a chance for some liberal culture which the trade did not afford, though otherwise far more attractive. When education is thought equally necessary for the farmer and the lawyer, and all honest and useful callings equally honorable, there is more danger that the office be neglected than the field; we may safely count on more corn and less litigation.

The process of education at this day consists of two distinct things.

I. The acquisition of certain positive knowledge, namely of the facts of science and the facts of history, — including also the ideas of science and history.

II. The development of the faculties of the learner, so that he may also effectually possess all his natural powers, and act originally for himself. At present the common schools do a little of both; the high schools and colleges a little more. But in the common schools, taken as a whole, so far as we know — far too little is attempted in the way of an original development of the faculties themselves. Memory and imitation are the chief faculties which are cultivated. The reason of this is too plain to need showing.

Now the foundation of the public education of the people must be laid in the common schools. Take the whole population of any Northern State, perhaps not more than an eighth part of the people receive any instruction from any private school. The faults, then, of the common schools will show themselves in the character of the people, and that in a single generation.

The common schools, therefore, are the most important institutions of New England. If there had been none such for two hundred years past, the mass of men would have been unable to read, and write, and calculate; those attainments would be the monopoly of a few men of superior wealth or superior natural ability. As the natural consequence, agriculture would have been in a poor state; commerce in a poor state; manufactures a hundred years behind their present condition. There would not be the signs of life, activity, thrift, of continual progress, visible all over

the New England States. The crowds which in Boston now attend the lectures of the Lowell Institute, and other means of instructive or refined amusement, would seek their entertainment in a bull-fight, or a bear baiting; perhaps in a man-fight of bruisers in a ring, or a soldier-baiting on the common. Public lectures would be as rare in Boston, as in Montreal, Halifax, or even New Orleans and Naples. The government would not be a democracy, getting more and more democratic, but a despotism in the form of a monarchy or aristocracy; a government *over* all, but by a few, and against the interest of the many. The few and the strong would own the bodies of the weak and the many in New England, as well as in South Carolina and Morocco. There would not be a hundred churches in Boston, filled by intelligent men of more than a hundred different ways of thinking on religious matters — each claiming freedom of conscience; but three or four magnificent and costly temples, in which the ignorant and squalid people, agape for miracles, ridden by their rulers, and worse ridden by their priests, met to adore some relic of a saint — the pocket-handkerchief of the mother of God, and the nail from the cross, or from the horse the Queen of Sheba did not ride, a hair from Saint Joseph's beard, or perhaps the seamless coat of Christ! The city would swarm with monks dedicated to ignorance and filthiness, and religiously fulfilling at least that part of their vow. There would be slaves in New England, not black slaves alone, but white; freedom would be in few hands; land in few hands; education in few hands; power in few hands; comfort and virtue in few hands. New England might then be the heaven of the rich and the noble, the purgatory of the wise

and the good, but the hell of the poor and the weak.

If there had never been any public schools for girls in New England, then the majority of women would have had the monopoly of ignorance. They would be the slaves of the men; not their companions. The hardest and most revolting work, in the streets, the scows, and the drains, would be performed by the hands of sisters, wives, mothers. Woman would be the victim of lust, of intemperance, of every crime — trod down into the dust, but poisoning still the oppressive foot.

On the other hand, if the public schools could have been better — could have been as good and well attended in 1748 as now, New England would have gained, perhaps at the least, fifty years. Where would have been the intemperance, the pauperism, the crime, which now prey on society? We should not need so many jails, and five thousand magistrates of the police in Massachusetts. We should not have a nation with so little shame and so much to be ashamed of; a press so corrupt and debasing. Business would be marked by an activity wiser and yet greater, and by its purer morals; the churches would be far other than what now they are; the amount of intelligent activity might be tenfold what it is now, and that tenfold activity would show itself in all departments of human concern — in a tenfold morality, comfort, order, and welfare in general.

There are several causes which prevent the common schools from doing the service which is needed of them; we will mention only the two chief. All the children from five to sixteen do not attend regularly. From a fourth to a third part are always absent. Mr. Mann complains of this as "an enormous loss."

"The most frugal and thrifty community in the world here plays the spendthrift and prodigal." The State can do little directly to repair this evil. To make attendance compulsory would be inconsistent with the spirit of American institutions, and perhaps productive of little good. Teachers, school committees, and the clergy, can doubtless do much to check this evil.

The next cause is found in the inferior character of the teachers employed. Far be it from us to find fault with these persons; — there is no class in the community for whom we feel a more profound respect, or regard with a deeper sympathy. "Madam," said Dr. Johnson to a lady who grumbled about her servants, "Madam, you cannot expect all the celestial virtues for three shillings a week." Eminent ability does not naturally flow towards the master's desk in the common schools. Take two thousand five hundred of the men of Massachusetts most marked for general ability, and probably not ten of them would be found among the teachers of public schools in that State; certainly not seeking there a permanent resting-place. There is no honor connected with the calling; the pay is miserably little. Massachusetts rewards her teachers better, we think, than any other State; but on the average, after deducting the expense of board, pays the male teacher less than twenty-five dollars a month, and the female but eight dollars and seven cents! In Vermont it is but twelve dollars a month for males, and four dollars and seventy-five cents for females. The celestial virtues are seldom to be had so cheap. Such a stipend is not likely to attract men of superior energy; they will flee from a calling which can offer no inducement but the vow of poverty. Men of inferior ability have hitherto had little encouragement to fit themselves for

the duties of a teacher. Indeed, there have been no means hitherto placed within their reach. There have long been establishments for the training of lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and soldiers,— until lately none for the education of teachers. There are even now few good works treating either of the art or the science of teaching. There is no college, we think, in the United States, in which lectures are given on this art or science, though it is necessary for every parent to practise the art, and to understand it belongs to the very profession of the teacher. The normal schools have already done something to remedy this evil. Teachers' institutes, lectures by accomplished men, the production of books treating the art and science of teaching, will also do good.

But all this will not reach the root of the evil. Martyrs may always be found to go on the forlorn hope of humanity, but no State ever relied on a whole army of martyrs — to man its forts and its fleets, to form the rank and file of the very militia! A more mundane argument must be resorted to than the hope of eternal rewards in heaven. Superior talent will always be attracted towards wealth and social rank — in no country more certainly than in America. A Christian minister was once sure of a competent support for his natural life; sure, also, of a high social rank. Then men of masculine ability and superior culture came to that calling and did it honor, representing the superior thought of the nation. Circumstances changing, the minister's salary becoming uncertain in its continuance, or comparatively small, his social rank in reality far less — that masculine ability and superior culture seek other channels of usefulness, and only by exception flow through the pulpit, and

then to the amazement and consternation of the Church, long wonted to the drowsy tinkle of an humbler stream.

Now it is entirely in the power of the people to command that superior talent, cultivation, and skill, solely by paying its price. Some men are born with a genius for teaching; many with a talent for it. Offer a sufficient pay, and they will come, and the results will appear in the character of the next generation. It is not difficult for colleges to obtain men of fine ability and culture for their service, because, though the salary is not large compared with the income of a thrifty grocer or a master mason in a large town — yet a certain honor and respectability, as well as permanency, is connected with the post of professor. Give the same reward to the teacher of the common schools, and a similar result will follow.

Now the State demands its ablest men for judges, senators, and the like, and easily obtains them. The business of educating the whole generation of youth in the land between four and sixteen is one of the first importance; on which the destinies of the nation depend. Common sense demands, then, a class of men with superior powers, with a generous development of all their faculties, and especially masters of the science and art of education. Soon as the people are satisfied of this, they can have such a body of men at their disposal. Until this is done, the State must suffer. It is easy to be penny-wise and pound-foolish, and it seems to us that the system of small salaries for schoolmasters hitherto pursued, even in New England, is like sacrificing a whole cloak of velvet to save the end of a farthing candle.

Compare the attainments of a child of fourteen,

trained in one of the common schools say of Boston, and another of equal age and capacity trained under the care of the most judicious and skilful teachers of that city, and what a difference; a difference not only in the amount of positive knowledge acquired, but still more in the actual development of faculties. The one is ten times better educated than the other; the difference arising solely from the fact that one has had the discipline of a superior person, and the other not. Yet it is possible to make every public school in the land better than the best private school now in it; the people have never done their duty until this is attained. It were a bad thing that the children of the rich should grow up with little knowledge, little possession of their faculties: but it is worse still that the children of the poor grow up in this state, for in adult years they cannot command for themselves the educational resources so easy of access to the man who has enough of both time and money, which commands also the time of other men.

The services of women cost less than men; educational ability, also, is more common amongst women, and therefore it is easier to obtain for the common schools eminent educational talent in the female teacher than in the male. The community is wisely availing itself of this advantage, and the number of female teachers advances more rapidly than the males. But here, too, is a difficulty. The idea has commonly prevailed, that woman was inferior to man — not deserving of superior culture. Her business was

> "To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

Her education, therefore, need not go beyond the merest rudiments, to qualify her for these functions.

Like father like son — the rude boy inheriting this traditional notion of woman, refuses to submit to female government at school, and the father thinks he is more than half right. Besides, woman has not counted herself the equivalent of man, but tamely accepted the place assigned her; and now, too, it is difficult to find women of competent culture to assume their natural position, and educate the aspiring youth of the land, and so the country school is poorly taught, by men of little natural or acquired fitness for the work, and taught, likewise, but few months; while the same money would better pay the services of a competent woman for the whole year.

But the common schools must be occupied mainly with the rudiments of education. Some scholars will wish to obtain more than these offer. The number of such is continually increasing. To meet their wants there is needed a class of high schools, to take boys and girls where the common schools leave them, and advance them yet further. The law provides for the establishment of such schools in large towns; but even there the want is but ill supplied, and in the small towns it is still severely felt. If several smaller towns would unite and establish such a high school in some convenient place, the evil would be remedied in part; at any rate such a scheme would work better than anything which is now offered to the public. In such a school ancient and modern languages might be taught; mathematics, the natural sciences, ethics, and metaphysics. At present, for their higher culture, children must repair to the numerous private academies which testify to the want of such public institutions, rather than supply it. The money now paid to the private academies for the education of a few would be more

than sufficient to establish such public schools as might better teach all the hopeful youth who would avail themselves thereof. At present, these private academies, with a few honorable exceptions, do their work but poorly, as we think. They are not under the vigilant supervision of a committee appointed by the public, and responsible to them; there is seldom a regular and systematic course of studies prescribed; still more rarely a wise and vigorous method of education pursued, by which the pupil's mind is well disciplined. Much of the quackery of education, we fear, takes refuge in the private schools. Besides, the private academies are often so sectarian in their character that much of the good they might do is prevented, and much time is wasted in teaching the child what he will slowly and painfully unlearn in later years, or else be blighted all his life by a barbarous theology, forced upon him when he was too feeble to resist the baneful imposition.

We will not pretend to mention all the details which ought to be considered in establishing such high schools as are hinted at above, but this, at least, seems possible — for two or three small towns to unite, or, if it were needful, all the small towns in a county, and establish such an institution. We see not why it would not work as well as the normal schools, which already have done so much to advance the education of the people. Such schools should provide for the youth of both sexes. Originally the public schools of New England were open only to the boys. The Hebrew notion has long prevailed that man was created for his own sake, woman only for man's sake, because it was "not good that the man should be alone." She has been considered as inferior to man, and, therefore, not

entitled to any considerable culture. This barbarous notion still prevails; as proof of which we need only look at the one hundred and nine colleges in the United States, and ask what analogous provision has been made for the superior education of young women. Boston has done much for the public education of her children, and thereby been honorably distinguished above the other cities of the Western or the Eastern world. Her Latin and English high schools would be an ornament and honor to any city in the world. But, even in Boston, there are no public schools for girls at all corresponding to those excellent institutions for boys. Why not?

Perhaps nothing would give so direct and powerful an impulse to popular education in New England, as the establishment of free schools for girls in Boston, analogous to the Latin and English high schools for boys. Rich men can give their daughters a superior culture; some of them will do it, at any cost. But nine-tenths of the girls must depend on the public schools alone. There is no reason in the nature of things, or the duty of the State to its citizens, why superior education should be confined to the rougher sex. In the higher seminaries and the first class of the grammar schools, few boys are found from the humblest ranks of the people; — their services are so valuable that their needy parents will not allow the boy to attend school. Now, to the man of small means the daughter's time is not worth so much as the son's. She, therefore, could attend school much longer were there any superior school for her to attend. Such, too, is the demand for active young men, and the general hurry of the times, that young men rush from the schools and colleges into active life long before they

are prepared. Young women, less needed in active life — finding, indeed, few callings to fill — could remain longer at school, and would gain a superior culture. In such schools there would come many daughters out of the humblest portion of the people, and getting well educated, they would become the mothers of men of no humble class; would diffuse an ennobling influence wherever they were, and elevate that class which is now a burden and a reproach to the young democracy.

Further still, the presence of a body of highly-educated young women would stimulate the other sex more than any amount of appeals from the press or the pulpit. A coarse and ignorant young man — foppish and conceited, his head filled with nothing better than the newspapers and play-bills, who abhors thought as nature a vacuum — he hates nothing so much as to be found inferior to the women he constantly meets. While the majority of women have a very inferior culture, their heads even more scantily furnished than the young men's; while they are illiterate, ignorant, incapable of all serious thought, even of attention enough to understand a common lecture and report it faithfully, it is no wonder that men, who have had a better culture, though still coarse and ignorant, conceited and foppish, should think women their inferior. When such men meet a woman of really superior culture, they only mock and call names, looking on her as a curiosity, almost as a monster. Were there many such women, were the majority of women of such a character, our ignorant young man, finding himself in a minority, would become seasonably ashamed, would give over calling names, and, finding that his boasted superiority of nature only made him ridiculous, would

betake himself to diligent culture of his better faculties, and would end by becoming something of a man.

It need not be said the expense of such establishments could not be afforded, for all experience of public education shows that it costs less to educate the whole at public charge than to educate the select portions who now occupy the private seminaries. We think it could soon be shown, that the sums now paid for the education of two or three hundred young women at private schools in Boston, would more than suffice for the superior education of the thousand who would avail themselves of such an education, were it possible. Were there a thousand young women furnished with the best culture which this age could afford, scattered about in society, as wives and mothers, it is easy to see the change which they would soon effect in a single generation. Nay, it is not easy to see all the change they would effect. Their influence would soon appear in the churches, in the newspapers, the theatres, in all our literature,— yes, in the State itself,— and produce effects by no means anticipated now. The establishment of such an institution would in a very few years doubt the number of persons who have a superior education, and every such woman is not only an ornament, but a blessing, to society.

To crown the whole system of public education, a public college would seem necessary, founded by the State, watched over by the State, and by the State preserved from all sectarian and partisan influence; a college with libraries and lectures open to all who were able to understand their use. Our scheme of public education is exceedingly incomplete until this also is established. At present, many young men of superior talent are debarred from a generous education solely

by their inability to meet the expenses of a college course. They suffer for lack of culture, and society suffers for lack of their services. Inferior men, but born of parents thriftier or more fortunate, obtain the culture and occupy the more elevated posts of society, which can only be filled by men born with superior gifts not less than well-bred.

Everywhere we see signs that a free public college is needed and desired. Amongst them are the rise of cheap colleges, which only express the want which they cannot satisfy; the numerous lyceums and courses of lectures; the Mercantile Library Association, the Association of Mechanics' apprentices, and the like, in Boston. It would be easy for any one of the free States to establish such a public college in one of its principal cities, offering gratuitous instruction to all who could pass such an examination as would show they were capable of appreciating the instruction offered. We will not go into the details of such a scheme, wishing only to invite public attention to the subject. Such institutions would soon furnish a large body of men with a superior education, and free us from one of the troubles of American society — professional men ignorant of their profession; lawyers, doctors, ministers, whom it would be flattery to call half-educated, but who are yet not to be blamed, having all the culture they could get. Still more, it would diffuse a liberal education amongst all classes of society, and the advantages of that we have not time to point out. It is no mean reproach to us that the Prussians, the Saxons, and the French have done far more for the superior education of the people than we have thought proper even to attempt. Massachusetts has taken the lead in many important movements of the nation. We

wish she would set the example of a public college; for surely, no State is so competent, for various reasons, to make the experiment, and perhaps none so much feels the need of it. Every man of superior education, so far as that goes, is a blessing to society, not less than an ornament. He gives dignity and honor to his calling, not it to him. He may sit on the bench of a judge, or on the bench of a shoemaker, be an upholsterer, or a clergyman, that is of small account; his thought, his wisdom, his character, do their work in society. As things now go, we get rich faster than we get intelligent, and as a nation deserve the reproach of being material and vulgar. Aristotle said in his day, the mass of laboring people should not be "of a character too elevated." A democratic government demands for all the best education which it is possible for all to receive; the superior education of as many as possible.

In all the large towns of Massachusetts, men and women have associated together, established lyceums, and secured to themselves courses of lectures every winter. This movement shows the want of something more than schools, colleges, and churches have hitherto afforded. The effect of these lyceums with their lectures is excellent in many ways, intellectual, moral, social. But as yet little is accomplished by them in comparison with what may easily be done. No system is pursued by such institutions; lectures come pell-mell after one another, without order. There is no sufficient body of men well trained for the business of popular lecturing. Brilliant and showy men serve for an hour's amusement, but fail of accomplishing the great work which waits to be done. It seems to us that the lyceums of several towns might combine together, and

have regular and systematic courses of lectures delivered in each by the same person. In this manner men of ability and suitable education might easily be well paid for the labor of preparing valuable lectures, and the people receive the advantage of instruction from the best minds in the land. The business of a popular lecturer might soon become as important as that of a judge; his social rank as high, and his salary still more. In this manner some of the best talent of the State might be applied to its most appropriate work — the education of the people. Lectures might be delivered treating of the facts of nature, or science in its various departments; the facts of man, his history, literature, laws, and the like;— lectures on facts, and lectures, also, on ideas.

A few years ago, in Boston, one of her sons founded an Institute for the better education of the people by means of lectures, and thereby did a greater service to that town, as we think, than any American has ever done to his native place. Education, in its large sense, is the greatest charity which can be bestowed on a town or a city. We refer to the Lowell Institute. Its usefulness is now only beginning. There the services of some of the most able men of America and of Europe have been wisely obtained for the purpose of instructing the people. The experience of that Institute shows that superior talent and culture can easily be commanded for this great work whenever the pecuniary means are provided. A combination of numerous lyceums, though individually poor, can also secure the services of men of superior ability for their purpose, as soon as they will. The apparatus most important in education is men,— able men. The influence of lectures like those of Agassiz and Walker at the

Lowell Institute, of Emerson at the various lyceums and elsewhere, it is not easy to calculate. Not only do those men give positive information, but they stimulate all their ingenuous hearers to desire a yet nobler culture, and suggest the intellectual and other methods by which it may be won.

In New England there is no public or even social amusement — recognized as such. The old and barbarous sport of military exhibitions has long been unpopular, and is now ridiculous. The amusement of getting drunk is rather old-fashioned, and though still the only pastime of the wretched, is not likely to revive amongst intelligent or even merely respectable men. Politics and theology may serve for awhile in place of amusement — this for the men, that for the women; but they will not do the work. This absence of amusement, and the somewhat unsocial character with which America has been reproached, render it the more desirable that lyceums and public lectures should be provided, to meet numerous wants, and, while they cultivate the mind, cultivate, also, social feelings amongst all.

Public libraries, also, will powerfully aid this work. We think there is not a public library in any large town in the United States,— a library to which all persons have access. The land is full of books; valuable books, even, are now becoming more and more common. True, the "yellow literature," the literary trash that is hawked about at the railways, indicates a low taste in the manufacturers and consumers of such miserable productions. The school-books in most common use, we regret to say, are poor and low; such as relate to science often poorly constructed, and devoid alike of scientific principles and scientific method.

It is commonly thought that an ignorant man may write for the ignorant; if he wishes to keep them so, he had better. But the most skilful physicians are needed by the sickest men. Still, in spite of the increase of these ephemeral works, and the spread of that yellow fever of literature, the taste for really valuable books has increased with astonishing rapidity. The want of public libraries in most of our large towns is beginning to be felt. The establishment of social libraries, which are not so often merely domestic as heretofore,— of district school libraries, the libraries of the various institutes, associations, athenæums, lyceums, and the like, is only an indication of the want, not adequate provision to meet it. It is a remarkable fact, that in the city of Paris there are more books thrown open to the public every day than are contained in all the colleges and state libraries of this country. There we have seen, with republican and Christian delight, a professor from the Sorbonne and a teamster in his blouse of blue cotton, sitting at the same table, diligently studying works which neither of them, perhaps, could afford to own. We are glad to learn, while writing these pages, that attempts are seriously making in Boston to found such a library. The generosity of the wealthy men of that city is well known, and seems to have almost no limit; but we think their wealth has seldom been directed to a nobler object than this work of educating the people.

The Lawrence Scientific School in the University at Cambridge, recently established, will doubtless afford valuable aid in promoting the solid education of the people. A want has long been felt of some institution which should afford a culture somewhat different from that of our better colleges, not less severe and scientific,

but more so, if possible, only less monastic and mediæval. We see it suggested by the distinguished President of Harvard University, that something is perhaps to be done "with a view to the formation of accomplished teachers for classical schools and colleges;" and hope that some provision may soon be made there or elsewhere for instruction in the science of education — what the Germans call pädagogik. Apart from the art of teaching there is a science of education, as distinct from the practical business of instruction as geometry is from the art of surveying land or making an almanac. This, also, is a liberal science, to be cultivated in part for itself, as an end, and therefore should have a place in every liberal scheme of education, as well as ethics and metaphysics; and is a means, also, and will prove useful in practice, as most men come at length to have the charge of forming and developing the characters of others, at the most tender age, committed to their care. The English language is singularly deficient in works which treat of this subject, though the German is sufficiently rich, at least so far as quantity is concerned.

We come now to speak, though briefly, of the works named at the head of our article.[1] No. 1 contains the reports of two sub-committees of the Boston School Committee. The first is the Report of the "annual examination of the Grammar department of the Grammar and Writing Schools." The second, of the "annual examination of the Writing department of the Grammar Schools." The first is a plain statement of the results of the examination of each particular school. The reading in the upper divisions of the first class is pronounced admirable, as that class is under the direction of the head masters. But the three

lower classes, including more than four-fifths of all the children in the schools, are under the care of subordinate teachers, with much smaller salaries, and probably with inferior qualifications. The author, Mr. G. B. Emerson,[2] thinks a considerable majority of all the children never reach the first class, and therefore do not partake directly in the advantages of the best instruction provided for the schools. Some children have been two years in the grammar schools, who yet have not advanced at all since they entered them. Something ought to be done to remedy this injustice. There is a considerable deficiency in the furniture of the schools, but in special there is a great want of libraries. There are not two thousand volumes in all the grammar schools in the city! The author thinks libraries should be provided; that the study of physiology should be introduced into all the schools as soon as possible, and recommends, also, that the art of drawing should likewise be taught in all, and geometry in the schools for boys. The Report also mentions the want of schools for ignorant adults; a want deeply felt, and now but imperfectly supplied by the benevolence of a few private persons. Many ignorant foreigners come yearly amongst us; many, also, from "woodsy" places in New Hampshire and Vermont, where there are no schools accessible — who cannot even read. It is hard to leave these men to the irregular care of private benevolence, which already finds more than enough to do; it is unjust to neglect them, leaving them in their ignorance. The little which would be required to establish such schools would perhaps be a gain to the city in the end.

The Report of the other committee is a literary curiosity. A document so ill-written we have seldom seen,

and know not which is the most remarkable, the confusion of thought or of speech. Speaking of the Hawes School, the author says, "The teacher has had no *philosophical apparatus to illustrate* or interest the pupils in." In the Winthrop School, he says, "No *permitted* books are used." The tenth question in natural philosophy laid before the pupils at the examination was as follows: "Is the North Pole of the earth and the North Magnetic Pole in the same part of the earth's surface?" But we forbear from giving any more specimens of the *style* of the Report. The committee recommended, as it seems to us very justly, that plain sewing should be taught in all the girls' schools. To some this will doubtless seem a trifling matter, while in reality it is one of great importance. But the committee also recommended that algebra and geometry should be discontinued in the writing schools, that "boys should be educated only by men," and that medals should be distributed to the most excellent scholars. We trust the city will not take three steps backward in compliance with these suggestions.

We wish the Boston Examining Committee had recommended the appointment of a general superintendent of all the schools in the city, to look after teachers and pupils both. The School Committees, from their very nature, can at best do their work but imperfectly, as their Reports show. It would be easy for each town with ten thousand inhabitants to appoint a superintendent of public schools, who should make it his whole business to look after their welfare; and we think that in a few years most beautiful results would follow. The School Committees have seldom much time to devote to their work; they are yet more rarely men who understand the science or the art of education so well

as the teachers themselves. The result is, that the teachers become substantially irresponsible, adopt inferior methods of instruction, or attempt to teach with no method at all; and much of the time of the children and the money of the people is thereby wasted.

No. 2 contains a large amount of valuable information and important suggestions offered by the indefatigable Secretary of the Board of Education. His Report will doubtless be extensively circulated, and therefore we say but little of its contents. The most important part is the section which treats of "the power of common schools to redeem the State from social vices and crimes." He thinks that more than half of the bodily debility and disease, of the pains and expenditures of sickness, of all cases of death before the age of seventy years, are the consequence of sheer ignorance, and therefore, can easily be avoided. He gives the testimony of eight distinguished friends of popular education, all of them believing in the natural depravity of the human heart, to show that the common schools may be made to "expel ninety-nine hundredths of all the vices and crimes under which society now mourns and agonizes." "The crowning beauty of the whole is," he continues, "that Christian men of every faith may cordially unite in carrying forward the work of reform, however various may be their opinions as to the cause which has made that work necessary; just as all good citizens may unite in extinguishing a conflagration, though there may be a hundred conflicting opinions as to the means or the men that kindled it."

He thinks the most generous public education is the best economy for the State. "What is ingulfed in the vortex of crime, in each generation, would build a

palace of more than oriental splendor in every school district in the land; would endow it with a library beyond the ability of a lifetime to read; would supply it with apparatus and laboratories for the illustration of every study, and the exemplification of every art, and munificently requite the services of a teacher worthy to preside in such a sanctuary of intelligence and virtue."

He contrasts the cost of war and its preparations with the cost of education.

"Since the organization of the Federal government, in 1789, the expense of our military and naval establishments and equipments, in round numbers, is $700,000,000. Two of our ships of the line have cost more than $2,000,000. The value of the arms accumulated, at one time, at the arsenal in Springfield, in this State, was $2,000,000. The Military Academy at West Point has cost more than $4,000,000. In our town meetings, and in our school district meetings, wealthy and substantial men oppose the grant of $15 for a school library, and of $30 for both library and apparatus; while, at West Point, they spend $50 in a single lesson at target-firing, and the government keeps a hundred horses, and grooms and blacksmiths to take care of them, as an indispensable part of the apparatus of the Academy. The pupils at our normal schools, who are preparing to become teachers, must maintain themselves; the cadets at the Academy receive $28 a month, during their entire term, as a compensation for being educated at the public expense. Adding bounties and pensions to wages and rations, I suppose the cost of a common foot-soldier in the army cannot be less than $250 a year. The average cost of female teachers for the public schools of Mas-

sachusetts last year, was only $13.60 a month, inclusive of board; or, at the rate which would give $163.20 for the year; but the average length of the schools was but eight months, so that the cost of two common soldiers is nearly that of five female teachers. The annual salary of a colonel of dragoons in the United States army is $2,206; of a brigadier-general, $2,958; of a major-general, $4,512; that of a captain of a ship of the line, when in service, $4,500; and even when off duty, it is $2,500! There are but seven towns in Massachusetts where any teacher of a public school receives as high a salary as $1,000; and, in four of these towns, one teacher only receives this sum."

He might have added, that the annual cost of a single regiment of dragoons in the United States service is $700,000, more than $30,000 greater than the annual cost of the public education of the people of Massachusetts. There are now in service three such regiments, costing yearly $2,100,000; a sum greater than the cost of all the colleges of New England. No boy can waste his cake and have it too.

"It being proved, if all our children were to be brought under the benignant influences of such teachers as the State can supply, from the age of four years to that of sixteen, and for ten months in each year, that ninety-nine in every hundred of them can be rescued from uncharitableness, from falsehood, from intemperance, from cupidity, licentiousness, violence, and fraud, and reared to the performance of all duties, and to the practice of all the kindnesses and courtesies, of domestic and social life,— made promoters of the common weal instead of subtractors from it; — this being proved, I respectfully and with deference sub-

mit to the Board, and through them to the Legislature, and to my fellow-citizens at large, that every man is poor, in an educational sense, who cannot both spare and equip his children for school, for the entire period above specified; and that while he remains thus poor, it is not only the dictate of generosity and Christianity, but it is the wisest policy, and profoundest statesmanship, too, to supply from the public treasury — municipal or State, or both,— whatever means may be wanted to make certain so glorious an end. These principles and this practice, the divine doctrines of Christianity have always pointed at, and a progressive civilization has now brought us into proximity to them. How is it, that we can call a man poor because his body is cold, and not because his highest sympathies and affections have been frozen up within him, in one polar and perpetual winter, from his birth. Hunger does not stint the growth of the body half so much as ignorance dwarfs the capacities of the mind. No wound upon the limbs, or gangrene of vital organs, is a thousandth part so terrible as those maladies of the soul that jeopard its highest happiness, and defeat the end for which it was created."

We should not perform our duty did we omit all mention of the movements recently made in this State for the improvement of popular education. The condition of our public schools in 1836 and for some years previous, is well known. The State raised annually less than $400,000 for educational purposes. There were no public seminaries for teachers; many of the teachers themselves were incompetent to a degree almost exceeding belief. Little interest was felt in the public education of the people, either by the mass of men or the classes most favored with culture and with wealth

— the natural guardians of society. A few noble men, generously feeling for the common good of mankind, formed the brilliant exception to the general and melancholy rule. By the efforts of a few men, the Board of Education was established in 1837. At that time Horace Mann was President of the Massachusetts Senate, with a fair prospect of advancing his political career. He had abundant talents; good men of all parties gave him their confidence. He was also a lawyer, with a reputation rapidly increasing, and a professional income of about $3,000 a year. Some one was needed to take the office of Secretary of the Board of Education, and toil for the common good of the people of Massachusetts. Mr. Mann accepted that arduous post. He gave up his chance of political preferment — so dazzling to the greedy aspirant for noisy fame; gave up his profession, with the certainty of wealth which it offered. He became Secretary of the Board of Education, with a pitiful salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, and the chance that even that would be reduced one half by a vote of the legislature in a year or two. He knew he must toil far harder than ever before, and that, too, with the certainty of being abused by each lazy and incompetent schoolmaster coveting a sleepy supervision of his work; by every demagogue who could get up the insane cry of "expense," and talk of the folly of Massachusetts paying fifteen hundred dollars for a man to look after the common schools; yes, by every sectarian bigot from Provincetown to Williamstown, who feared nothing so much as education wide spread amongst the people. Such was the prospect. Many thought him a fool for taking the office, and some said so. But one good man, soaring far above the heads

of his contemporaries, thanked him for his heroism, and bade him God speed. That man long since ceased to be mortal, and needs no praise of ours. A single guess would solve the mystery,— it was Dr. Channing.

The ends which could so easily have been foreseen soon came to pass. The penny wisdom of the State was appealed to by the proud foolishness thereof, and the talk was of the expense — the great cost of the Board of Education; fifteen hundred dollars in one year actually paid to the Secretary! Truly, the Commonwealth was in danger. The demagogues, also, took their turn, attacking the Board and its Secretary, not with success, but not without effect. Sectarians were true to their ruthless craft, and raised the old cry of "Infidelity," and "Church in danger," till the land rang again. But if the ears of the people tingled at that cry, we think other ears, also, smarted at the retort, and its echo loud and long. "Suspicions, political and denominational, were excited and widely diffused;" "dark insinuations, imputing sinister and ulterior designs, were clandestinely circulated, and they worked longer and more efficiently for working beneath the surface." Even the schoolmasters, or a part of them, joined also in the battle, excited we know not whence or how, and fought with fierceness if not with science and with skill. Even now we fear the battle is not over.

The normal schools got established, a single man thereby doing much for education, that greatest charity; much in public, though as green a growth still marks the unseen windings of that same stream of private bounty flowing towards the same end.

By means of this movement — by the Board of Education, by the normal schools, and still more, as

we think, by the able efforts of the Secretary, matters are rapidly getting mended; the education of the people goes forward rapidly, and yet more certainly. Bigots are losing their influence; demagogues their power. But it is getting light. When the day dawns wild beasts lie down in their dens, and bats and owls are not seen nor heard. If we were asked for the man who in the last ten years has done the greatest service to his State, we should not hesitate to name the Secretary of the Board of Education, who will doubtless blame us for writing of him who hides himself behind his work. He has had the reward always given to such services,— not riches, and not rank, not honor, — but a crown. Not a crown of gold or of laurel, by grateful men pressed upon an honored brow, but a crown of thorns, put there by quite other hands and for purposes somewhat unlike.

We cannot forbear saying a word on the causes which impede the public education of the people amongst us. One is the effect of habit. It has never been the habit of any State to demand a wide culture of its citizens, or to use the public wealth for the public education. Said the present emperor of Austria, a few years ago, to the assembled students of the University of Vienna,—"Austria wants not so much accomplished students as obedient subjects." The money which built Versailles and the Tuileries — what colleges and common schools might it not have founded! What sums are squandered by England, France, Prussia, the United States, on armies, navies, fortifications, which would easily educate those nations! True, a cannon speaks with a loud voice, yet a schoolmaster can be heard the furthest. The hundred million dollars already spent, it is said, in the Mexican

War, would found one hundred and twenty-five free colleges, each as costly as Harvard University,— library, professorships, Scientific School, and all. Yet nobody thinks it very strange that the public book money and school fund are taken to buy powder and ball! Even the churches, which certainly have played an important part in the general education of the human race, are doing little directly to advance the intellectual culture of mankind. They have favored that by God's providence, not their own design; — unconscious ministers of a good they knew not. At this day, in many instances, the clergy actually retard the education of the people — counting reason as carnal, forbidding thought, mocking at science, "now hawking at geology and schism," now justifying ignorance, pauperism, slavery, war — out of the Bible itself taking pains to establish unity of belief in some miserable tradition, rather than that independent wisdom which takes old things if good, and new ones, likewise, if also true. We wish such men may be found the exceptions; — yet we blame not the Church or the State, doubting not that the leaders of both walk by such light as they have. We only take their walking as the index of their light.

It has not been the habit of the people to look on Church and State as two keepers of a dame's school for mankind, and therefore the nation has not held them to that work. Yet it is, if thoughtfully looked at, their highest function. Pope Pius IX. and Louis Philippe are but larger schoolmasters. The people themselves think little of education; make it consist of a very few things, a poor use of these three educational tools; a knowledge of their calling, so as to get along without many blunders — of a few good rules,

but not in a generous culture of mind, conscience, affection, and the religious sentiments.

In every community there is a class called educated. Their knowledge is their power; "the one-eyed man is lord among the blind." But the educated class even here have taken far too little pains to educate the multitude; have rather laughed at the toiling mass, as incapable of culture, and often made the matter worse than they found it. Certainly they are not doing what Christianity, or even patriotism, demands of them. With the exception of that small but ambidextrous class, hard-headed, hard-bodied, who support themselves at school and college, every man, rich or poor, who gets a superior education, is a charity-scholar of society, for others earned his bread while he was at school. He owes, therefore, for his schooling; the least he can do in payment is to help the education of all. When such a man sneers at the ignorance of the public, calling them incapable and unwashed, it reminds us of a beggar abusing the man who fed, clad, and gave him a house. The staple literature of the nations has seldom been written in the interest of mankind — only of a class. One great excellence of the New Testament is, that it is written in the interest of the human race; that is one reason why it is the book of the people, and will long continue such; one reason also why, in Catholic countries, it has been withheld from them. An eloquent writer, Rev. H. W. Beecher, says, "Men become scholars that they may become benefactors." "The body of educated men should stand so far above the level of society as shall give them scope to exert their greatest attractive force. If privileged at all, it is as the clouds are privileged to rain in gracious showers that

they have gathered up; as the sun's satellites are, to reflect light."

Then from our very circumstances there is an excessive demand for practical men. It is not merely brain that is wanted, but brain in the hand. We turn all things to some immediate and economic use; would put Homer to lead the singing in some village church; set Raphael to paint the faces of silly women and sillier men, or, that failing, to daub sign-boards and make arabesques for calicoes: Michael Angelo and Da Vinci we should employ on a railroad, or place them with the sappers and miners in the army, and put Newton at the head of some annuity office. High intellect, accomplished with high culture, goes to the Church, the forum, or the bar, and finds itself above the market. Superior ability, therefore, in America, finds its most fitting sphere in common business, where superior talent provokes no jealousy while it wins its gold.[2]

Such being the case, the general aim in education is not to get the most and the best, but the least one can get along with. It is counted the means, not the end, and is taken as a maid-servant, as help, its demands granted with a grudge; not taken as a wife, for itself. Education is valued, as it helps to make men able to serve as tools in the great workshop of society. This man is an agricultural implement; that a tool of the court-house; another a piece of ecclesiastical furniture. The farmer must have a little culture for his special work on the soil, less for his general work as a man; the merchant a little more, special and general; the lawyer, minister, and doctor, a little more yet. But even in the learned professions it is rare to find men of large general culture; the special absorbs the gen-

eral; the whale of the profession swallows down the prophetic man, and makes away with him for ever. The title of Doctor of Law, Medicine, and Divinity, has sometimes seemed to be a misnomer, for which it would be well to substitute Mechanic at Law, Medicine, and Divinity. Many professional men seem not educated, but wonted to their profession, as the mill-horse to his narrow beat, and have scarcely more saliency of intellect than the beast. How many lawyers and ministers are there who are only parts of their profession! You look for a man in the calling of the attorney or minister, and find only a limb of the law, or a slip of divinity. We have few scholars ripe and good; each man gets a taste of education, some a mouthful, but nobody a meal. Such being the case, then how much less can we expect a good and general education to be sought after and won by the laboring mass of mankind. Yet one fact is encouraging and prophetic: each man, as a general rule, is better educated than his father.

The reason of this neglect of the higher education in the educated class, of all but the rudiments in the humbler class, lies deep. We take mean views of life, of man and his possibility, thinking the future can never be made better than the past. We think the end a man is to live for is this: wealth, fame, social rank. Genius, wisdom, power of mind, of heart and soul, are counted only as means to such an end. So in the hot haste to be rich, famous, respectable, many let manhood slip through their fingers, retaining only the riches, fame, and respectability. Never till manliness is thought the end of man, never till education is valued for itself, can we have a wide, generous culture, even among the wealthiest class. Not till then in the mass

of men shall we find a scheme of education worthy of the American people and the great ideas given them to unfold in life. But day teaches day, and experience offers wisdom if she does not give it.

V

THE PUBLIC FUNCTION OF WOMAN

That our daughters may be as cornerstones.— Psalm cxliv. 12.

The domestic function of woman, as a housekeeper, wife, and mother, does not exhaust her powers. Woman's function, like charity, begins at home; then, like charity, goes everywhere. To make one-half of the human race consume all their energies in the functions of housekeeper, wife, and mother, is a waste of the most precious material that God ever made.

I. In the present constitution of society there are some unmarried women to whom the domestic function is little, or is nothing; women who are not mothers, not wives, not housekeepers. I mean those who are permanently unmarried. It is a great defect in the Christian civilization, that so many women and men are never married. There may be three women in a thousand to whom marriage would be disagreeable under any possible circumstances; perhaps thirty more to whom it would be disagreeable under the actual circumstances — in the present condition of the family and the community. But there is a large number of women who continue unmarried for no reason in their nature, from no conscious dislike of the present domestic and social condition of mankind, and from no disinclination to marriage under existing circumstances. This is a deplorable evil, alike a misfortune to man and to woman. The Catholic Church has elevated celibacy to the rank of a theological virtue, consecrating an unnatural evil: on a small scale the results

thereof are writ in the obscene faces of many a priest, false to his human nature, while faithful to his priestly vow; and on a large scale in the vice, the infamy, and degradation of woman in almost all Catholic lands.

The classic civilization of Greece and Rome had the same vice with the Christian civilization. Other forms of religion have sought to get rid of this evil by polygamy, and thereby they degraded woman still further. The Mormons are repeating the same experiment, based not on philanthropy, but on tyranny, and are thereby still further debasing woman under their feet. In classic and in Christian civilization alone has there been a large class of women permanently unmarried — not united or even subordinated to man in the normal marriage of one to one, or in the abnormal conjunction of one to many. This class of unmarried women is increasing in all Christian countries, especially in those that are old and rich.

Practically speaking, to this class of women the domestic function is very little; to some of them it is nothing at all. I do not think that this condition is to last — marriage is writ in the soul of man, as in his body — but it indicates a transition, it is a step forward. Womankind is advancing from that period when every woman was a slave, and marriage of some sort was guaranteed to every woman, because she was dependent on man; woman is advancing from that to a state of independence, where she shall not be subordinated to him, but the two co-ordinated together. The evil is transient in its nature, and God grant it may soon pass away.

II. That is not all. For the housekeeper, the wife, and the mother, the domestic is not the only function — it is not function enough for the mother, for the

human being, more than it would be function enough for the father, for the man. After women have done all which pertains to housekeeping as a trade, to housekeeping as one of the fine arts, in their relation as wife and mother — after they have done all for the order of the house, for the order of the husband, and the order of the children — they have still energies to spare, a reserved power for yet other work.

There are three classes of women:—

First, domestic drudges, who are wholly taken up in the material details of their housekeeping, husband-keeping, child-keeping. Their housekeeping is a trade, and no more; and after they have done that, there is no more which they can do. In New England it is a small class, getting less every year.

Next, there are domestic dolls, wholly taken up with the vain show which delights the eye and the ear. They are ornaments of the estate. Similar toys, I suppose, will one day be more chiefly manufactured at Paris and Nuremberg, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and other toy-shops of Europe, out of wax and *papier-mâché*, and sold in Boston at the haberdasher's by the dozen. These ask nothing beyond their function as dolls, and hate all attempts to elevate womankind.

But there are domestic women who order a house, and are not mere drudges, adorn it, and are not mere dolls, but women. Some of these — yes, many of them — conjoin the useful of the drudge and the beautiful of the doll into one womanhood, and have a great deal left besides. They are not wholly taken up with their function as housekeeper, wife, mother.

In the progress of mankind, and the application of masculine science to what was once only feminine work — whereby so much time is saved from the wheel and

the loom, the oven and the spit — with the consequent increase of riches, the saving of time, and the intellectual education which comes in consequence thereof, this class of women is continually enlarging. With us in New England, in all the North, it is already a large class.

Well, what shall these domestic women do with their spare energies and superfluous power? Once a malicious proverb said, "The shoemaker must not go beyond his last." Every shoemaker looks on that proverb with appropriate contempt. He is a shoemaker; but he was a man first, a shoemaker next. Shoemaking is an accident of his manhood, not manhood an accident of his shoemaking. You know what haughty scorn the writer of the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus pours out on every farmer, "who glorieth in the goad," every carpenter and blacksmith, every jeweller and potter. "They shall not be sought for," says this aristocrat, "in the public councils; they shall not sit high in the congregation; they shall not sit in the judges' seat, nor understand the sentence of judgment; they cannot declare justice." Aristotle and Cicero thought no better of the merchants: they were only busy in trading. Miserable people! quoth these great men, what have they to do with the affairs of State — merchants, mechanics, farmers? It is only for kings, nobles, and famous rich men, who do no business, but keep slaves! Still, a great many men at this day have just the same esteem for women that those haughty persons of whom I have spoken had for mechanics and for merchants. Many sour proverbs there are which look the same way. But, just now, such is the intellectual education of women of the richer class in all our large towns, that these sour

proverbs will not go down so well as of old. Even in Boston, spite of the attempts of the city government to prevent the higher public education of women — diligently persisted in for many years — the young women of wealthy families get a better education than the young men of wealthy families do; and that fact is going to report itself presently. The best-educated young men are commonly poor men's sons; but the best-educated young women are quite uniformly rich men's daughters.

A well-educated young woman, fond of Goethe, and Dante, and Shakspeare, and Cervantes, marrying an ill-educated young man, who cares for nothing but his horse, his cigar, and his bottle — who only knows how to sleep after dinner, a "great heap of husband," curled up on the sofa, and in the evening can only laugh at a play, and not understand the Italian words of the opera, which his wife knows by heart — she, I say, marrying him, will not accept the idea that he is her natural lord and master; she cannot look up to him, but rather down. The domestic function does not consume all her time or talent. She knows how to perform much of her household work as a manufacturer weaves cotton, or spins hemp, or forges iron — with other machinery, by other hands. She is the housekeeping head; and after she has kept house as wife and as mother, and has done all, she has still energies to spare.

That is a large class of women: it is a great deal larger than men commonly suppose. It is continually enlarging, and you see why. When all manufactures were domestic, when every garment was made at home, every web woven at home, every thread spun at home, every fleece dyed at home; when the husband

provided the wool or the sheepskin, and the wife made it a coat; when the husband brought home a sack of corn on a mule's back, and the wife pounded it in a mortar, or ground it between two stones, as in the Old Testament — then the domestic function might well consume all the time of a very able-headed woman. But nowadays, when so much work is done abroad; when the flour-mills of Rochester and Boston take the place of the pestle and mortar and the hand-mill of the Old Testament; when Lowell and Lawrence are two enormous Old Testament women, spinning and weaving year out and year in, day and night both; when so much of woman's work is done by the butcher and the baker, by the tailor, and the cook, and the gas-maker, and she is no longer obliged to dip or mold with her own hands every candle that "goeth not out by night," as in the Old Testament woman's housekeeping — you see how very much of woman's time is left for other functions. This will become yet oftener the case. Ere long much lofty science will be applied to housekeeping, and work be done by other than human hands, in the house, as out of it. And accordingly, you see that the class of women not wholly taken up by the domestic function will get larger and larger.

III. Then there is a third class of women, who have no taste and no talent for the domestic function. Perhaps these are exceptional women; some of them exceptional by redundance — they have talents not needed in this function; others are exceptional by defect — with only a common talent, they have none for housekeeping. It is as cruel a lot to set these persons to such work, as it would be to take a born sailor and make him a farmer; or to take a man who is born to

drive oxen, delights to give the kine fodder, and has a genius for it, and shut him up in the forecastle of a ship. Who would think of making Jenny Lind nothing but a housekeeper? or of devoting Madame de Stäel, or Miss Dix, or a dozen other women that any man can name, wholly to that function?

IV. Then there is another class of women — those who are not married yet, but are to be married. They, likewise, have spare time on their hands which they know not what to do with. Women of this latter class have sometimes asked me what there was for them to do. I could not tell.

All these four put together make up a large class of women, who need some other function beside the domestic. What shall it be? In the Middle Ages, when the Catholic Church held its iron hand over the world, these women went into the Church. The permanently unmarried, getting dissatisfied, became nuns, often calling that a virtue which was only a necessity; making a religious principle out of an involuntary measure. Others voluntarily went thither. The attempt is making anew in England, by some of the most pious people, to revive the scheme. It failed a thousand years ago, and the experiment brought a curse on man. It will always fail; and it ought to fail. Human nature cries out against it.

Let us look, and see what women may do here.

First, there are intellectual pursuits — devotion to science, art, literature, and the like.

In the first place, that is not popular. Learned women are met with ridicule; they are bid to mend their husbands' garments, or their own; they are treated with scorn. Foolish young man number one, in a liquor shop, of a morning, knocks off the ashes

from the end of his cigar, and says to foolish young man number two, who is taking soda to wash off the effect of last night's debauch, or preparing for a similar necessity to-morrow morning — in the presence of foolish young man number three, four, five, six, and so on indefinitely — "I do not like learned young women: they puzzle me." So they do; puzzle him very much. I once heard a silly young man, full of self-conceit and his father's claret, say "I had rather have a young woman ask me to waltz, than to explain an allusion in Dante." Very likely: he had studied waltzing, and not Dante. And his mother, full of conceit and her own hyson, said, "I perfectly agree with you. My father said that women had nothing to do with learning." Accordingly, he gave her none, and that explained the counsel.

Then, too, foolish men no longer young say the same thing, and seek to bring down their wives and daughters to their own poor mediocrity of wit and inferiority of culture.

I say this intellectual calling is not popular. I am sorry it is not; but even if it were, it is not wholly satisfactory — it suits but a few. In the present stage of human development there are not many men who are satisfied with merely intellectual calling; they want something practical, as well as speculative. There are a thousand practical shoemakers to every speculative botanist. It will be so for many years to come. There are ten thousand carpenters to a single poet or philosopher, who dignifies his nature with song or with science. See how dissatisfied our most eminent intellectual men become with science and literature. A professor of Greek is sorry he was not a surveyor or engineer; the president of a college longs to be a

member of Congress; the most accomplished scholars, historians, romancers, they wish to be collectors at Boston, consuls at Liverpool, and the like, longing for some practical calling, where they can make their thought a thing. Of the intellectual men whom I know, I can count on the fingers of a single hand all that are satisfied with pure science, pure art, pure literature.

Woman, like man, wants to make her thought a thing; at least, wants things to work her pattern of thought upon. Still, as the world grows older, and wiser, and better, more persons will find an abiding satisfaction in these lofty pursuits. I am rejoiced to see woman thus attracted thitherward. Some women there are already who find an abiding satisfaction in literature: it fills up their leisure. I rejoice that it is so.

Then there are, next, the various philanthropies of the age. In these the spare energies of woman have always found a congenial sphere. It is amazing to see how woman's charity, which "never faileth," palliates the injustice of man, which never has failed yet. Men fight battles: women heal the wounds of the sick: —

> "Forgot are hatred, wrongs and fears:
> The plaintive voice alone she hears,
> Sees but the dying man"—

and does not ask if foe or friend. Messrs. Pinchem and Peelem organize an establishment, wherein the sweat and tears and blood of the poor turn the wheels; every pivot and every shaft rolls on quivering human flesh. The wealthy capitalists —

> "Half-ignorant — they turn an easy wheel,
> Which sets sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel."

The wives and daughters of the wealthy house go out to "undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free;" to heal the sick and teach the ignorant, whom their fathers, their husbands, their lovers, have made sick, oppressed and ignorant. Ask Manchester, in Old England and in New, if this is not so; ask London, ask Boston.

The moral, affectional, and religious feelings of woman fit her for this work. Her patience, her gentleness, her power to conciliate, her sympathy with man, her trust in God, beautifully prepare her for this; and accordingly, she comes in the face of what man calls justice as an angel of mercy — before his hate as an angel of love — between his victim and his selfishness with the self-denial of Paul and the self-sacrifice of Jesus. Look at any village in New England and in Old England, at the Sacs and Foxes, at the Hottentots and the Esquimaux, it is the same thing: it is so in all ages, in all climes, in all stages of civilization; in all ranks of society, the highest and the lowest; in all forms of religion, all sects of Christianity. It has been so, from Dorcas, in the Acts of the Apostles, who made coats and garments for the poor, down to Miss Dix, in our day, who visits jails and houses of correction, and coaxes President Fillmore to let Captain Drayton out of jail, where he was placed for the noblest act of his life.

But these philanthropies are not enough for the employment of women; and if all the spare energies of womankind were set to this work — to palliate the consequences of man's injustice — it would not be exactly the work which woman wants. There are some women who take no special interest in this. For woman is not all philanthropy, though very much:

she has other faculties which want to be developed besides the heart to feel. Still more, that is not the only thing which mankind wants of woman. We need the justice which removes causes, as well as the charity that palliates effects; and woman, standing continually between the victim and the saber which would cleave him through, is not performing her only function, not her most important: high as that is, it is not her highest. If the feminine swallow drives away the flies from a poor fox struggling for life, another set of flies light upon him, and suck every remaining drop of blood out of his veins, as in the old fable. Besides, if the fox finds that a womanly swallow comes to drive off the flies, he depends on her wing and not on his own brush, and becomes less of a fox. If a miser, or any base man, sees that a woman constantly picks up the man whom he knocks down with the left hand of usury, or the right hand of rum, he will go on with his extortion or his grog, because, he says, "I should have done the man harm, but a woman picked him up, and money comes to my pocket, and no harm to the man!" The evils of society would become worse and worse, just as they are increased by indiscriminate almsgiving. That is not enough.

Then there are various practical works left by common consent to woman.

First, there is domestic service — woman working as an appendage to some household; a hired hand, or a hired head, to help the housekeeper.

Then there is mechanical labor in a factory or a shop — spinning, weaving, setting type, binding books, making shoes, coloring maps, and a hundred other things.

Next, there is trade in a small way, from the basket-woman, with her apples at every street corner, up to the confectioner and haberdasher, with their well filled shops. In a few retail shops, which venture to brave popular opinion, woman is employed at the counter.

As a fourth thing, there is the business of public and private teaching in various departments.

All these are well; they are unavoidable, they are absolutely necessary; they furnish employment to many women, and are a blessed resource.

I rejoice that the field work of the farmer is not done by woman's hand in the free portions of America. It imbrutes women in Ireland, in France, and in Spain. I am glad that the complicated machinery of life furnishes so much more work for the light and delicate hand of woman. But I confess I mourn that where her work is as profitable as man's, her pay is not half so much. A woman who should teach a public school well would be paid four or six dollars a week; while a man who should teach no better would be paid two, three, four, or six times that sum. It is so in all departments of woman's work that I am acquainted with.

These employments are very well, but still they are not enough.

Rich women do not engage in these callings. For rich women there is no profession left except marriage. After school time, woman has nothing to do till she is married: I mean almost nothing; nothing that is adequate. Accordingly she must choose betwixt a husband and nothing, and sometimes that is choosing between two nothings. There are spare energies which seek employment before marriage and after marriage.

These callings are not all that the race of woman

needs and requires. She and man have the same human nature, and, of course, the same natural human rights. Woman's natural right for its rightfulness does not depend on the bodily or mental power to assert and to maintain it, on the great arm or the great head; it depends only on human nature itself, which God made the same in the frailest woman as in the biggest giant.

If woman is a human being, first, she has the nature of a human being; next, she has the right of a human being; third, she has the duty of a human being. The nature is the capacity to possess, to use, to develop, and to enjoy every human faculty; the right is the right to enjoy, develop, and use every human faculty; and the duty is to make use of the right, and make her human nature human history. She is here to develop her human nature, enjoy her human rights, perform her human duty. Womankind is to do this for herself, as much as mankind for himself. A woman has the same human nature that a man has, the same human rights — to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness — the same human duties; and they are as inalienable in a woman as in a man.

Each man has the natural right to the normal development of his nature, so far as it is general human, neither man nor woman, but human. Each woman has the natural right to the normal development of her nature, so far as it is general human, neither woman nor man. But each man has also a natural and inalienable right to the normal development of his peculiar nature as man, where he differs from woman. Each woman has just the same natural and inalienable right to the normal development of her peculiar nature as woman, and not man. All that is undeniable.

Now see what follows. Woman has the same individual right to determine her aim in life, and to follow it; has the same individual rights of body and of spirit, of mind and conscience, and heart and soul; the same physical rights, the same intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious rights which man has. That is true of womankind as a whole: it is true of Jane, Ellen, and Sally, and each special woman who can be named.

Every person, man or woman, is an integer, an individual, a whole person, and also a portion of the race, and so a fraction of humankind. The rights of individualism are not to be possessed, developed, used, and enjoyed by a life in solitude, but by joint action. Accordingly, to complete and perfect the individual man or woman, and give each an opportunity to possess, use, develop, and enjoy these rights, there must be concerted and joint action: else individuality is only a possibility, not a reality. So the individual rights of woman carry with them the same domestic, social, ecclesiastical, and political rights as those of man.

The family, community, Church, and State, are four modes of action which have grown out of human nature in its historical development. They are all necessary for the development of mankind — machines which the human race has devised, in order to possess, use, develop, and enjoy their rights as human beings, their rights also as men.

These are just as necessary for the development of woman as of man; and as she has the same nature, right, and duty as man, it follows that she has the same right to use, shape, and control these four institutions for her general human purpose and for her

special feminine purpose, that man has to control them for his general human purpose and his special masculine purpose. All that is as undeniable as anything in metaphysics or mathematics.

So, then, woman has the same natural rights as man. In domestic affairs she is to determine her own sphere as much as man, and say where her function is to begin, when it shall begin, with whom it shall begin; where it shall end, when it shall end, and what it shall comprise.

Then she has the same right to freedom of industry that man has. I do not believe that the hard callings of life will ever suit woman. It is not little boys who go out as lumberers, but great men, with sinewy, brawny arms. I doubt that laborious callings, like navigation, engineering, lumbering, and the like, will ever be agreeable to woman. Her feminine body and feminine spirit naturally turn away from such occupations. I have seen women gathering the filth of the streets in Liverpool, sawing stone in a mason's yard in Paris, carrying earth in baskets on their heads for a railway embankment at Naples; but they were obviously out of place, and only consented to this drudgery when driven by Poverty's iron whip. But there are many employments in the departments of mechanical work, of trade, little and extended, where woman could go, and properly go. Some women have a good deal of talent for trade — this in a small way, that on the largest scale. Why should not they exercise their commercial talents in competition with man? It is right for woman to be a domestic manufacturer in the family of Solomon or Priam, and of every thrifty husband, and wrong for her to be a public manufacturer on her own account? She might

spin when the motive power was a wheel-pin of wood in her hand: may she not use the Merrimac and the Connecticut for her wheel-pin? or must she be only the manufacturing servant of man, never her own master?

Much of the business of education already falls to the hands of woman. In the last twenty years there has been a great progress in the education of women in Massachusetts, in all New England. The high schools for girls — and, still better, those for girls and boys — have been of great service. Almost all the large towns of this Commonwealth have honored themselves with these blessed institutions. In Boston only the daughters of the rich can possess such an education as hundreds of noble girls long to acquire. With this enhancement of culture, women have been continually rising higher and higher as teachers. The State normal schools have helped in this movement. It used to be thought that only an able-bodied man could manage the large boys of a country or a city school. Even he was sometimes thrust out at the door or the window of "his noisy mansion" by his rough pupils. An able-headed woman has commonly succeeded better than men merely able-bodied. She has tried conciliation rather than violence, and appealed to something a little deeper than aught which force could never touch. The women-teachers are now doing an important work for the elevation of their race and all humankind. But it is commonly thought woman must not engage in the higher departments thereof. I once knew a woman, wife, and mother, and housekeeper, who taught the severest disciplines of our highest college, and instructed young men while she rocked the cradle with her foot, and mended

garments with her hands — one of the most accomplished scholars of New England.[1] Not long ago the daughter of a poor widowed seamstress was seen reading the Koran in Arabic.[2] There was but one man in the town who could do the same, and he was a "learned blacksmith." Another young woman,[3] also a mechanic's daughter, in a town adjoining this, the New England Ariadne, has threaded all the intricate windings of that mathematical labyrinth, Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste," for which few men have ever had the lengthy clue! The most accomplished philologist of Boston had also a feminine name.[4] The God of poetry likewise has bequeathed his most golden lyre to a woman's hand. Women not able to teach in these things! He must be rather a confident professor who thinks a woman cannot do what he can. I rejoice at the introduction of women into common schools, academies, and high schools; and I thank God that the man who has done so much for public education in Massachusetts is presently to be the head of a college in Ohio, where women and men are to study together, and where a woman is to be professor of Latin and Natural History. These are good signs.

The business of public lecturing, also, is quite important in New England, and I am glad to see that woman presses into that, not without success.

The work of conducting a journal, daily, weekly, or quarterly, woman proves that she can attend to quite as decently, and as strongly too, as most men.

Then there are what are called the professions — medicine, law, and theology.

The profession of medicine seems to belong peculiarly to woman by nature; part of it exclusively. She is a nurse, and half a doctor, by nature. It is quite

encouraging that medical schools are beginning to instruct women, and special schools get founded for the use of women; that sagacious men are beginning to employ women as their physicians. Great good is to be expected from that.

As yet, I believe, no woman acts as a lawyer. But I see no reason why the profession of law might not be followed by women as by men. He must be rather an uncommon lawyer who thinks no feminine head could compete with him. Most lawyers that I have known are rather mechanics at law than attorneys or scholars at law; and in the mechanical part woman could do as well as man — could be as good a conveyancer, could follow precedents as carefully, and copy forms as nicely. And in the higher departments of legal work, they who have read the plea which Lady Alice Lisle made in England, when she could not speak by attorney, must remember there is some eloquence in woman's tongue which courts find it rather hard to resist. I think her presence would mend the manners of the court — of the bench not less than of the bar.

In the business of theology, I could never see why a woman, if she wished, should not preach as well as men. It would be hard, in the present condition of the pulpit, to say she had not intellect enough for that! I am glad to find, now and then, women preachers, and rejoice at their success. A year ago I introduced to you the Reverend Miss Brown, educated at an orthodox theological seminary: you smiled at the name of Reverend Miss. She has since been invited to settle by several congregations of unblemished orthodoxy, and has passed on, looking further.

It seems to me that woman, by her peculiar constitution, is better qualified to teach religion than any merely intellectual discipline. The Quakers have always recognized the natural right of woman to perform the same ecclesiastical function as man. At this day the most distinguished preacher [5] of that denomination is a woman, who adorns her domestic calling as housekeeper, wife, and mother, with the same womanly dignity and sweetness which marks her public deportment.

If woman had been consulted, it seems to me theology would have been in a vastly better state than it is now. I do not think that any woman would ever have preached the damnation of babies new-born; and "hell, paved with the skulls of infants not a span long," would be a region yet to be discovered in theology. A celibate monk — with God's curse writ on his face, which knew no child, no wife, no sister, and "blushed that he had a mother" — might well dream of such a thing: he had been through the preliminary studies. Consider the ghastly attributes which are commonly put upon God in the popular theology; the idea of infinite wrath, of eternal damnation, and total depravity, and all that — why, you could not get a woman who had intellect enough to open her mouth to preach these things anywhere. Women think they think that they believe them, but they do not. Celibate priests, who never knew marriage, or what paternity was, who thought woman was "a pollution," they invented these ghastly doctrines; and when I have heard the Athanasian Creed and the Dies Iræ chanted by monks with the necks of bulls and the lips of donkeys, why I have understood where the doctrine came from, and have felt the appropriateness of their bray-

ing out the damnation hymns: woman could not do it. He shut her out of the choir, out of the priest's house, out of the pulpit; and then the priest, with unnatural vows, came in, and taught these "doctrines of devils." Could you find a woman who would read to a congregation, as words of truth, Jonathan Edwards's Sermons on a Future State — "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," "The Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners," "Wrath upon the Wicked to the Uttermost," "The Future Punishment of the Wicked," and other things of that sort? Nay, can you find a worthy woman, of any considerable culture, who will read the fourteenth chapter of Numbers, and declare that a true picture of the God she worships? Only a she-dragon could do it in our day.

The popular theology leaves us nothing feminine in the character of God. How could it be otherwise when so much of the popular theology is the work of men who thought woman was a "pollution," and barred her out of all the high places of the Church? If women had had their place in ecclesiastical teaching, I doubt that the "Athanasian Creed" would ever have been thought a "symbol" of Christianity. The picture and hymns which describe the last judgment are a protest against the exclusion of woman from teaching in the Church. "I suffer not a woman to teach, but to be in silence," said a writer in the New Testament. The sentence has brought manifold evil in its train.

So much for the employments of women.

By nature woman has the same political rights that man has — to vote, to hold office, to make and administer laws. These she has as a matter of right. The strong hand and the great head of man keep her

down, nothing more. In America, in Christendom, woman has no political rights, is not a citizen in full; she has no voice in making or administering the laws, none in electing the rulers or administrators thereof. She can hold no office — cannot be committee of a primary school, overseer of the poor, or guardian to a public lamp-post. But any man, with conscience enough to keep out of jail, mind enough to escape the poor-house, and body enough to drop his ballot into the box, he is a voter. He may have no character, even no money, that is no matter — he is male. The noblest woman has no voice in the State. Men make laws disposing of her property, her person, her children; still she must bear it "with a patient shrug."

Looking at it as a matter of pure right and pure science, I know no reason why woman should not be a voter, or hold office, or make and administer laws. I do not see how I can shut myself into political privileges and shut woman out, and do both in the name of inalienable right. Certainly, every woman has a natural right to have her property represented in the general representation of property, and her person represented in the general representations of persons.

Looking at it as a matter of expediency, see some facts. Suppose woman had a share in the municipal regulation of Boston, and there were as many Alderwomen as Aldermen, as many Common Councilwomen as Common Councilmen — do you believe that, in defiance of the law of Massachusetts, the City Government, last spring, would have licensed every two hundred and forty-fourth person of the city to sell intoxicating drink? — would have made every thirty-fifth voter a rum-seller? I do not.

Do you believe the women of Boston would spend

ten thousand dollars in one year in a city frolic, or spend two or three thousand every year, on the Fourth of July, for sky-rockets and fire-crackers; would spend four or five thousand dollars to get their Canadian guests drunk in Boston harbor, and then pretend that Boston had not money enough to establish a high school for girls, to teach the daughters of mechanics and grocers to read French and Latin, and to understand that higher things which rich men's sons are driven to at college? I do not.

Do you believe that the women of Boston, in 1851, would have spent three or four thousand dollars to kidnap a poor man, and have taken all the chains which belonged to the city, and put them round the court-house, and have drilled three hundred men, armed with bludgeons and cutlasses, to steal a man and carry him back to slavery? I do not. Do you think, if the women had had the control, "fifteen hundred men of property and standing" would have volunteered to take a poor man, kidnapped in Boston, and conduct him out of the State with fire and sword? I believe no such thing.

Do you think the women of Boston would take the poorest and most unfortunate children in the town, put them altogether into one school, making that the most miserable in the city, where they had not, and could not have half the advantages of the other children in different schools, and all that because the unfortunates were dark colored? Do you think the women of Boston would shut a bright boy out of the High School or Latin School because he was black in the face?

Women are said to be cowardly. When Thomas Sims, out of his dungeon, sent to the churches his pe-

tition for their prayers, had women been "the Christian clergy," do you believe they would not have dared to pray?

If women had a voice in the affairs of Massachusetts, do you think they would ever have made laws so that a lazy husband could devour all the substance of his active wife, spite of her wish; so that a drunken husband could command her bodily presence in his loathly house; and when an infamous man was divorced from his wife, that he could keep all the children? I confess I do not.

If the affairs of the nation had been under woman's joint control, I doubt that we should have butchered the Indians with such exterminating savagery, that, in fifty years, we should have spent seven hundred million dollars for war, and now, in time of peace, send twenty annual millions more to the same waste. I doubt that we should have spread slavery into nine new States, and made it national. I think the Fugitive Slave Bill would never have been an Act. Woman has some respect for the natural law of God.

I know men say woman cannot manage the great affairs of a nation. Very well. Government is political economy — national housekeeping. Does any respectable woman keep house so badly as the United States? with so much bribery, so much corruption, so much quarrelling in the domestic councils?

But government is also political morality, it is national ethics. Is there any worthy woman who rules her household as wickedly as the nations are ruled? who hires bullies to fight for her? Is there any woman who treats one-eighth part of her household as if they were cattle and not creatures of God — as if they were things and not persons? I know of none such. In

government, as housekeeping, or government, as morality, I think man makes a very poor appearance, when he says woman could not do as well as he has done and is doing.

I doubt that women will ever, as a general thing, take the same interest as men in political affairs, or find therein an abiding satisfaction. But that is for women themselves to determine, not for men.

In order to attain the end — the development of man in body and spirit — human institutions must represent all parts of human nature, both the masculine and the feminine element. For the well-being of the human race, we need the joint action of man and woman in the family, the community, the Church, and the State. A family without the presence of woman — with no mother, no wife, no sister, no womankind — is a sad thing. I think a community without woman's equal social action, a Church without her equal ecclesiastical action, and a State without her equal political action, is almost as bad — is very much what a house would be without a mother, wife, sister, or friend.

You see what prevails in the Christian civilization of the nineteenth century: it is force — force of body, force of brain. There is little justice, little philanthropy, little piety. Selfishness preponderates everywhere in Christendom — individual, domestic, social, ecclesiastical, national selfishness. It is preached as gospel and enacted as law. It is thought good political conduct for a strong people to devour the weak nations — for "Christian" England and America to plunder the "heathen," and annex their land; for a strong class to oppress and ruin the feeble class; for the capitalists of England to pauperize the poor white laborer; for the capitalists of America to enslave the

poorer black laborer; for a strong man to oppress the weak man; for the sharper to buy labor too cheap, and sell its product too dear, and so grow rich by making many poor. Hence nation is arrayed against nation, class against class, man against man. Nay, it is commonly taught that mankind is arrayed against God, and God against man; that the world is a universal discord; that there is no solidarity of man with man, of man with God. I fear we shall never get far beyond this theory and this practice, until woman has her natural rights as the equal of man, and takes her natural place in regulating the affairs of the family, the community, the Church, and the State.

It seems to me God has treasured up a reserved power in the nature of woman to correct many of those evils which are Christendom's disgrace to-day.

Circumstances help or hinder our development, and are one of the two forces which determine the actual character of a nation, or of mankind, at any special period. Hitherto, amongst men, circumstances have favored the development of only intellectual power in all its forms, chiefly in its lower forms. At present, mankind, as a whole, has the superiority over womankind, as a whole, in all that pertains to intellect, the higher and the lower. Man has knowledge, has ideas, has administrative skill; enacts the rules of conduct for the individual, the family, the community, the Church, the State, and the world. He applies these rules of conduct to life, and so controls the great affairs of the human race. You see what a world he has made of it. There is male vigor in this civilization, miscalled "Christian"; and in its leading nations there are industry and enterprise which never fail. There is science, literature, legislation, agriculture,

manufactures, mining, commerce, such as the world never saw. With the vigor of war, the Anglo-Saxon now works the works of peace. England abounds in wealth — richest of lands; but look at her poor, her vast army of paupers, two million strong, the Irish whom she drives with the hand of famine across the sea. Martin Luther was right when he said, "The richer the nation, the poorer the poor." America is "democratic," "the freest and most enlightened people in the world." Look at her slaves: every eighth woman in the country sold as a beast; with no more legal respect paid to her marriage than the farmer pays to the conjunctions of his swine. America is well educated; there are four millions of children in the school-houses of the land: it is a State's prison offense to teach a slave to read the three letters which spell God. The more "democratic" the country, the tighter is bondage ironed on the slave. Look at the cities of England and America. What riches, what refinement, what culture of man and woman too! Ay; but what poverty, what ignorance, what beastliness of man and woman too! The Christian civilization of the nineteenth century is well summed up in London and New York — the two foci of the Anglo-Saxon tribe, which control the shape of the world's commercial ellipse. Look at the riches and the misery; at the "religious enterprise" and the heathen darkness; at the virtue, the decorum, and the beauty of woman well born and well bred, and at the wild sea of prostitution, which swells and breaks and dashes against the bulwarks of society; every ripple was a woman once!

O, brother men, who make these things, is this a pleasant sight? Does your literature complain of it,

of the waste of human life, the slaughter of human souls, the butchery of women? British literature begins to wail in "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Jane Eyre," and "Mary Barton," and "Alton Locke," in many a "Song of the Shirt;" but the respectable literature of America is deaf as a cent to the outcry of humanity expiring in agonies. It is busy with California, or the Presidency, or extolling iniquity in high places, or flattering the vulgar vanity which buys its dross for gold. It cannot even imitate the philanthropy of English letters: it is "up" for California and a market. Does not the Church speak? the English Church, with its millions of money, the American, with its millions of men, both want to bay the moon of foreign heathenism. The Church is a dumb dog, that cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. It is a Church without woman, believing in a male and jealous God, and rejoicing in a boundless, endless hell!

Hitherto, with woman, circumstances have hindered the development of intellectual power in all its forms. She has not knowledge, has not ideas or practical skill to equal the force of man. But circumstances have favored the development of pure and lofty emotion in advance of man. She has moral feeling, affectional feeling, religious feeling, far in advance of man; her moral, affectional and religious intuitions are deeper and more trustworthy than his. Here she is eminent, as he is in knowledge, in ideas, in administrative skill.

I think man will always lead in affairs of intellect — of reason, imagination, understanding — he has the bigger brain; but that woman will always lead in affairs of emotion — moral, affectional, religious; she has the better heart, the truer intuition of the right,

the lovely, the holy. The literature of women in this century is juster, more philanthropic, more religious than that of men. Do you not hear the cry which, in New England, a woman is raising in the world's ears against the foul wrong which America is working in the world? Do you not hear the echo of that woman's voice come over the Atlantic, returned from European shores in many tongues, French, German, Italian, Swedish, Danish, Russian, Dutch? How a woman touches the world's heart! because she speaks justice, speaks piety, speaks love. What voice is strongest raised in continental Europe, pleading for the oppressed and down-trodden? That also is a woman's voice!

Well, we want the excellence of man and woman both united; intellectual power, knowledge, great ideas — in literature, philosophy, theology, ethics — and practical skill; but we want something better, the moral, affectional, religious intuition, to put justice into ethics, love into theology, piety into science and letters. Everywhere in the family, the community, the Church, and the State, we want the masculine and feminine element co-operating and conjoined. Woman is to correct man's taste, mend his morals, excite his affections, inspire his religious faculties. Man is to quicken her intellect, to help her will, translate her sentiments to ideas, and enact them into righteous laws. Man's moral action, at best, is only a sort of general human providence, aiming at the welfare of a part, and satisfied with achieving the "greatest good of the greatest number." Woman's moral action is more like a special human providence, acting without general rules, but caring for each particular case. We need both of these, the general and the special, to make a universal human providence.

If man and woman are counted equivalent, equal in right through diverse powers, shall we not mend the literature of the world, its theology, its science, its laws, and its actions too? I cannot believe that wealth and want are to stand ever side by side as desperate foes; that culture must ride only on the back of ignorance; and feminine virtue be guarded by the degradation of whole classes of ill-starred men, as in the East, or the degradation of whole classes of ill-starred women, as in the West; but while we neglect the means of help God puts in our power, why, the present must be like the past; "property" must be theft; "law" the strength of selfish will; and "Christianity," what we see it is, the apology for every powerful wrong.

To every woman let me say, Respect your nature as a human being, your nature as a woman; then respect your rights; then remember your duty to possess, to use, to develop, and to enjoy every faculty which God has given you, each in its normal way.

And to men let me say — Respect — with the profoundest reverence respect — the mother that bore you, the sisters who bless you, the woman that you love, the woman that you marry. As you seek to possess your own manly rights, seek also by that great arm, by that powerful brain, seek to vindicate her rights as woman, as your own as man. Then may we see better things in the Church, better things in the State, in the community, in the home. Then the green shall show what buds it hid; the buds shall blossom; the flowers bear fruit, and the blessing of God be on us all.

VI

HOME CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO ITS MORAL INFLUENCE

God setteth the solitary in families.— Psalms lxviii. 6.

Home is the oldest of all human institutions. It is foreordained in the nature of man's body and his soul. It represents an indestructible want, and satisfies that want. Legislators make and modify the Church and the State. Comparatively they are transient things, for in a certain period of human development long since passed by, there was no Church, no State; and in another stage of human development, by no means reached, but truly conceivable, there may be again no Church and no State; a time when organized governments shall cease to be, because each man governs himself, and when organized churches shall be no more, for all shall seek the Lord, and men that are native teachers, prophets born, shall take their proper place so long usurped by such as were not born to teach, nor anointed by God for that work. But even then, that older institution, home, will be found permanent, for this springs from what is everlasting in man. The birds do not more instinctively build a nest, than he a home. This is begun in the permanent relation of one to one, surrounded with other persons, and woven about with flowers of affection, beautiful as love that weaves them together, lasting as life, unfading as the soul.

We love to organize our thoughts. If a man gets a new notion of farming, he wishes to represent that

notion on his land, and thus give an outness to what is in him. So it is with the affections. They create a home; make it the sunniest spot in winter, and in summer the shadiest which the world knows,— a green bower in the heat, perfumed with living fragrance, and decked with romantic flowers; the purple blossoms of life.

A man's home — it is to him the most chosen spot of the earth. It affords him a rest from the toils of life. Here he can lay off the armor wherewith he is girt for the warfare of this world. Here are the objects most dear to his heart, the wife he has chosen out of all the women with whom he has been jostled about in the world; she who once gave a throbbing life to his bosom, such as earth never promised before; who made life seem a holiday, but all other persons poor, foolish, and impertinent. Here too are his children, those heralds of holiness, prophets of new things, "perpetual Messiahs," as some one calls them, sent to preach the gospel of innocence again, and baptize mankind anew to single-heartedness and love; the children who come to waken what is purest and best in mortal bosoms, animating the clod of vulgar selfishness with celestial fire.

In his home, the man looks back to the time when he and his began together the little drama of their mutual existence, thinking, perhaps, the world would be all sunshine and purple clouds, like the gorgeous dreams of their first love. Here he looks forward to the grave contentment and peaceful season of age, when the crown of years shall wax silvery and thin on his temples; when his limbs, old in manly work, shall crave rest, and he with his staff, shall knock gently, but with trembling hand, at the door of earth and say, "Dearest Mother! come, let me in!"

This is the spot hallowed by the man's daily prayers, his resolutions, hopes, dearest affections. In youth, we went up and down the world, "lodging where the night overtook us," gathering the primrose where it grew. In manhood, we sit down in our home. It is for this, and such as nestle there, that the man strives in the striving of the weak. But here he forgets this strife, and all the hardness which the world demands of him, living quietly once more. His habitual restraint and self-concealment, acquired by sad intercourse with the selfish, are here laid aside. He can speak as he thinks, and think as he feels, not fearing to be misunderstood and censured, "all his faults observed, learned and conned by rote, to cast into his teeth." The effect of common toil, of intercourse with the business of men, as both are now managed, taken by itself, tends often to harden the man and make him selfish. The sweet influence of home is just the reverse. The hardness is softened; the selfishness is changed. Confidence awakens confidence, sympathy tempts out the finer feelings, and the more beautiful, as May mornings the birds of spring. Here too, the union of husband and wife has the finest effect on the character. Here is the most perfect friendship enriched by the permanence of the relation, and enhanced by the difference between the two,— one soul in two diverse bodies. That affection, which once transformed most common things into a world of fairy and romance, with subdued magic, now sheds an uniform but steadily deepening light along the path of daily life, where she, who was once honored as an angel, but now loved as a friend,— cheers, strengthens and inspires us for our duty and delight.

Such is the ideal of the home to a man who builds

it up about him, and out of his heart. I do not say all our actual homes are such — far enough from that! But that such it is in a man's fancy, and the youth's day-dreams.

Now to the child, home is the most sacred of places. Here we were born. Here our father first took us in his arms. His affection watched over us day by day. Here a mother's smile first beamed upon our face. Here she taught our hearts the idea of prayer. Here we first learned of duty, conscience, and God. Here she told us of His goodness; opening to our eye with the first blossom of spring; smiling to us in the last lingering flowers of autumn, but to her, brightening and deepening through all the year, in summer's leafy wildness, in winter's severity of snow. Here she repressed the sallies of childish passion, teaching us self-command. Here, too, she told us of the calm region of eternal realities,— the realm of truth, goodness and love; "allured to brighter worlds and led the way." This spot witnessed our determination to lead a life of manliness and religion; that, saw us break our resolution, resolve and re-resolve, and conquer at last. To go back in manhood, to the old familiar home — what a crowd of recollections come up around us, things past, pleasant and mournful, but dear as life, to the heart. Here we once shed blissful tears; there we put forth, years long, our youthful prayers, which seem lingering now in the air of that enchanted spot, and warming our hearts anew. Here we gathered flowers for our grandsire; there read the Bible to him in our childish voice. Here when day was drawing to its close, a mother's piety kindled our new-born soul to prayer, and we felt the goodness of Him whose angels, to our

fancy painted the evening clouds, and sat over holy children as they slept. And here, when Sunday shed a stillness over the scene, and the cares of day were finished and forgot, the same mother told us of the wonderful child once born at Bethlehem of Judea, and laid in the ox's crib; of his beautiful life, heavenly even in childhood; of his temptations, his death, and his triumph. Here too we met our earliest disappointments. Death saddened and overpowered us, as some friend or brother, or sister went down, cold and straightened, to the tomb. Here we have had our lives, and fears and hopes, that burnt in us till our heart could scarce hold them. Here we have bid farewell to father and mother, as their spirits, ripe in years, or old in well-doing, shook off the body, leaving the clay to the clods, and going itself a soul, to the sphere of souls.

What recollections of hope are connected with the home of our childhood; what thoughts preserved in the amber of memory and cherished forever; the remembrance of its endearments; its trials, its labors of piety and aspiring love, when our hearts were tender; when we fell down, and kissed with blessed tears, the first anemone of spring, for we thought in that snowy blossom God whispered a kind word to the world; when we saw Him in the rounded clouds of a June day, but trembled when the thunder spoke.

But to pass from this part of the theme, let a word be said touching the influence of home as it should be, on the men and women who build it up, and on the child born in it. The sphere of a man's daily business, as things commonly go, is but a place for the exercise of his understanding, shrewdness and skill. It often sharpens the lower qualities of the mind to a

high degree. It does not make the same demands on his affections, on the loftier and better sentiments of his nature. These he finds not necessary to attain his private ends; they have nothing to do with his bargains or his crops. True, a good man finds there demands on his affection, or charity, and all that is beautiful or divine in the heart; but one who is rather a pupil in religion than a master does not find in his daily calling a school for affection and kindly sympathy. Home affords this. Its business is affection; its success is mutual love, and mutual help. Sacrifice for one beloved is no self-denial, but a service wherein we enjoy the incense which we offer. Here we learn the great lesson of affection, gentleness, tenderness; to yield our will to another's wish, not through his force but our own fondness. Here a man learns to trust another, without fear; unity of heart makes unity of mind. Nothing so calls forth the better powers of a man as the presence of a genial spirit who feels as you feel; will not chide your mistakes, or harshly rebuke your inconsistencies; who does not look on the wrong side of the tapestry you are weaving; who understands you by the heart, if not by the head. This has a beautiful influence on any man. It gives him what the business of village, or city, or college or senate never can give. In respect to this, home may be likened to a little conservatory or glass house, so formed as to keep in the sun and to keep out the cold, and create a milder atmosphere, where delicate plants may grow into hardihood, till they can bear the bleak exposure of the common field. No place is more favorable than this for awakening and cultivating the religious faculties of man. Love of God is near akin to love of man, for all love is the same in kind,

differing but in quantity and direction. Begin to cultivate the tender sympathies of life in your home, you find you have woven ties that bind you gently, but indissolubly, to all men that are — ties that unite you unconsciously to your God. Discharge lovingly the duties owed to wife and child, by and by you shall wonder how your heart beats with men afar off, for the wrongs of red men, black men, man everywhere. Discharge these, you shall one day marvel how your piety grows apace, and you knew it not, and you find the Father of all is nearer than you deemed it possible before. "He that loveth is born of God," saith an Apostle of great depth of mystical experience in religion, in love of both man and God.

Most men are one-sided; a man's business, if sedulously and exclusively pursued, as it often is, fashions the man after itself; makes him in its image. This man is all muscle, and that all cunning. Here is one who knows all about the railroads in New England, but has no more perception of what is right and true than the railroads themselves; his conscience dead as iron. That man has clap-boards and wainscoting in his very look. You know by the other man's step that he has fat oxen in his stall. Here is a man who is a bill, payable at sight, in the human shape; another who is quills and copy-hand all over. The business of life, exclusively pursued, gives this one-sided development to a man. Now the duties of home, its pleasing prattle, sympathy, its repose, affections, the unbending of the mind, the concern for our children, the intercourse with our friends — all these have a tendency to arrest this one-sidedness, to give a serious and healthful growth to qualities which our daily calling does not exercise.

In the ancient statues of the gods, such as Jupiter and Apollo, there is great breadth of character. You do not see one particular trait made prominent; there is a general development of all human qualities, with only a slight emphasis given to any special trait, to mark the stations of each, yet the individuality of each is well preserved. In statues of men, ancient or modern, as in men themselves, almost every one has a great particular development, and little of the general qualities of a man; an intense narrowness has taken the place of the divine breadth in the statues of the gods. Thus Socrates is all thought; Washington all command; Napoleon looks like Moscow, expeditious; and Blücher is a type of his watchword —"forward." Now the influence of home, if made as it should be, arrests this evil. Its human or generalizing power may be seen in the character of woman, on whom most of its cares, duties and pleasures too, as things now are, seem to devolve, as her sphere is home. You find in woman much more of this general expansion, and much less of this specialness of ability, this one-sidedness of culture. Hence comes the popular reproach, "Most women have no characters at all," which is true, if by character is meant a disproportionate growth of one single quality of mind; but utterly false if it mean a certain individuality attended with a uniform expansion of many qualities of mind. Almost every man can understand one thing surprisingly well; besides that he knows little, cares for little, and obstinately refuses to listen or to look beyond it. With women it is often just the reverse; they may know little of any one thing; but will understand immediately many things out of the reach of men whose special culture is far superior to theirs.

Hence a new thing is, in general, sure of a more candid examination from women than from men. Hence the great moral enterprises of this day so often find favor with women, when they are mocked at by men whom business trains to look only at the profitable side of old abuses. Hence, too, when the Son of man revealed his glad tidings of great joy, while priest and Pharisee refused to listen, the word of life found a welcome and a home in the less prejudiced heart of woman, whose mind the domestic sympathies had nourished and enlarged.

Such is the influence of home on adult men; on children it is greater still; that of a bad home worse, of a good one better. They have not, in either case, the same power, or the same circumstances wherewith to resist its settled and continuous action. A child born and bred in a home where father and mother are high-minded, pure, noble, religious; where all the environment of its tender years is that of holiness and love; where association with the impure, the low, the selfish, the cunning and the gross, does not sully his innocent mind, where he hears religion in precept and sees it in practice; where the relation of his parents to one another is that of mutual confidence and mutual love; where the relation of both to him is that of tender solicitude, of a wise carefulness to render him good and true; where all that is heard and all that is seen, invites him to the real duties and the real satisfaction of life,— how can such a child become corrupt? What shall forbid him to grow up a man, his mind active, his heart rich with goodness, and the sentiments and principles of religion, exhibited before his sight and beautified to his eyes through early association, to become the habitual principles and senti-

ments of his daily life? The principles and practices of home — we carry them with us, knowingly or unconsciously through our life. Our father's follies have blinded our eyes; but their virtues, enhanced by our affection, shine, to our sight, as a colossus of Parian marble, heightened and embellished by the light of the rising sun. We at first unconsciously repeat the practices of our parents; at length they are habits, fixed and fastened upon us, to be shaken off only with vehement efforts. Happy is that man whose habits learned in childhood, are such as religion pronounces right before God. He needs waste no strength in retracing with penitence the ground he once passed over in the madness of intemperance, or the tremblings of superstition.

I know to some men, perhaps to some women, all this seems idle, only talk; this that is said of the influence of a good home, on man and child. They have their dreams of ambition, of wealth, or finery and display, or sloth, and intemperate indulgence of low appetites, and so they will care little about the moral influence of home. I would exhort such to pause a moment, and ask if it be not the duty of each child of God to aim at surrounding himself with such influences as shall help subdue what is rebellious in him, and make him a man in the image of God, able to do right, think right, feel right. Who shall say no?

I know to some men, perhaps to some women, it will seem a very little thing to attempt to surround their children with the means of moral and religious education. They give them bread and clothes; perhaps water, air and exercise. They train them up in habits of economy and diligent thrift; they send them to a school where their intellectual culture is somewhat

looked after. That is well. But is that all? all that is to be done for training and developing the innocent immortal, whose destinies are, in some measure, confided to your care? Yet what a power the subtle magic of home exerts over a child! You see some bad man, not fearing God, not regarding man; sacrificing man and woman to his momentary caprice, or settled passion. You wonder whence came that awful disregard of right, that abandonment of what is good and true. You trace him back, through manhood, youth, childhood; how often do you find the seeds of his character sown in his home; his spirit poisoned in his parents' arms. "The child is father of the man;"— alas, then, for him who causes "one of these little ones to offend."

You see some great examplar of a man, moving in affairs of State, or life's common business, erect as a palm tree, and in all the mistrust of friends, the hostility of foes, keeping the even way of justice, hating none, and scorning none; superior to fortune, equal to duty, ready alike for either fate, to succeed or fail. You wonder whence came that exquisite manliness, which conquered every foe, or died with equal triumph, invincible of wrong. You penetrate the cloud which hides it all; you trace him back to the green home of his childhood, and you find a father's example sustained him in his trials; and amid all the storms of time, he looks back to the mild presence of his home, and the remembrance of his mother's piety,— her trust in God and the very echo of her prayer in childhood poured upon his mind,— comes through all the trouble about him, as the vesper bell in southern climes comes gently swelling o'er the deep, whereat the wearied boatman drops his oar, and folds his hands, and lifts his soul to God.

This power of home is subtle, not easily escaped; it follows us everywhere. A happy home, where good sense, and good manners, and good feelings, have their place; where benevolence dwells forever; where religion hallows and pacifies and blesses each with a sweet winsomeness all its own — such a home, why it is heaven upon the earth. Let a man ask the greatest of outward blessings — he will ask this. All cannot be rich. Beautiful things to please the eye, as affairs go, must hang on few men's walls, purchased with years of toil, costly oracles that speak deep things to deep-thoughted men. But what is better far than all the refinements of wealth, better than all the treasures of art — a happy home — cannot the poorest man have that? The lowliest roof, and the narrowest walls, are high enough and wide enough for that. But it does not come by chance, "through wisdom is a home builded." Such a house is not established by a few rash efforts, as some men "make a fortune." The form of your home comes out of the character of such as dwell there. It cannot help coming from such a source.

Yet how little pains are taken to build up a pleasant, a religious home! Men resolve to be rich, to be celebrated, to rule the affairs of the nation, or the village; — that, the ambition of the "great" man, this, of the little man. How few make resolutions to create a happy home with what means they have, getting more as they get on. Foolish man; you take superfluous trouble to crowd your house with food and furniture, the work of looms and shops; so little pains to enrich it with ideas, with goodness, patience, holiness and peace. He who seeks the true good, seeks this, and seeking shall he not find? We look on the world, its social evils, its

sins, its sufferings; we would help our brothers come up to the estate of man. To you and me, it is not given to reach many; yet it is clearly in our power to attempt to build up a peaceful home, whence superstition and bigotry, folly and sin shall flee off forever; but where goodness, wisdom and love, shall dwell continually, to cherish our virtue, to protect our manhood, to comfort our age, to bless our children, and through them mankind.

VII

THE MORAL DANGERS OF PROSPERITY

Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God.—Psalm lv. 19.

By prosperity I mean the present success of schemes which we form for our material purposes. The ambitious man wants power; the acquisitive, money; the vain, admiration; the nation wants numbers, riches, wide territory, commercial and military power. When they succeed in these desires, they attain prosperity. It is the effect of this condition of success on the formation of a moral character which I ask you to consider.

The human race does not thrive very well under circumstances where nature does too much for us: man becomes an animal, or a plant; not also to the same extent a self-directing spirit, with the power to do, to be, and to suffer what becomes a man. In physical geography, there are two extremes equally unfavorable for the higher development of man; namely, the equatorial region, where nature does too much; and the polar region, where she does too little. No high civilization adorns the equatorial day; none such blooms in the polar night. And so there are two analogous extremes in the geography of human condition; polar misfortune, equatorial prosperity. To the eye of man, very little lofty manhood ever comes from the frozen ring wherein are hedged the beggar and the thief, where

—"To be born and die
Makes up the sum of human history."

And little comes also from the tropic zone of excessive affluence. I say it is so to the mind of man; but the mind of God takes in alike the circumstances of both, and allows for such as perish on hills of gold, or hills of snow, and doubtless has a compensation somewhere for all that is anywhere suffered by success or by disappointment.

It is a very wise prayer, in the Book of Proverbs — suiting either latitude —"Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

It seems comparatively easy to understand the peril of want, of distress, of cold and hunger. Yet it is difficult, adequately, to appreciate all these — the squalidness of want, the misery of human life, when reduced to its lowest terms of physical misfortune and material barrenness. But that is far easier than to calculate the effects of continual success. Prosperity is not a good schoolmaster to produce the higher forms of character. For that end life must be discipline even more than it is delight. Give a man all that he asks for, and he ruins himself. So under God's providence we are often thwarted and checked by the material and the human world, while we learn the use and beauty of both. Contrary to the wishes of the town and the family, some angel is always troubling the water, that impotent folk may be healed thereby. If continually successful, we grow rash, heedless, vainglorious, and over-confident. It is stormy seas which

breed good sailors, who in stout ships outride the tempest. What a sad world it would be if there were no winter, never a storm! Man would be a mere butterfly, and no more. Adam was turned out of Eden, says the Hebrew mythology, and the Christians mourn thereat. It was his first step towards heaven. He "fell through sin," did he? He fell upward, and by his proper motion has been ever since ascending in laborious flight. It was the tree of spiritual life,

> —"Whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

It is amazing how much we need the continual check of failure and disappointment. When the body is over-fed, leanness devours the soul; there is sleekness of flesh, but no great growth of character; the mouth stops the mind. With too many favors we are not thankful. Gratitude is one of the rarest of virtues; the boy does not think so; the man knows it. She comes rather late to the feast of Christian graces, after all that sweet sisterhood have sat down to meat. Gratitude is a nice touch of beauty added last of all to the countenance, giving a classic beauty, an angelic loveliness, to the character. But in our present stage of growth, gratitude to men for their services is by no means common; and thankfulness to God is oftener expressed by the fasting than the feasted. We have a lively sense of favors to come, but humanity is not yet rich enough, nor well enough bred, to be very thankful for what we have in hand. It is only when the well is dry that we appreciate the worth of water, and the first return thereof brings thanks,— which soon dry up and perish. How grateful we should be if we could get the bird in the bush; that in the hand is an old

thing not worth thinking of. In jail, Pharaoh's chief butler courts Joseph; but when restored to honor, it is written, "Neither did the chief butler remember Joseph; but forgat him." The boy at college — prosperous, high in his class, welcomed to the society of rich men's sons, and often associating with their daughters — soon forgets the plain-clad sister at Manchester or Lowell, whose toil gave the poor boy his scanty outfit; he feels small gratitude for that tender hand which pushed his little shallop from the shore, and set him afloat on the academic sea, whether her nightly prayer and daily toil attend his now thoughtless voyaging. But when sick, deserted by the gilded, fickle butterfly, which drew his puerile eyes and idle thought, he falls back on the sisterly heart which beats so self-denyingly for him. The Hebrews, settled in their land of hills and valleys, forgot the high hand and outstretched arm which brought them forth from the house of bondage in Egypt, whose unleavened bread and bitter herbs were a healthier sacrament than Canaan's milk and honey. How strange it seems! but look through any village or family, and you see in brief what the world's history has writ on its vast pages, blazoned in luxury and in war.

Man is so little advanced, as yet, in his higher culture, that he must be fed with the utmost caution. A hearty draught of prosperity turns our head; and so God feeds us as yet with milk, and not with strong manly success; else we should perish. One day the average life of man will be a hundred years, I doubt not, and

> "Fever and ague, jaundice and catarrh,
> The grim-looked Tyrant's heavy horse of war,

> And apoplexies, those light troops of Death,
> That use small ceremony with the breath,"

will be put to rout, and early death be as strange to men as nakedness and famine are to you and me. But we cannot bear it now. If the average life of man were all at once lengthened only twenty years in this present generation; if what it costs us ten hours' sore toil to accomplish could now all at once be achieved in a single hour, or "miraculously" given, it would be a misfortune to mankind; our heads would be giddy, and we should perish. "Neither yet now are ye able," quoth Paul to his new converts; "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat;" and the great God does the same to His little children here below.

The savage in the tropics contents him with the spontaneous products of nature. He is filled with the earth's fruits and satisfied with her beauty; he goes no further. Wherever nature is an indulgent mother, she finds man a slothful and a lazy son.

The successful man, in general, cultivates only the easy virtues which come mainly of their own accord; nay, he often welcomes the easier vices which we are so swift to learn. Samson need not fear the Philistines; it is in Delilah's lap his head is shorn of its crispy strength; her amorous fingers are more terrible to him than all the gods of Philistia, "the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." It is often the soft hand which wounds to death. With the winter to oppose him, Hannibal stormed the Alps, and carried them; but with the summer for his ally, his "invincible Carthaginians" and elephants fell and perished in wealthy Capua. How many a Sir John Franklin has gone to pieces, made shipwreck and perished, amid the delicate

luxuries of London, Paris, Boston, New York, and no exploring expedition, no adventurous Captain Kane, was sent out after him; in vain his wife has spent the last farthing of her estate, and found no trace of the man who had perished in the city's worse than snow.

It is a thin soil which bears the richest grapes; men make it poorer, covering the surface with slate stone "to draw the sun." Peru yields silver and gold; it is a poor country. New England bears nothing but granite, timber, and ice, which we make into men; it is the richest of all lands the sun shines upon. Freedom grows in poor Wisconsin, in cold New England; but in the fat plains of Mississippi and Alabama, slaves and slave-masters only mingle and multiply and rot.

Sons of rich men very seldom get the best of even mere intellectual education. It is said that, for four generations, no man in England, who has inherited two hundred pounds a year, has become eminent as a lawyer or physician. Money commands the college, libraries —"tall copies" and "best editions" of costly books — time, and tutors; but poverty commands industry, and she is the mother of culture. Nay, well-born genius is the child of time and misfortune; the star which heralds his birth goes before the wise men, and when it stops, "stands still over a stable." The great God knows best what cradling to give his child, and it is easier for the sun of the soul to climb over mountains of ice than to transcend the little hills of gold and silver. Apollo, so the old myth relates, was inimically sold as a slave to King Admetus, who set him in hard service to tend the sheep and cows and swine, whereat his goddess-sister mourned. If his foes had wished to take the soul of poetry out of him, they had done better to have set him in a palace,

"To sport with Amaryllis, in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair,"

and the young god would have dwindled to a wealthy clown.

How often have you and I longed for some special thing — fortune, position, honor — but afterwards found that, could we have obtained it, it would have been our ruin! In my own life, I have set my heart on five special things, seeking therefore with earnestness and self-denial. None of them is mine; and as one by one they fell from my hands, or slipped away from my hopes, I mourned bitterly at the "lack of success;" but already I am old enough to be thankful that four of them were impossible. The race was worth a great deal more than the prize I ran after. And is it not so with each of us? I only share the usual fortune, and am the one mouth which utters the experience common to most before me. Do we not all thank God for many a failure, a great many sorrows — so once they seemed!

"When summer's sunny hues adorn
Sky, forest, hill, and meadow,
The foliage of the evergreens,
In contrast, seems a shadow.

"But when the tints of autumn have
Their sober reign asserted,
The landscape that cold shadow shows
Into a light converted.

"Thus thoughts, that frown upon our mirth,
Will smile upon our sorrow,
And many dark fears of to-day,
May be bright hopes to-morrow."

Disappointment is often the salt of life. Sometimes we must warm our hands at a fire, sometimes in the

snow. It is air condensed by cold which best warms the healthy blood. The greatest political services are always rendered by the minority. Men of large military reputation,— Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick, Napoleon,— have done their noblest works when hard pressed by misfortune. The greatest exploits of Washington were achieved when he had the heaviest odds against him. The most illustrious oratory always thunders and lightens out of some tempest which threatens ruin to the State,— and the individual speaker. The far-shining eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero came out of the stormy cloud which bore ruin to Athens and to Rome. In the piping times of peace they had reared no great flocks of oratory. It is the weight of a nation's fall which presses such sad prophetic wisdom from Kossuth's mighty heart. The best age of England was the time of her greatest calamity. That hundred years which saw the Spanish Armada on the coast, the scaffold of King Charles in London, and witnessed the exile of his son, saw also Bacon, Harvey and Hobbs, Hooker and Taylor, Fox and Bunyan, Hampden and Vane, Spenser, Herbert, Shakspeare, Milton, Jonson, and the long line of England's noble sons; saw Blake on the water, Cromwell on the land, and Newton in the heavens. Her greatest literature, science, and character, came from that century of storms. And when her own heart bled with the world's oppression, she reached to the Alps, and protected the Waldenses whom the Pope was treading under his foot. It was in such an age that England bore her fairest bud, which sorrow broke off from the Saxon tree and planted in this land, with no hedge of shelter but the wild woods, no husbandry save that of beasts and savage men. Yet

New England grew by neglect, and prospered in spite of pains to kill. The little Puritan bud looked up to heaven, and God, "who holds creation as a rose-bush in his hand," smiled, and it opened into rath prophetic bloom.

The best age of the Christian Church came before "the fatal dower which the first wealthy pope received;" it was when all the world opposed her, and heathenism bared its sword and struck at Christiandom's young neck. What an age it was when the Christian Church was bordered with the red flowers of martyrdom on the outskirts of her every province; nay, when the metropolis of Christendom bloomed only scarlet! No "lower-law divines" in that day. What an age it is when the Catholic Church has no blossom more radiant than the cardinal's hat — its only passion-flower! The great plants of humanity grow in that little rocky belt of land between the ocean and the fertile soil; and they bloom maturest when they drink the salt spray of oceanic storms. Then and there grow the warriors, lawgivers, orators, philosophers, poets, prophets, saints, patriots, and martyrs, who form a chaplet of beauty which adorns the heroic brows of man. Harrow the land with revolution and civil war, and there spring up great crops of men. When it rains money, the world reaps no such harvest!

"How do you suppose I could injure my boy?" asked a mother of a friend; and the austere answer was, "Give him all he wants, and he is ruined." Where the city shoots the offal of the streets, there mushrooms, toadstools, and puffballs come up; every morning you find them, rank and worthless; but in the clefts of the Swiss mountains, on the edge of New

Hampshire rocks, where the artist can hardly lay his pencil safe, there gleams the Alp-bloom, the mountain gentian, the hare-bell — clean as daylight and fair as blue-eyed Lyra's topmost star.

The individual man finds the period of excessive prosperity one of the great perils to his moral character. "What a bitter lot is yours and father's!" said a thoughtful boy once to his mother; "we are hard pushed all round. How many of my sisters have died already! Some one of us is always sick; and then our poor relations hang on us a heavy load. But our cold-hearted neighbors over the hill there, beyond the great tree, they have had no trouble since I was born. Surely it is a very unjust and wicked God to let things go on so badly." The deep-souled mother cleared her eye with her apron, and took her boy in her bosom, and said, "If it be so, it is our neighbors who have most cause to complain, and not we. They have had nothing but prosperity; they are rich, and getting richer only too fast. They have no old grandmother to help on in life, no poor relations to cling to their skirts and draw them back, no one of them is ever sick, no near friend has died; but *because they have no changes they fear not God.* They are cold-hearted, they are worldly and irreligious. I often pity them, and have said so to your father. It is we that have had the best chance in this world. They will doubtless have their opportunity also in the next. My boy, there is a gain for all this loss that you speak of, for wicked thoughts and actions are the only bad things which no man can profit by."

I sometimes see a man with whom all is prosperous. What the flesh wants, Mr. Glückselig has it all. He seems to have been born beneath a lucky planet. He

began poor, and now is rich. He is cautious, and never loses; far-sighted, and lays out his plans with masterly skill; administrative, and executes admirably. His life for twenty years has been what, in the streets, they call a "splendid success." He is an "eminent citizen," high on the assessors' books, and in the opinion of the newspaper where he advertises. I know him very well; he has a most successful walk, and I know that all his ventures prosper when I see him afar off. He has a "high, prosperous voice," and somewhat loftily utters his opinion on all matters, whereof he has thought nothing. But his poor relations he never recollects; his successful acquaintances never speak of them to him. His house is a show-box of his estate — a tavern for the flesh, where the confectioner, the upholsterer, and the vintner have done their best. His wife is a show-woman, yet meant for a better purpose, poor thing! His children are show-children — "babes in the wood" of civilization — left more hopeless than those other babes described in the ballad, for, look wistful as they may, they shall never see "the man returning from the town." His religion is only decorum; he has the richest of Bibles, the costliest pew; his real God is the dollar, and in a sacrament of copper, of silver, and of gold he communes with the earth. There is a threefold metallic cord, which his soul has now not force enough to snap. He has no elevation of character. Blameless in his mercantile business, his word is good; no man doubts it; his judgment is admirable, his plans never miscarry; he is "respectable," and no more. He is all of this world, and, if there were no soul, and no heaven, and no absolute justice, and no great manhood, he would be the model man. No great sentiment throbs in his bosom,

no lofty idea is welcomed beneath his roof; his daughter must sit on the door-step to read the one great book printed in her life-time. His hands turn not the machinery of noble deeds. "Let the poor take care of themselves," says he, "as I also have taken care of myself." "The negroes ought to be slaves; it is good enough for them." He sneers at the "law of God," which is above the covetousness of the market and the statutes of the politician and the customs of the parlor. And so he goes on, "from greater to greater," as the newspapers say, but as a wise man knows, from worse to worse. Above his daily life he sees no "primal virtues shine aloft as stars;" no

> "Charities that soothe and heal and bless
> Are scattered at his feet like flowers."

But one day a commercial panic, which even that masterly understanding could not foresee, shears off the half of his estate, rending the other half to shreds. Sickness shakes the costly door of his house; all the well-compacted windows rattle at the earthquake of misfortune; child after child drops through the wealthy floor, and perishes in the unseen night beneath; a lone and neglected kinswoman, no longer "a distant connection of the family," has just cradled his dying babe in her friendly bosom. Where now is his forgetfulness of his poor relations? Where is the pomp and pride of his riches? His "high, prosperous voice" has shrunken down to a modest, yet manly tone; that fool's bolt of brittle opinion which he delivered so readily just now, is shot no more at vanity's low mark; and arrogance has faded off from that humiliated brow. The show-wife and the poor residue of his show-children are real enough

now. Sorrow has raised the human heart which prosperity had deeply buried up. The cloud of vanity comes down in a cold, thin patter of rain, which yet starts new greenness in the thirsty soil, and there spring up virtues which else were strangers in that ground — parched with being too near the sun. It is the real God he communes with now; the Infinite, whom no prosperity could ever drive away. We close our eyes against the great God, but His never slumber nor sleep. The show Bible lies there as idle as before, on its cushion, but the old plain Book, thumbed all over with his mother's piety — who has long since gone where she can be wise without study, and pious without Bibles — or by his own youthful touch, the old Bible comes back to his bosom, and David and John and Jesus speak comfort to his newly awakened soul. Through the rents in his estate there come in

"The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless."

and above the ruins of his fortune, his eye, delighted, sees

"The primal virtues shine aloft as stars."

Nay, gratitude gives its blessing now on his cheap and daily bread. "We had been lost if we had not been ruined," quoth the real woman to the husband now freed from the worldly devil.

In soils too rich, the grain runs all to stalk, and there is no corn; the Egyptian farmer must mingle sand with the surface of his ground, which else the Nile enriches over much. The fat greyhound, housed in parlors, the girl's plaything, loses alike his power of scent and speed. It is so with men. Honor too easily or early got is a curse. "More than a fortune is misfortune," says a wise man.

There are exceptions,— men whom prosperity does not injure; whose gratitude greatens with their success, and their charity enlarges with each increase of means. They are the rarest of men, uncommonly well born, or bred with such painstaking as few mortals find. Yet I have known such.

There are others whom adversity itself does not teach. The full horror of avarice and lust are not commonly seen in the summer of life, when leaves and flowers and youthful fruit hide the ugly naked limbs; but when autumn has shaken down the fruit and torn the leaves away, and winter exhibits all its grim anatomy, it is then you know the hatefulness of avarice and lust. The full baseness of mean men is not seen in their success but in their sorrow. Their tears are melted iron. I have known those whom prosperity maddened, but whom adversity did not sober. They fell, but fell only bruised and broken, never softened nor mellowed by the fall. These also are rare men. They must "wait the great teacher Death," before they can adore their God. There are grapes of so poor a stock that the summer's sun but sours them, and the autumnal frost, which beautifies their leaves, only embitters the fruit; and when the winter's wind brings them to the ground, the all-devouring swine devours them not, but therefrom turns in disgust away. Sad sight, which the dear, motherly God must needs pity, and so should loving men.

Continual success commonly hardens the heart, and almost always enervates the character. The politician whose office is not contested, the merchant who has a monopoly, the minister without a rival, the farmer with acres too wide and more fertile than is enough, all these are in peril. So are such as acquire money with

too rapid swiftness, and every man to whose house sorrow does not now and then come in to wish him good morning. Excess of good fortune is our undoing.

A benevolent man whom I knew, very familiar with the hearts of men, was on his way, one morning, to ask a charity of a wealthy citizen of the town, when he learned that in the three months just passed by, that merchant had added the tenth part of a million of dollars to his fortune. My friend said, "I go on a fool's errand," and turned back and asked not the charity.

Religion does not enter at the golden gate of a man's house; she comes in some other way — comes with the doctor or with the sheriff. "He went away sorrowful," says the New Testament, "for he had great possessions." A man reputed a millionaire, in a large trading town of America, four or five years ago, used to make a mock of religion. He never entered a meeting-house for many a year. Charity did not open his crowded purse, nor his shrivelled heart. But a commercial crisis made him a bankrupt, and then religious emotions broke from their golden fetters, and he sought his God again. An underground railroad conducted this slave of money to a large place where there was room for his soul, and by the law of the spirit of life, he also was made free from the bondage of the flesh. In his native town men mocked when they saw him again at the old parish meeting-house, in his mother's long-forgotten seat. It was a foolish laugh; they should have known that the blind man had received his sight. Was it not to such a one that the greatest of teachers said, "Go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and then shalt thou have treasure in heaven?"

You see the same thing in a town or nation. Virtue does not grow very tall, nor flower very fair in an over-prosperous State. In the time of success a nation is never well ruled; the people choose low men with low aims; sorrow, distress, and fear are better counsellors. How soon a rough wind blows the human chaff out of office! No ninnies for rulers then! On a summer festival, or election-day in winter, or on a time consecrated to Christian martyrs, when, to glut the covetousness and lust for power of the meanest things which ever barked against humanity in New England since she shook Arnold from her robe — when wealthy Boston sends an innocent man into bondage for ever — boys padded with cotton — substitute for body as for conscience! — men's red coats upon their backs, marching to gay and costly music — play at soldier; and they think: "How many eyes look on us, and how our pretty cousins will admire at the spectacle!" But when war blows its horn, such boys go home to their mothers, and bearded, manly men bring the firelock to the shoulder, and only to fife and drum wheel into column and steadfastly march away, thinking of the fight before them and the hearts breaking at home.

In her poverty and sadness, in her fear and peril, in the name of God, America made Washington her President; but strong, impudent, rich, she declared there was "no higher law," and put in her chief offices the mean things which we know. America in peril, poor, weak, oppressed, bore great men — the Revolutionary family; now strong, rich, tyrannical, she fills her offices with men of such stuff and stamp as we behold. She puts base men in her cabinets, to make foolishness the national council; base men also in her

judicial seats, to execute wickedness as law; base men in diplomacy, "to lie abroad" for their own behoof.

In 1776, with no ally, in poverty, the two million freemen of America fell back on the universal rights of humanity, and appealed to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions. In 1850, the twenty million denied every rule of morality, every precept of religion, made atheism the first principle of their government, and enacted the Fugitive Slave Bill, with the consent of Boston, and the North's consent; re-enacted it the next year, Boston a second time giving her vote. The nation has enforced it ever since, Boston voluntarily offering her unlawful hand.

Poor America, in 1776, asks Canada to come and be free with us, and sends an army to help; but rich America, in 1854, seeks to enslave Cuba and Hayti.

In 1771, while Great Britain was clutching at our liberty, Governor Hutchinson, a son of Boston, the avaricious creature of the throne,— money and power the gods of his idolatry,— made a Proclamation of Thanksgiving, and gave as reason for gratitude, that "civil and religious liberties are continued." The Boston ministers came together, and considered and refused to read it — all but Mr. Pemberton, the governor's priest, and when he began it the patriots of the congregation turned their backs on the smug official, and left the polluted spot. All the rest refused to read the proclamation but, instead, agreed to "implore of Almighty God the restoration of lost liberties." Where then, was "lower-law divinity?" Then, Boston was poor; she had only sixteen thousand men, not four millions of money. In 1851, from his illegal dungeon in the chained court-house, Thomas

Sims sent round his petition to the churches of Boston for prayer in his behalf; but of all the incumbents of the Boston pulpit, the fourscore successors of the Mayhews and the Coopers of old time, not six could read an unoffending black man's prayer, that he might be restored to his inalienable rights. When an exceptional man spoke of the higher law of God in his meeting-house, indignant parishioners turned their backs on the minister,— turned Christianity out of the house,— fulfilling the Scripture, that the disciple shall suffer with his Lord. Now, Boston is rich, with a hundred and sixty thousand men in her bosom, and two hundred and twenty-five million dollars in her purse.

In 1765, Boston made a stamp officer resign his post, and swear under the Liberty Tree never to issue a single stamp. In 1850, when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed Congress, the citizens of Boston,— wealthy Boston,— fired a hundred guns, in token of rejoicing, on the great green of the city. Long since the Tories cut down Liberty Tree to build a "Union Hall" on its ruins.

In 1769, the farmers and mechanics of Lexington would "drink no more tea" till the unlawful tax was taken off; and, in 1773, poor Boston, with the country to help her, threw into the ocean that taxed herb which was the vehicle wherein tyranny hoped to ride across the land. Your and my fathers, after solemn deliberation, did it, when we were poor, in spite of King and Church, and Lords and Commons. But, in 1850, Boston held a "Union Meeting" in Faneuil Hall, and resolved that the stealers of men should pursue their craft in the city of Hancock and Adams and Mayhew and Cooper.

In 1770 the British Commissioner of Revenue could not tarry in Boston, but must retreat to the castle on an island. But in 1854, the men-stealers in Boston are more safe than the most estimable citizens; they are welcome.

In 1766, Boston sought the "total abolishing of slavery;" six years later even the burgesses of Virginia covenanted with each other to import no slaves, and buy none brought over; in 1773, the town of Medfield — only a hamlet then — wanted a "final period put to that most cruel, inhuman, and unchristian practice, the slave-trade;" and Massachusetts remonstrated against the sale of slaves and the condition of slavery. But, in 1850, the meanness and the money of Boston assembled at a Union Meeting, in Faneuil Hall, to assure the slaveholders that a man might safely be kidnapped in Boston! Nay, a famous Doctor of Divinity [1] publicly declared in a lecture, that, to "save the Union," he "would send into bondage the child of my affections, the wife of my bosom, nay, the mother that bore me!" The audience answered with applauses loud and long; only one great, honest soul, cried out "Damnation!" In 1854, the South demands the restoration of the African slave-trade; and a Boston minister,[2] — too orthodox to reckon a man a Christian who denies that Mary's son is also God,— hints his cowardly approval of the scheme.

In time of peril, Boston had for her agent in England America's foremost man, her own son, who began his career by filling the molds in a tallow-chandler's shop, and ended by taking the thunder from the cloud, and the scepter from tyrants; and Boston sustained him in his bravest word. But, in 1854, the leading political and commercial newspapers of the same Bos-

ton addressed the only anti-slavery senator which Massachusetts has had in Congress since the days when Colonel Pickering held his seat, asking him to resign, —for the friend of humanity "belonged to no healthy political organization."

In 1769, oppressed Boston advocated the right of free speech; a town meeting declared that "a legal meeting of the town of Boston is an assembly where a noble freedom of speech is always expected and maintained — where men think as they please, and speak as they think." "And such an assembly," adds patriotic poor little Boston, "has been the dread and often the scourge of tyrants." In 1850, Boston shut up Faneuil Hall, and forbid all freedom of speech; there must be "no agitation." In 1854, the Supreme Court of the United States seeks to procure an indictment and inflict a fine of three hundred dollars and imprisonment for twelve months on men who, in the same Faneuil Hall, stirred up the minds of the people to keep the precepts of Christianity, and defend the inalienable rights of man.

In 1768, the British Government sought to prosecute the printers of a patriotic paper in Boston, but the grand jury refused a bill. In 1851, in the same Boston, fifteen hundred citizens thereof, one for each illegal grog-shop, then officially known to be in the city, entered into a solemn compact, and gave their names to the City Marshal; volunteering to escort to eternal bondage a poor, friendless negro boy.

In 1774, the British tyrant shut up the port of poor Boston, and the adjoining towns opened their harbors and said, "Use our wharves without cost, ye that suffer!" In 1851, when Lynn, Worcester, Marblehead, and New Bedford declared they would keep the com-

mandments of Jesus of Nazareth and the New Testament's golden rule, and no fugitive slave should be torn from their municipal bosom, the leading political and commercial newspapers of Boston called on her merchants to refuse to trade with these four Christian towns.

Once, Boston and America appealed to the law of nature and nature's God. It was when Boston and America were poor. In 1851, 1852, 1853, and 1854, Boston and America declared there was no law of God above the Fugitive Slave Bill.

When America was poor, a single colony in the wilderness, owning but a single "Mayflower," with nothing but clams for their food, those stern Calvinistic fathers of the land lifted up their hands and thanked God that "we are permitted to suck of the abundance of the seas and treasures hid in the sands," and sought to establish freedom all over this western wilderness. Now, America, with five-and-twenty millions of people, with five million tons of shipping white-blossoming on all the seas, with more than seven thousand million dollars of property, is longing to encircle with chains the whole American commonwealth of freemen, and spread the curse of bondage from the Gulf of Mexico to the most northern lakes; nay, to plant this upas by the borders of the Amazon that it may reach far as the Andes, and drop its lecherous distillment all over the South American continent.

In 1636, when Massachusetts was poor, not a settlement twenty miles in the interior, not a shore-line fifty miles long, she established Harvard College, and therefore once levied a tax of a peck of corn, or twelve pence, on each householder in the province. But now, in fourteen States of the affluent Union, it is a felony

to teach one of the laboring classes to read and write; nay, for a mulatto mother to teach her daughter to read the golden rule of Jesus in the New Testament. This very year, Mrs. Douglass has been jailed thirty days for teaching free black children to read!

In 1772, even the burgesses of Virginia wished to abolish the slave-trade. Jefferson and Patrick Henry, noble sons of the afflicted colony, sought to emancipate all her slaves. The author of the Declaration of Independence trembled for Virginia when he remembered that God is just. In 1854, Virginia counts "negroes as the connecting link between man and the brute creation." In 1778, the Articles of Confederation between the revolutionary colonies allowed the slave to escape from State to State; no compact authorized the master to go over the border for his prey. But, in 1850, the one-and-thirty wealthy States authorized the master to pursue his fugitive at the expense of the Federal Government, in every State, and tread down its law: nay, if a man gives but a cup of cold water to the hunted fugitives, he is to be fined a thousand dollars and put in jail for six months for each offense. Only last week a Fugitive-Slave-Bill judge fined a man three thousand dollars for aiding three fellow Christians to keep their freedom in the "Democratic State" of Michigan! America puts a penalty on all the Christian virtues.

Just before the Revolution, Boston was so noble in defense of the rights of her citizens, that in the Parliament of corruption her conduct was despotically stigmatized as a "defiance of all legal authority;" her "inhabitants must be treated as aliens!" Massachusetts could not be governed unless, said an organ of the ministry, "the laws shall be so changed as to

give to the kings the appointment of the council, and to the sheriffs the sole power of returning juries." Mayhew wrote: "God gave the Israelites a king in his anger, because they had not sense enough to like a free commonwealth." But, in 1850, Boston invited and welcomed a decree of her masters, dictated at the Capitol, which drove more than five hundred of her innocent citizens into exile; nay, in her zeal to make a man a slave, she put chains around her own court-house, and the judges of Massachusetts crawled under on the way each "to his own place!" The ministers — there were a few noble exceptions — preached, Down with God and up with the Fugitive Slave Bill! — preached it and lived it.

The minions of power arrested our own John Hancock, in 1768. The Governor of Massachusetts,— appointed by the Crown — the good old State elected no such enemies of freedom then,— with his Chief-Justice and other tools of the king, wished "to take off the original incendiaries," and send Samuel Adams over seas "for trial," that is, for execution. Edes and Gill, the patriotic printers, "trumpeters of sedition," and others now of famous memory, authors of "treasonable and seditious writings," were to share the same fate. But such was the force of a righteous public opinion in all New England, that the counsel of the ungodly was carried headlong, and the crafty taken in their own net. Look at Boston now; remember the attempts of the Fugitive-Slave-Bill judge last summer to construct a "misdemeanor" out of speeches made in Faneuil Hall against the attempt of his kinsmen to kidnap a man in our own streets! Where is the ancient love of justice and the rights of men which brought our Puritan mothers here, and fired our fa-

thers for the greatest of revolutions? Wait and see!

These are the perils of prosperity. God be merciful to us! We are not only wicked and cowardly in our conduct and character; we are mean and vulgar. Our fathers lived in times of trouble which tried men's souls. We are exposed to a sadder trial which more dangerously racks the man. For forty years the nation has had no outward peril, no war, no famine, nothing to fear from abroad. We have increased amazingly in numbers and riches. Now the nation is drunk with power and nauseous with wealth. We are like the savages in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, who, when the green corn came, sat down to eat and rose up to play, and ate till their health went from them: every tenth man died. I suppose a prophet, who was as sternly merciful as Jesus of Nazareth, would pray for some great affliction, some famine, some pestilence, some war, some bankruptcy, that the nation might recover its soberness once more, and also remember its God.

When the Hebrews were rich and easy, they relapsed into the licentiousness of the Tyrians or Chaldees, the Philistines or Egyptians. With what savage rods did Isaiah and Jeremiah scourge their own people! But when war came, when the temple smoked, the exiles hung their harps on the willows of Babylon, and thought of Mount Zion and the Jehovah who had brought them out of the iron house of bondage. It was at such times that there sprung up, in the religious corner of their heart, the hopes of a Messiah and a "kingdom of heaven."

I know not what is before us. Some calamity: for no doubt America, like other nations, must have her time of trouble; a day of sickness when she also will

sit with ashes on her head, and pray to the God of the red men we have slain, and the black men we have enslaved, and then find mercy.

Calamity is not half so calamitous as constant prosperity. When the prodigal, in riotous living is wasting his substance with dice, and wine, and harlots, he thinks not of his father; but when the husks are refused him, he then says, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and ask that I may be made, not his son, but only one of his hired servants."

It is under such circumstances that you and I are living, and are to work out our redemption and achieve our character. Great success is a great temptation. It was a wise Roman poet who said, "It is a hard thing not to betray your morals to your riches, and when you become many a Crœsus in wealth, to be a single Numa in your virtue."

In prosperity consider that, after all, the great thing in life is man's soul, his highest powers, their delight and their duty.

There runs an old story, I know not how old, of John, the son of Zebedee, richest of Galilean fishermen. "Come and follow me," said Jesus to the young man, in his father's ship, mending the nets. Pleased with the attention, and greedy of honor and power, John forsook all and followed him, not knowing what manner of spirit he was of. As they went up to Jerusalem, the Samaritans would not let Jesus enter their village, and John asked if he should command fire to come down from heaven and consume them. Jesus replied, "The Son of man is not come to destroy, but to save."

John was wroth, but said nothing. As they drew nigh to Jerusalem, that "son of thunder" thought the kingdom of heaven should presently appear: he himself desired to take it by force; and he asked Jesus, "Let me drink of thy cup, and be baptized with thy baptism; let me sit at thy right hand, and be lord over all the eleven."

Jesus answered, "The lofty seat it is not mine to give; but thou shalt drink of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with."

And John's foolish heart was gladdened in him, for he said, "Surely his cup is delight, and his baptism the sacrament of power."

But that night John saw Jesus in his agony, yet only dimly perceived the angel that came and strengthened him. He beheld the "marshal's guard" seize the world's great prophet; and, fearful lest the officers should seize him also, he shrank into the crowd, crouching amid the maidens about Herod's palace. He sat down afar off, and looked on the crucifixion; and when Jesus cried, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" and gave up the ghost, John's weak heart failed in him and he fainted, and women helped him.

But presently he fled into Galilee, and there his townsmen mocked him: "Ha! ha! thou that wouldst sit at the right hand of the Messiah!" The magistrates set their eyes on him — "This fellow was also with Jesus! a persistent man like his master; but we will bring him to his senses!" And they cast him into prison. Death looked through the bars of his grate, and his shadow fell thick and ugly on the prison floor, and John was ready to perish. Then he tasted the cup of his Master.

Escaping from the jail, he was driven from city to city, and then he was also baptized with the baptism of Christ. But that great angel who had been with the Hebrew children in the Babylonian furnace, and brought them out unharmed, no smell of fire on their garments' hem; who had been also with Jesus alike in his temptation and his agony, came likewise to John and touched his eyes, speaking in the still small voice to his innermost soul, and the "son of thunder," declared, "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him!" When an old man, his companions took him, at his request, on his couch, and carried him to the assembly of Christians at Ephesus, that he might bid them a last farewell; and he said, "Little children, love one another!" and passed on.

VIII

HARD TIMES

In the day of adversity consider.— Ecclesiastes vii. 14.

It is the duty of men of science to interpret the world of matter to other men, and tell the meaning and use of things; it is the duty of the astronomer to report of the heavenly bodies, telling mankind the facts connected therewith, their use for man's material business, their meaning for his spiritual development and delight; it is the duty of the botanist to deal with those bodies which grow out of the ground, the water, the air, learn what they are good for, and how they grow; it is the duty of the doctor to study human bodies, learn their structure, set forth the conditions of health and long life, and warn men against what will shorten their days. All men of science make mistakes, observe wrongly, analyze imperfectly, reason amiss, and so fail of truth, though aiming at it, but their very errors are steps towards it, and if they stumble, they fall forwards and upwards. So the minister is to study the phenomena and essential nature of the human spirit. He should use all things to enlarge the amount of such knowledge as is useful in the conduct of human life, and to deepen the consciousness of duty. He should show the use of all great events for man's material business, and their meaning for his spiritual development; should point out the eternal law, the providential purpose in transient affairs. He too, should post mankind on passing events,

and give them a cast forward in the great journey of human life; should translate the brute facts of history into the ideas of philosophy, bring them to human consciousness, and thereby teach men prudence for their material business, wisdom for their spiritual conduct, and so help a large development of mind and conscience, heart and soul, in the community wherein the lines of his lot are cast, and which gives him his daily bread. As the Rocky Mountains take hold of every cloud which the Pacific sends thither, and wring the water out of it to moisten their own soil, and fertilize the valleys below, so to-day they would take hold of this commercial cloud which comes up from the great Pacific Ocean of American business, wring the meaning out of it, learn its whence and whither, its use for their daily business, its lesson for their religious development.

In connection with the subject, I shall have to speak of some things not often spoken of on Sundays in the pulpit, but very often thought of in the pews.

We are in a state of great commercial prosperity. There is no foreign war to waste the mind, body, or estate of the people. There is no domestic war, except what the slave power is carrying on in Kansas, by the show of the ballot-box and the reality of concealed bayonets. There is no pestilence; births bear a large ratio to the deaths, and emigration enlarges our numbers still more; there is no famine — an abundant harvest is gathered, or waits for the sickle; we have no great foreign commercial debt, which must be paid, and so consume the harvest gathered from the soil, the mines, and the sea, or manufactured thence. The imports of 1856 were $360,000,000, but the exports were $2,000,000 more, and if $69,000,000 were

of gold, it should be remembered that this is as much a staple of American productive industry as coal is to England. If we manage rightly, it is no more loss for us to export our superfluous gold than it is for Sweden to export her superfluous iron, Brazil her hides, China her teas and silks. Take America as a whole, and the demand for labor is greater than the supply. This is shown at the South by the constant increase in the price of slaves, and at the North by the continual increase of wages, and our anxiety to make such machines as, in a short time and cheaply, shall do the work that else would require the costly toil of human hands to achieve. America was never so rich as to-day, in men, women, and children, cultivated land, good roads of earth, wood, stone, and iron; in ships, houses, shops, factories, tools, the useful metals and minerals; and never so well supplied with food, clothes, furniture, carriages, schools, books and all manner of things for use and beauty.

Yet in spite of all this general abundance, there is a great crisis in the money market; there is distress in all commercial circles, from Maine to Louisiana. All the departments of commerce and business are disturbed. Money, which is commonly worth from six to eight per cent. a year is now hard to get at even eighteen or twenty-four per cent. Men pay a famine price for gold and silver. Houses of the first respectability fail, or else suspend payment for a time, leaving others to pay. Men of handsome estates, even of great fortune, find that their property is all gone. In whole cities, in whole States, banks suspend specie payments, —violate their contracts solemnly made, and pay in promises to pay — not in certificates of property, but certificates of debt. Mills shut down their gates,

and men are turned out of employment by the hundred or thousand, with the prospect of immediate idleness and remote hunger.

Money lenders who are always dipping into the stream of commerce and ladling out what thence they may, now refuse to lend on any terms, on what was once considered the best security. Our own city's "promise to pay," fails to command the needed coin.

What is the cause of this trouble? I should very ill discharge my duty as a philosophic thinker and teacher of religion if I did not try to point it out. It is true, I am not a business man, but for many years I have studied the history of commerce, and, living among trading men, have had my eyes open to what they think and do, what they suffer and feel. I do not, however, pretend to speak with authority. Commonly, I can say, "I know this is true." To-day I can only say, "I think it is true."

To understand this present commercial trouble and to be prepared to make use of its consequences, it is necessary to look deeper than the surface, at some things which lie a great way off and far down. All man's conscious activity is at first an experiment — an undertaking of which the result is not known until after a trial. All experiment is liable to mistake. There are many ways of doing a thing, but only one way of doing it best; and it is not likely that every individual of the human race will hit the right way the first time trying. What succeeds we keep, and it becomes a habit of mankind. All the experiments ever made, however ruinous to the actual man, to the human race have been worth all they cost; and it was not possible for the human race to have learned at a cheaper school than that dear one which experience has taught.

In the military period of man's history, war was the chief business; the great families were founded by "sons of thunder," and kept up by war; the great estates got by robbery; aristocracy was dyed blood-red. Now this is all passing away; the military period is giving place to the industrial. Germany, France and England are the European leaders in this industrial civilization, but they keep the old titles — Baron, Lord, Duke. Here we have an industrial democracy; the dollar, not the sword, is the badge of aristocracy. Great families are founded by trade; great estates are got by buying and selling, and social rank commonly depends on money, the only bequeathable excellence. Nobody asks, "What ancestors have you got in the grave?" but, "What money in your vault, what houses, lands, stocks?" Hence property is sought, not only for the comfort and luxury which it brings, but also for the social distinction it confers. It takes the place of all the virtues. It is in American society what "imputed righteousness" is in the Church — the social salvation of man. Titles are nothing. No American Mr. Macaulay would care to be made a Baron, Lord or Duke; every penny-a-liner from Maine to Nicaragua would laugh at him. Money is here what title is in England — a patent of nobility. It can "ennoble fools and sots and cowards." So it is the only object of American desire. Of course, all men are eager to get it, and so rush into trade, the favorite business of America. Business here is entirely free from old restraints, political, ecclesiastical, social, and there is a wide field for new commercial experiments. On the whole, our American experiment of industrial democracy succeeds very well. The increase of property and of population is enormous. In

1500 years, France only doubled her population twice. What was 5,000,000 in the year 150, under Antoninus Pius, was only 20,000,000 in 1650 under Louis XIV; while in sixty years America has doubled her population four times, and what was 3,000,000 in 1790 was more than 24,000,000 in 1850. In some States the growth seems fabulous. In 1830, Algiers became a French province, and the Government sought to stimulate emigration thither; but in 1837 there were not 125,000 Europeans in Algiers; while in ten years, the State of Wisconsin has gone up from nothing to 900,000 men. The increase of taxable property is quite as remarkable. Fifty-seven years ago Massachusetts was only worth $97,000,000 of taxable property; to-day she is worth more than ten times that amount — her annual earnings being $300,000,000. Our experiment has been pretty successful. Thoughtful men, eager to be rich, and leave distinction to their children, buy up lands in advance of population, build railroads, and in the old States seize the great rivers and develop manufactures, perhaps a little faster than the state of the nation in its present pecuniary embarrassment would justify. Still more within a few years, mines of gold have been discovered in California and Australia, whose products are not yet comprehended. It has affected the price of all things, and as no one knows what quantity of gold is to be obtained, nobody knows how high the prices will go; very sanguine men suppose they will rise a great way above their present value, and many buy for a future market. Hence comes extravagance of speculation in grain, sugar, coal, and especially in land. This, I suppose, is unavoidable, one of the incidents of our success.

All this is very encouraging, it is a step forward and upward; but it is attended with certain evils, which, collectively, are the causes of the present distress. There is great extravagance of expenditure. Perhaps no minister is less severe on indulgence in luxuries than I, because I see the function they perform; besides I never see a house too comfortable for men and women, nor dresses too elegant, though I have seen a great many houses and dresses too costly for the wearer's means. Look at the general style of dress among women, its exceeding costliness, not only among our rich but everywhere, except among the very poor, who would dress but cannot. The fault is not with the women, who bear all the blame, and are the butts alike for the satirist's wit and the minister's dullness. If men wished women to be clad in sack cloth it would be done before to-morrow night; for though woman has a greater love of decoration than man, it is far less than her desire to please him. And, indeed, the very love of dress is with her more a love of pleasing others than it is a feeling of self-satisfaction.

Then comes the increase of the cost of ships, houses, shops, banks, offices, and the like, which renders the transaction of business more costly. Then the increased expenses of city, town and State governments, and the foolish and wicked waste of municipal money. Though the property of Massachusetts has increased ten fold within a few years, the ratio of taxation has doubled, and in some cases trebled. And there are the idlers. In the town of Somewhere lives Mr. Manygirls. He is a toilsome merchant, his wife a hard working housekeeper. Once they were poor, now ruinously rich. They have seven daughters

whom they train up in utter idleness. They are all do nothings. They spend much money, but not in works of humanity, not even in elegant accomplishments, in painting, dancing, music, and the like, so paying in spiritual beauty what they take in material means. They never read nor sing; they are know-nothings, and only walk in a vain show, as useless as a ghost, and as ignorant as the block on which their bonnets are made. Now, these seven "ladies" (as the newspapers call the poor things, so insignificant and helpless) are not only idle, earn nothing, but they consume much. What a load of finery is on their shoulders and heads and necks! Mr. Manygirls hires many men and women to wait on his daughters' idleness, and these servants are withdrawn from the productive work of the shop or the farm and set to the unproductive work of nursing these seven grown-up babies.

On the other side the Hon. Manyboys has seven sons, who are the exact match of the merchant's daughters, rich, idle, some of them dissolute — debauchery coming before their beard — all useless, earning nothing, spending much and wasting more. Their only labor is to kill time, and in summer they emigrate from pond to pond, lake to lake, having a fishing line with a worm at one end and a fool at the other. Their idleness is counted pleasure. Six of these sons will marry, and five, perhaps, of Mr. Manygirls' daughters; and, with the families they will found, live on the toil of their grandfathers' bones, until a commercial crisis, or the wear and tear of time has dissipated their fortunes, and they are forced reluctantly to toil!

Besides, there is an enormous waste of food, fuel,

clothing, of everything. We are the least economical civilized people on the earth. Of course the poor are wasteful everywhere. They do not know how to economize and they have not the means. They must live from hand to mouth, and half of what is put into the hand perishes before it reaches the mouth. So likewise are the rich wasteful who have inherited money — almost never such as have earned it. The great mass of the people are not economical, but wasteful — it is the habit of the whole country.

The next cause is the rashness of experiment, leading men to engage in enterprises not well formed, and which turn out ill; cost much, and come to little. Hence come attempts to develop new forms of industry, or old forms in new places; the building of railroads in advance of population, or in advance of business, and the great increase of shipping. But this is a failing that "leans to virtue's side."

Then the spirit which prevails in our trade is not a very honest one. I would not say that we are worse than other nations; I am sure we are better, juster, more honest than our fathers were a hundred years ago. The wealthiest merchant who did business in this city fifty years ago would not be tolerated on "'Change" a single day. But look at the defalcations of men entrusted with public funds. Look at the great swindlings by the officers of railroads and banks. Remember how lightly all these things are passed over, and how very seldom the great thief gets punished at all. Remember that men fail in trade leaving one-half a million of debt and one-tenth of a million to dispatch the debt. Remember how the Pacific Company put $1,600,000 in gold of other men's property, and six hundred of their living bodies into a ship, with only

six boats, and no pump that could throw water,— a ship that had so bad a reputation that she could not be kept afloat without changing her name, making the "George Law" the "Central America,"— then you see what the spirit is in our trade.

Our system of buying and selling is very bad. It encourages extravagance by putting off pay day; it makes the transaction of business more expensive by necessitating a greater number of clerks; it gives opportunity to temptation and fraud; it produces a general unsoundness in trade, and so increases the cost of every pound of bread we eat, every inch of cloth we wear, every brick we pile into our walls, and every slate which roofs our houses. It seems to be cheap, it turns out to be dear.

Here is another cause,— the great and controlling one. We make money out of what has no intrinsic value, out of paper. All property is the product of labor. To distribute from the producer to the consumer there must be trade. For that, there must be money, which is simply the instrument of trade, a labor-saving machine to promote buying and selling. After much experimenting mankind has taken gold and silver, and therefore made money the instrument of trade, the medium of commerce. Gold and silver are property, and so represent the labor requisite to acquire them; they are transferable property, and of course subject to the laws of property; they rise and fall in value and no legislation can prevent that, any more than it can prevent rise and fall in the value of iron or tin; yet, commonly they fluctuate less than any other substance that could be chosen. They are condensed property. And not only are they the medium by which debts are paid but they are the standard measures of all value.

Gold or silver made into coin has no more value than before. At the mint the Government puts a stamp upon it, which is simply a national certificate that it has a certain purity, or comes up to a certain weight. It is a certificate of value, not a creating of value.

Now, in America, we make factitious money out of a piece of paper which contains somebody's promise to pay a dollar, and this becomes an instrument of trade by which debts are paid, and also the standard measure of value. Unlike the metallic dollar, the paper dollar has no intrinsic worth, it is not property, only the lawful representative of property. We have chartered some twelve or thirteen hundred banks in the United States to manufacture this substitute for metallic money on condition that when the paper is brought back they shall pay a metallic dollar for it. A bill, which is a promise to pay, is taken in payment of debts, said to be as good as gold; a certificate of debt is taken instead of a certificate of property. As there is little demand for metallic money, that is carried off. Like all other merchandise, it brings the highest price where it is needed and used the most. It is not to be denied that there is a certain convenience in this, especially attending large transactions; but in using it in small sums, there is great inconvenience. As paper costs little labor, and is yet taken for the representative of value, and as a certificate of labor done, it is multiplied to a great extent. Then money is cheap and prices go up. The farmer gets two dollars for his bushel of corn, that is, he gets the promise to pay two metallic dollars. Wages rise; the laborer gets more paper money for his work, but his corn, cloth, coal, also rise, and he gets no more value than before. Accordingly, as prices rise it costs more to manufacture than

before, and so we import the products of labor from abroad, where there is little paper money and prices are low.

As we feel rich, because money is plenty and all men say it is as good as gold, we import largely articles of comfort and luxury and send abroad our raw materials in payment to be brought back manufactured goods. But by and by the raw material is not quite adequate to pay our foreign debts, for our paper money is good for nothing abroad; our foreign goods, sold at paper prices, must be paid for in metallic money, and specie runs out of the country. Then the banks, not having the actual metallic money to pay, refuse to circulate their bills; money becomes "short," "tight"; there is a pressure in the market; money is worth more than before, goods are worth less; merchants who have bought goods on credit, and sold them on credit, cannot meet their payments, and accordingly must sell their permanent property to meet their payment, or else pay enormous rates of interest,— for money is merchandise and when scarce, like bread in a besieged city, it goes up to famine prices. Stocks fall in value ten, twenty, thirty, forty, even fifty per cent. Capitalists become distrustful, and even refuse to loan at all. Traders fail and give up their permanent property to creditors; it is sold at a reduced value, the trader loses half, but the creditor is only half paid.

The inheritance of birth, the earnings of a long life are at once swept away. In his old age the thrifty merchant is left with nothing. Timid men withdraw their money from circulation; it lies still, and an idle dollar is just as useless as an idle spindle, or an idle axe. Great enterprises stop. Men are thrown out of employment. Hunger looks through the windows of

a thousand homes, making ugly mouths at wives and babes.

We take great pains to prevent this evil. We try legally to fix the value of this paper money we have created and threaten to punish every man who loans it at more than six per cent. We might as well say that water should not run down hill. We have tried to make that money which is no money, which represents no labor done, and we cannot escape from the consequences of our first false principle. We wonder that specie does not stay in the land; it is because we think paper money is just as good, and France and England do not. It rains gold, and we hold out our dish bottom upwards, of course it is empty. We complain that there is lack of specie in this country. In the last twelve months we have exported more than sixty-nine millions of gold from this very land.

Other causes had their influences, but the main trouble, as it seems to me, comes from this — that we trust in paper money. The immediate consequence of this state of things is very painful. Some men lose their estates; a few great properties are scattered at once; many little competencies go to nothing. Sometimes this happens to the best of men in the country — men with liberal ideas, with habits of generosity. You all know what has recently befallen one of the most honorable, generous and Christian men in this town, who, as a thriving merchant said, has done more for the rising generation of Boston than any ten churches that could be named. You all deplore the misfortune of this honorable philanthropist. Now and then a chance shot strikes a coward in his tent, but commonly it is the brave soldiers who get shot in battle. There is a " forlorn hope " in the battle of productive industry not

less than the battle of war, and I look at the honest merchant who turns out bankrupt, as I look on the wounded soldier, covered all over with honorable scars, got in front, manfully confronting the foe. He has suffered, but it was in the cause of God and his country; just now we are in a Balaklava battle and somebody has blundered. Let us do honor to the "six hundred," remembering that they "rode away" meaning right.

In conclusion, there are duties devolving upon honorable and Christian men in this time of trouble and distress; forbearance towards solvent debtors as long as possible; the avoidance of all waste of articles of food and clothing, for we have a hard winter before us, and shall want all we have got. Yet it is not manly or Christian to make large retrenchments in these times, when a man can afford his previous expenditures, for by so doing, he simply shifts the burden to another man's back. Charity should be remembered, for much of that will be needed before the winter is half through. We should be humanly generous to such as fall through mistake, humanly just against defrauders, swindlers, cheats, of whatever name; charitable to the follies of the weak, the errors of the wise, but stern against the culprits who meditate weakness and conceal crime. The remoter duties are to reform the whole monetary system, make gold and silver the medium of business and depart from the habit of buying and selling on credit to so great an extent. When the potato rots in the ground, it tells us it is not fit to be a nation's bread. It is the voice of God crying out of the ground, "Beware! beware!" Cholera, yellow fever, typhoid, the plague, leprosy, they also have a warning, telling us what will follow if we violate the conditions

of life and health. They also, through our brother's blood, are God's voice, crying, "Beware! beware! the spot whereon you stand is unholy ground. Make clean your cities, breathe pure air; turn ye, for why will ye die?" And when a commercial distress like this occurs in a nation, full of plenty, and wealth, and industry, and wisdom, surely it tells us that we have made a mistake; that the experiment does not succeed; that paper money is a tool that does not work well; that extravagant expenditure, waste, the importation of luxuries, dishonesty in trade, are not wise. Besides have we not made a mistake which lies deeper, nearer, likewise, to the business of the pulpit? Have we not thought a little too much of property, fine houses, gaudy steamboats, New York hotels, costly silks? It is not worth while to hold the raiment above the body and the meat more than the soul which should consume it. The millionaire is not the highest product of human civilization. A rich man, a rich city, does not necessarily possess all the Christian virtues. "Money answereth all things," says the Bible proverb; but it cannot answer for honesty, it will never do for virtue; it cannot take the place of confidence in Thy higher law, Thou Father of earth and heaven! Is our trade conducted on fair, just principles? Does the Golden Rule lie on the merchant's desk, measuring out between men and men the rule of the market? Have we not forgotten God's higher law? Certainly, we over-rate wealth to-day, just as our fathers thought too much of fighting. The great end of business is not the accumulation of property, but the formation of character. "He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them," says the Psalmist; the great virtues, prudence, wisdom, justice, benevolence, piety, these

may be gathered from your trade; they are not uncertain riches, but imperishable, undefiled, and which fade not away.

"In the day of adversity consider." America will learn her lesson from this commercial distress, this scarcity of money, lack of work, temporary hunger, transient fear. Let us be thankful that our teacher comes with such a mild face. If we do not learn by this, then the lesson is to be taught us, not only with mercantile failure, but likewise with the thunder of cannon. When God spoke to England through the jingling dollars, she did not heed Him; but she hears when He speaks through the Crimean cannon and one hundred and fifty millions of men in rebellion on the other side of the world.

But we will learn, and then shall the light break forth out of the darkness, and the solid blessings of prosperity shall attend thankful, industrious, forecasting people, who remember the inevitable law of justice which God has written on every metallic dollar and every paper promise to pay, as he has written it on these fair flowers of the field. Then, not putting our trust in uncertain riches, we shall count it the great end of human life so to do the duties of time as to secure the reward of eternity; and for each of us there shall be a treasure "imperishable, undefiled, and which fadeth not away."

IX

POVERTY

The destruction of the poor is their poverty.—Proverbs x. 15.

By poverty, I mean the state in which a man does not have enough to satisfy the natural wants of food, raiment, shelter, warmth, and the like. From the earliest times that we know of, there have been two classes of men, the rich who had more than enough, the poor who had less. In one of the earliest books which treats of the condition of men, we find that Abraham, a rich man, owns the bodies of three hundred men that are poor. In four thousand years, the difference between rich and poor in our part of America is a good deal lessened, not done away with. In New England property is more uniformly distributed than in most countries, perhaps more equally than in any land as highly civilized. But even here the old distinction remains in a painful form and extended to a pitiful degree.

At one extreme of society is a body called the rich, men who have abundance, not a very numerous body, but powerful, first through the energy which accumulates money, and secondly through the money itself. Then there is a body of men who are comfortable. This class comprises the mass of the people in all the callings of life. Out of this class the rich men come, and into it their children or grandchildren commonly return. Few of the rich men of Boston were sons of rich men; still fewer grandsons; few of them perhaps will be fathers of men equally rich; still fewer grandfathers of such. Then there is the class that is miser-

able. Some of them are supported by public charity, some by private, some of them by their toil alone — but altogether they form a mass of men who only stay in the world, and do not live, in the best sense of that word.

Such are the great divisions of society in respect to property. However, the lines between these three classes are not sharp and distinctly drawn. There are no sharp divisions in nature; but, for our convenience, we distinguish classes by their center, where they are most alike, and not by their circumference, where they intermix and resemble each other. The line between the miserable and comfortable, between the comfortable and rich, is not distinctly drawn. The center of each class is obvious enough, while the limits thereof are a dissolving view.

The poor are miserable. Their food is the least that will sustain nature,— not agreeable, not healthy; their clothing scanty and mean, their dwellings inconvenient and uncomfortable, with roof and walls that let in the cold and the rain — dwellings that are painful and unhealthy; in their personal habits they are commonly unclean. Then they are ignorant; they have no time to attend school in childhood, no time to read or to think in manhood, even if they have learned to do either before that. If they have the time, few men can think to any profit while the body is uncomfortable. The cold man thinks only of the cold; the wretched of his misery. Besides this, they are frequently vicious. I do not mean to say they are wicked in the sight of God. I never see a poor man carried to jail for some petty crime, or even for a great one, without thinking that probably, in God's eye, the man is far better than I am, and, from the State's prison or

scaffold will ascend into heaven and take rank a great way before me. I do not mean to say they are wicked before God; but it is they who commit the minor crimes, against decency, sobriety, against property and person, and most of the major crimes, against human life. I mean that they commit the crimes that get punished by law. They crowd your courts; they tenant your jails; they occupy your gallows. If some man would write a book describing the life of all the men hanged in Massachusetts for fifty years past, or tried for some capital offense, and show what class of society they were from, how they were bred, what influences were about them in childhood, how they passed their Sundays, and also describe the configuration of their bodies, it would help us to a valuable chapter in the philosophy of crime, and furnish mighty argument against the injustice of our mode of dealing with offenders.

Poverty is the dark side of modern society. I say modern society, though poverty is not modern, for ancient society had poverty worse than ours, and a side still darker yet. Cannibalism, butchery of captives after battle, frequent or continual wars for the sake of plunder, and the slavery of the weak — these were the dark side of society in four great periods of human history,— the savage, the barbarous, the classic, and the feudal. Poverty is the best of these five bad things, each of which, however, has grimly done its service in its day.

There is no poverty among the Gaboon negroes. Put them in our latitude, and it soon comes. Nay, as they get to learn the wants of cultivated men, there will be a poorer class even in the torrid zone. Poverty prevails in every civilized nation on earth; yes, in every

savage nation in austere climes. Let us look at some examples. England is the richest country in Europe. I mean she has more wealth in proportion to her population than any other in a similar climate. Look at her possessions in every corner of the globe; at her armies, which Europe cannot conquer; at her ships, which weave the great commercial web that spread all round about the world; at home what factories, what farms, what houses, what towns, what a vast and wealthy metropolis; what an aristocracy — so rich, so cultivated, so able, so daring, and so unconquered.

But in that very English nation the most frightful poverty exists. Look at the two sister islands: this the queen, and that the beggar of all nations; the rose and the shamrock; the one throned in royal beauty, the other bowed to the dust, torn, and trampled under foot. In that capital of the world's wealth, in that center of power far greater than the power of all the Cæsars, there is the most squalid poverty. Look at St. Giles's and St. James's — that the earthly hell of want and crime, this the worldly heaven of luxury and power! Put on the one side the stately nobility of England, well born, well bred, armed with the power of manners, the power of money, the power of culture, and the power of place, and on the other side put the beggary of England, the two million paupers who are kept wholly on public or private charity; the three million laborers who formerly fed on potatoes, God knows what they feed on now, and all the other hungry sons of want who are kept in awe only by the growling lion who guards the British throne; and you see at once the result of modern civilization in the ablest, the foremost, the freest, the most practical, and the richest nation in the old world.

Even here in New England, a country not two hundred and fifty years old, a little patch of cleared land on the edge of the continent, we hear of poverty which is frightful to think of. It is a serious question, what shall be done for the poor? There are few that can tell what shall be done with them, or what is to become of them. Want is always here in Boston. Misery is here. Starvation is not unknown. What is now serious will one day be alarming. Even now it is awful to think of the misery that lurks in this Christian town. New England in fifty years has increased vastly in wealth, but poverty increases too. There has been a great advance in the productiveness of human labor; with our tools a man can do as much rude work in one day as he could in three days a hundred years ago. I mean work with the ax, the plough, the spade; of nicer work, yet more; of the most delicate work, see what machines do for him. The end is not yet; soon we shall have engines that will whittle granite, as a gang of saws cleaves logs into broad smooth boards. Yet with all this advance in the productiveness of human toil, still there is poverty. A day's work now will bring a man greater proportionate pay than ever before in New England. I mean to say that the ordinary wages for an ordinary day's work will support a man comfortably and respectably longer than they ever would before. On the whole, the price of things has come down and the price of work has gone up. Yet still there are the poor; there is want, there is misery, there is starvation. The community gives more than ever before; a better public provision is made for the poor, private benevolence is more active and works far more wisely — yet still there is poverty, want, misery, unremoved, unmitigated, and, many think, immitigable!

Now I am not going to deny that poverty, like other forms of suffering, plays a part in the economy of the human race. If God's children will not work, or will throw away their bread, I do not complain that He sends them to bed without their supper — to a hard bed, and a narrow, and a cold. "Earn your breakfast before you eat it," is not merely the counsel of Poor Richard, but of Almighty God; it is a just counsel, and not hard. But is poverty an essential, substantial, integral element in human civilization, or is it an accidental element thereof, and transiently present; is it amenable to suppression? For my own part, I believe that all evil is transient, a thing that belongs to the process of development, not to the nature of man, or the higher forms of social life towards which he is advancing. If God be absolutely good, then only good things are everlasting. This general opinion, which comes from my religion as well as my philosophy, affects my special opinion of the history and design of poverty. I look on it as on cannibalism, the butchery of captives, the continual war for the sake of plunder, or on slavery; yes, as I look on the diseases incidental to childhood, things that mankind live through and outgrow; which, painful as they are, do not make up the greatest part of the entire life of mankind. If it shall be said that I cannot know this, that I have not a clear intellectual perception of the providential design thereof, or the means of its removal, still I believe it, and if I have not the knowledge which comes of philosophy, I have still faith, the result of instinctive trust in God.

Let us look a little at the causes of poverty. Some things we see best on a large scale. So let us look at poverty thus, and then come down to the smaller forms thereof.

I. There may be a natural and organic cause. The people of Lapland, Iceland, and Greenland are a poor people compared with the Scotch, the Danes, or the French. There is a natural and organic cause for their poverty in the soil and climate of those countries, which cannot be changed. They must emigrate before they can become rich or comfortable in our sense of the word. Hence their poverty is to be attributed to their geographical position. Put the New Englanders there, even they would be a poor people. Thus the poverty of a nation may depend on the geographical position of the nation.

Suppose a race of men has little vigor of body or of mind, and yet the same natural wants as a vigorous race; put them in favorable circumstances, in a good climate, on a rich soil, they will be poor on account of the feebleness of their mind and body; put them in a stern climate, on a sterile soil, and they will perish. Such is the case with the Mexicans. Soil and climate are favorable, yet the people are poor. Suppose a nation had only one-third part of the Laplander's ability, and yet needed the result of all his power, and was put in the Laplander's position, they would not live through the first winter. Had they been Mexicans who came to Plymouth in 1620, not one of them, it is probable, would have seen the next summer. Take away half the sense or bodily strength of the Bushmen of South Africa, and though they might have sense enough to dig nuts out of the ground, yet the lions and hyenas would eventually eat up the whole nation. So the poverty of a nation may come from want of power of body or of mind.

Then if a nation increases in numbers more rapidly than in wealth, there is a corresponding increase of

want. Let the number of births in England for the next ten years be double the number for the last ten, without a corresponding creation of new wealth, and the English are brought to the condition of the Irish. Let the number of births in Ireland in like manner multiply, and one-half the population must perish for want of food. So the poverty of a nation may depend on the disproportionate increase of its numbers.

Then an able race, under favorable outward circumstances, without an over-rapid increase of numbers, if its powers are not much developed, will be poor in comparison with a similar race under similar circumstances, but highly developed. Thus England, under Egbert, in the ninth century, was poor compared with England under Victoria, in the nineteenth century. The single town of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, or even Sheffield, is probably worth many times the wealth of all England in the ninth century. So the poverty of a nation may depend on its want of development.

Old England and New England are rich, partly through the circumstances of climate and soil, partly and chiefly through the great vigor of the race, with only a normal increase of numbers, and partly through a more complete development of the nations. Such are the chief natural and organic causes of poverty on a large scale in a nation.

II. The causes may be political. By political, I mean such as are brought about by the laws, either the fundamental laws, the constitution, or the minor laws, statutes. Sometimes the laws tend to make the whole nation poor. Such are the laws which force the industry of the people out of the natural channel, restricting commerce, agriculture, manufactures, industry in general. Sometimes this is done by promoting

war, by keeping up armies and navies, by putting the destructive work of fighting, or the merely conservative work of ruling, before the creative works of productive industry. France was an example of that a hundred years ago. Spain yet continues such, as she has been for two centuries.

Sometimes this is done by hindering the general development of the nation, by retarding education, by forbidding all freedom of thought. The States of the Church are an example of this when compared with Tuscany; all Italy and Austria when compared with England; Spain, when compared with Germany, France, and Holland.

Sometimes this is brought about by keeping up an unnatural institution — as slavery, for example. South Carolina is an instance of this, when compared with Massachusetts. South Carolina has many advantages over us, yet South Carolina is poor while Massachusetts is rich.

Sometimes this political action primarily affects only the distribution of wealth, and so makes one class rich and another poor. Such is the case with laws which give all the real estate to the eldest son, laws which allow property to be entailed for a long time or for ever, laws which cut men off from the land. These laws at first seem only to make one class rich and the others poor, and merely to affect the distribution of wealth in a nation; but they are unnatural, and retard the industry of the people, and diminish their productive power, and make the whole nation less rich. Legislation may favor wealth and not men — property which is accumulated labor, rather than labor which is the power that accumulates property. Such legislation always endangers wealth in the end, lessening its quantity and making its tenure uncertain.

Two things may be said of European legislation in general, and especially of English legislation. First, that it has aimed to concentrate wealth in the hands of a few and keep it there. Hence it favors primogeniture, entails monopolies of posts of profit and of honor. Second, it has always looked out for the proprietor and his property, and cared little for the man without property; hence it always wanted the price of things high, the wages of men low, and, in addition to natural and organic obstacles, it continually put social impediments in the poor man's way. In England no son of a laborer could rise to eminence in the law or in medicine, scarcely in the Church; no, not even in the army or navy.

These two statements will bear examination. The genius of England has demanded these two things. The genius of America demands neither, but rejects both; demands the distribution of property, puts the rights of man first, the rights of things last. Such are the political causes, and such their effects.

III. Then there are social causes which make a nation poor. Such are the prevalence of an opinion that industry is not respectable; that it is honorable to consume, disgraceful to create; that much must be spent, though little earned. The Spanish nation is poor in part through the prevalence of this opinion.

Sometimes social causes seem only to affect a class. The Pariahs in India must not fill any office that is well paid. They are despised, and of course they are poor and miserable. The blacks in New England are despised and frowned down, not admitted to the steamboat, the omnibus, to the school-houses in Boston, or even to the meeting-house with white men; not often allowed to work in company with the whites; and so

they are kept in poverty. In Europe the Jews have been equally despised and treated in the same way, but not made poor, because they are in many respects a superior race of men, and because they have the advantage of belonging to a nation whose civilization is older than any other in Europe; a nation specially gifted with the faculty of thrift; a tribe whom none but other Jews, Scotchmen, or New Englanders, could outwit, overreach, and make poor. No Ferdinand and Isabella, no inquisition could so completely expel them from any country, as the superior craft and cunning of the Yankee has driven them out of New England. There are Jews in every country of Europe, everywhere despised and maltreated, and forced into the corners of society, but everywhere superior to the men who surround them. Such are the social causes which produce poverty.

Now, let us look at the matter on a smaller scale, and see the cause of poverty in New England, of poverty in Broad Street and Sea Street. From the great mass let me take out a class which are accidentally poor. There are the widows and orphan children who inherit no estate; the able men reduced by sickness before they have accumulated enough to sustain them. Then let me take out a class of men transiently poor, men who start with nothing, but have vigor and will to make their own way in the world. The majority of the poor still remain — the class who are permanently poor. The accidentally poor can easily be taken care of by public or private charity; the transient poor will soon take care of themselves. The young man who lives on six cents a day while studying medicine in Boston, is doubtless a poor man, but will soon repay society for the slight aid it has lent him, and in time will take care

of other poor men. So these two classes — the accidental and the transient poor — can easily be disposed of.

What causes have produced the class that is permanently poor? What has just been said of nations, is true also of individuals.

First, there are natural and organic causes of poverty. Some men are born into the midst of want, ignorance, idleness, filthiness, intemperance, vice, crime; their earliest associations are debasing, their companions bad. They are born into the Iceland of society, into the frigid zone, some of them under the very pole-star of want. Such men are born and bred under the greatest disadvantages. Every star in their horoscope has a malignant aspect, and sheds disastrous influence. I do not remember five men in New England, from that class, becoming distinguished in any manly pursuit,— not five. Almost all of our great men and our rich men came from the comfortable class, none from the miserable. The old poverty is parent of new poverty. It takes at least two generations to outgrow the pernicious influence of such circumstances.

Then much of the permanent poverty comes from the lack of ability, power of body and of mind. In that Iceland of society men are commonly born with a feeble organization, and bred under every physical disadvantage; the man is physically weak, or else runs to muscle and not brain, and so is mentally weak. His feebleness is the result of the poverty of his fathers, and his own want in childhood. The oak tree grows tall and large in a rich valley; stunted, small, and scrubby on the barren sand.

Again, this class of men increase most rapidly in numbers. When the poor man has not half enough to

fill his own mouth, and clothe his own back, other backs are added, other mouths opened. He abounds in nothing but naked and hungry children.

Further still, he has not so good a chance as the comfortable to get education and general development. A rude man, with superior abilities, in this century, will often be distanced by the well-trained man who started at birth with inferior powers. But if the rude man begin with inferior abilities, inferior circumstances, incumbered also with a load becoming rapidly more burdensome, you see under what accumulated disadvantages he labors all his life. So to the first natural and organic cause of poverty, his untoward position in society; to the second, his inferior ability; and to the third, the increase of his family, excessively rapid, we must add a fourth cause, his inferior development. An ignorant man, who is also weak in body, and besides that, starts with every disadvantage, his burdens annually increasing, may be expected to continue a poor man. It is only in most extraordinary cases that it turns out otherwise.

To these causes we must add what comes therefrom as their joint result: idleness, by which the poor waste their time; thriftlessness and improvidence, by which they lose their opportunities and squander their substance. The poor are seldom so economical as the rich; it is so with children, they spoil the furniture, soil and rend their garments, put things to a wasteful use, consume heedlessly and squander, careless of to-morrow. The poor are the children of society.

To these five causes I must add intemperance, the great bane of the miserable class. I feel no temptation to be drunken, but if I were always miserable, cold, hungry, naked, so ignorant that I did not know the

result of violating God's laws, had I been surrounded from youth with the worst examples, not respected by other men, but a loathsome object in their sight, not even respecting myself, I can easily understand how the temporary madness of strong drink would be a most welcome thing. The poor are the prey of the rum-seller. As the lion in the Hebrew wilderness eateth up the wild ass, so in modern society the rum-seller and rum-maker suck the bones of the miserable poor. I never hear of a great fortune made in the liquor trade, but I think of the wives that have been made widows thereby, of the children bereft of their parents, of the fathers and mothers whom strong drink has brought down to shame, to crime, and to ruin. The history of the first barrel of rum that ever visited New England is well known. It brought some forty men before the bar of the court. The history of the last barrel can scarcely be much better.

Such are the natural and organic causes which make poverty.

With the exception of laws which allow the sale of intoxicating drink, I think there are few political causes of poverty in New England, and they are too inconsiderable to mention in so brief a sketch as this. However, there are some social causes of our permanent poverty. I do not think we have much respect for the men who do the rude work of life, however faithfully and well — little respect for work itself. The rich man is ashamed to have begun to make his fortune with his own hard hands; even if the rich man is not, his daughter is for him. I do not think we have cared much to respect the humble efforts of feeble men; not cared much to have men dear, and things cheap. It has not been thought the part of political economy, of

sound legislation, or of pure Christianity, to hinder the increase of pauperism, to remove the causes of poverty; yes, the causes of crime — only to take vengeance on it when committed!

Boston is a strange place; here is energy enough to conquer half the continent in ten years; power of thought to seize and tame the Connecticut and the Merrimac; charity enough to send missionaries all over the world; but not justice enough to found a high school for her own daughters, or to forbid her richest citizens from letting bar-rooms as nurseries of poverty and crime, from opening wide gates which lead to the almshouse, the jail, the gallows, and earthly hell!

Such are the causes of poverty, organic, political, social. You may see families pass from the comfortable to the miserable class, by intemperance, idleness, wastefulness, even by feebleness of body and of mind; yet, while it is common for the rich to descend into the comfortable class, solely by lack of the eminent thrift which raised their fathers thence, or because they lack the common stimulus to toil and save, it is not common for the comfortable to fall into the pit of misery in New England, except through wickedness, through idleness, or intemperance.

It is not easy to study poverty in Boston. But take a little inland town, which few persons migrate into, you will find the miserable families have commonly been so for a hundred years; that many of them are descended from the "servants," or white slaves, brought here by our fathers; that such as fall from the comfortable classes are commonly made miserable by their own fault, sometimes by idleness, which is certainly a sin: for any man who will not work, and persists in living, eats the bread of some other man, either begged

or stolen — but chiefly by intemperance. Three-fourths of the poverty of this character is to be attributed to this cause.

Now there is a tendency in poverty to drive the ablest men to work, and so get rid of the poverty; and this I take it is the providential design thereof. Poverty, like an armed man, stalks in the rear of the social march, huge and haggard, and gaunt and grim, to scare the lazy, to goad the idle with his sword, to trample and slay the obstinate sluggard. But he treads also the feeble under his feet, for no fault of theirs, only for the misfortune of being born in the rear of society. But in poverty there is also a tendency to intimidate, to enfeeble, to benumb. The poverty of the strong man compels him to toil; but with the weak, the destruction of the poor is his poverty. An active man is awakened from his sleep by the cold; he arises and seeks more covering; the indolent, or the feeble, shiver on till the morning, benumbed and enfeebled by the cold. So weakness begets weakness; poverty, poverty; intemperance, intemperance; crime, crime.

Everything is against the poor man; he pays the dearest tax, the highest rent for his house, the dearest price for all he eats or wears. The poor cannot watch their opportunity, and take advantage of the markets, as other men. They have the most numerous temptations to intemperance and crime; they have the poorest safeguards from these evils. If the chief value of wealth, as a rich man tells us, be this — that "it renders its owner independent of others," then on what shall the poor men lean, neglected and despised by others, looked on as loathsome, and held in contempt, shut out even from the sermons and the prayers of respectable men? It is no marvel if they cease to respect themselves.

The poor are the most obnoxious to disease; their children are not only most numerous, but most unhealthy. More than half of the children of that class perish at the age of five. Amongst the poor, infectious diseases rage with frightful violence. The mortality in that class is amazing. If things are to continue as now, I thank God it is so. If Death is their only guardian, he is at least powerful, and does not scorn his work.

In addition to the poor, whom these causes have made and kept in poverty, the needy of other lands flock hither. The nobility of old England, so zealous in pursuing their game, in keeping their entails unbroken, and primogeniture safe, have sent their beggary to New England, to be supported by the crumbs that fall from our table. So, in the same New England city, the extremes of society are brought together. Here is health, elegance, cultivation, sobriety, decency, refinement — I wish there was more of it; there is poverty, ignorance, drunkenness, violence, crime, in most odious forms — starvation! We have our St. Giles's and St. James's; our nobility, not a whit less noble than the noblest of other lands, and our beggars, both in a Christian city. Amid the needy population, misery and death have found their parish. Who shall dare stop his ears, when they preach their awful denunciation of want and woe?

Good men ask, "What shall we do?" Foreign poverty has had this good effect; it has shamed or frightened the American beggar into industry and thrift.

Poverty will not be removed till the causes thereof are removed. There are some who look for a great social revolution. So do I; only I do not look for it to come about suddenly, or by mechanical means. We

are in a social revolution, and do not know it. While I cannot accept the peculiar doctrines of the Associationists, I rejoice in their existence. I sympathize with their hope. They point out the evils of society, and that is something. They propose a method of removing its evils. I do not believe in that method, but mankind will probably make many experiments before we hit upon the right one. For my own part, I confess I do not see any way of removing poverty wholly or entirely, in one or two, or in four or five generations. I think it will linger for some ages to come. Like the snow, it is to be removed by a general elevation of the temperature of the air, not all at once; and will long hang about the dark and cold places of the world. But I do think it will at last be overcome, so that a man who cannot subsist will be as rare as a cannibal. "Ye have the poor with you always," said Jesus; and many who remember this, forget that he also said, "And whensoever ye will ye may do them good." I expect to see a mitigation of poverty in this country, and that before long.

It is likely that the legal theory of property in Europe will undergo a great change before many years; that the right to bequeath enormous estates to individuals will be cut off; that primogeniture will cease, and entailments be broken, and all monopolies of rank and power come to an end, and so a great change take place in the social condition of Europe, and especially of England. That change will bring many of the comfortable into the rich class, and eventually many of the miserable into the comfortable class. But I do not expect such a radical change here, where we have not such enormous abuses to surmount.

I think something will be done in Europe for the

organization of labor, I do not know what; I do not know how; I have not the ability to know, and will not pretend to criticize what I know I cannot create, and do not at present understand. I think there will be a great change in the form of society; that able men will endeavor to remove the causes of crime, not merely to make money out of that crime; that intemperance will be diminished; that idleness in rich or poor will be counted a disgrace; that labor will be more respected; education more widely diffused; and that institutions will be founded, which will tend to produce these results. But I do not pretend to devise those institutions, and certainly shall not throw obstacles in the way of such as can or will try. It seems likely that something will be first done in Europe, where the need is greatest. There a change must come. By and by, if it does not come peaceably, the continent will not furnish "special constables" enough to put down human nature. If the white republicans cannot make a revolution peacefully, wait a little, and the red republicans will make it in blood. "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," says mankind, first in a whisper, then in a voice of thunder. If powerful men will not write justice with black ink, on white paper, ignorant and violent men will write it on the soil, in letters of blood, and illuminate their rude legislation with burning castles, palaces, and towns. While the social change is taking place never so peacefully, men will think the world is going to ruin. But it is an old world, pretty well put together, and, with all these changes, will probably last some time longer. Human society is like one of those enormous boulders, so nicely poised on another rock, that a man may move it with a single hand. You are afraid to come under its sides, lest it

fall. When the wind blows, it rocks with formidable noise, and men say it will soon be down upon us. Now and then a rude boy undertakes to throw it over; but all the men who can get their shoulders under, cannot raise the ponderous mass from its solid and firm-set base.

Still, after all these changes have taken place, there remains the difference between the strong and the weak, the active and the idle, the thrifty and the spendthrift, the temperate and the intemperate; and, though the term poverty ceases to be so dreadful, and no longer denotes want of the natural necessaries of the body, there will still remain the relatively rich and the relatively poor.

But now something can be done directly to remove the causes of poverty, something to mitigate their effects; we need both the palliative charity, and the remedial justice. Tenements for the poor can be provided at a cheap rent, that shall yet pay their owner a reasonable income. This has been proved by actual experiment, and, after all that has been said about it, I am amazed that no more is done. I will not exhort the churches to this in the name of religion — they have other matters to attend to; but if capitalists will not, in a place like Boston, it seems to me the city should see that this class of the population is provided with tenements, at a rate not ruinous. It would be good economy to do it, in the pecuniary sense of good economy; certainly to hire money at six per cent., and rent the houses built therewith at eight per cent., would cost less than to support the poor entirely in almhouses, and punish them in jails.

Something yet more may be done, in the way of furnishing them with work, or of directing them to it;

something towards enabling them to purchase food and other articles cheap.

Something might be done to prevent street beggary, and begging from house to house, which is rather a new thing in this town. The indiscriminate charity, which it is difficult to withhold from a needy and importunate beggar, does more harm than good.

Much may be done to promote temperance; much more, I fear, than is likely to be done; that is plainly the duty of society. Intemperance is bad enough with the comfortable and the rich; with the poor it is ruin — sheer, blank, and swift ruin. The example of the rich, of the comfortable, goes down there like lightning, to shatter, to blast, and to burn. It is marvelous, that in Christian Boston, men of wealth, and so above the temptation which lurks behind a dollar, men of character otherwise thought to be elevated, can yet continue a traffic which leads to the ruin and slow butchery of such masses of men. I know not what can be done by means of the public law. I do know what can be done by private self-denial, by private diligence.

Something also may be done to promote religion amongst the poor, at least something to make it practicable for a poor man to come to church on Sunday, with his fellow-creatures who are not miserable — and to hear the best things that the ablest men in the Church have to offer. We are very democratic in our State, not at all so in our Church. In this matter the Catholics put us quite to shame. If, as some men still believe, it be a manly calling and a noble to preach Christianity, then to preach it to men who stand in the worst and most dangerous positions in society; to take the highest truths of human consciousness, the loftiest

philosophy, the noblest piety, and bring them down into the daily life of poor men, rude men, men obscure, unfriended, ready to perish; surely this is the noblest part of that calling, and demands the noblest gifts, the fairest and the largest culture, and the loftiest powers.

It is no hard thing to reason with reasoning men, and to be intelligible to the intelligent; to talk acceptably and even movingly to scholars and men well read, is no hard thing, if you are yourself well read and a scholar. But to be intelligible to the ignorant, to reason with men who reason not, to speak acceptably and movingly with such men, to inspire them with wisdom, with goodness, and with piety,— that is the task only for some men of rare genius who can stride over the great gulf betwixt the thrones of creative power, and the humble positions of men ignorant, poor, and forgot! Yet such men there are, and here is their work.

Something can be done for the children of the poor — to promote their education, to find them employment, to snatch these little ones from underneath the feet of that grim poverty. It is not less than awful to think, while there are more children born in Boston of Catholic parents than of Protestant, that yet more than three-fifths thereof die before the sun of their fifth year shines on their luckless heads. I thank God that thus they die. If there be not wisdom enough in society, nor enough justice there to save them from their future long-protracted suffering, than I thank God that Death comes down betimes, and moistens his sickle while his crop is green. I pity not the miserable babes who fall early before that merciful arm of Death. They are at rest. Poverty cannot

touch them. Let the mothers who bore them rejoice, but weep only for those that are left — left to ignorance, to misery, to intemperance, to vice that I shall not name; left to the mercies of the jail, and perhaps the gallows at the last. Yet Boston is a Christian city — and it is eighteen hundred years since one great Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost!

I see not what more can be done directly, and I see not why these things should not be done. Still some will suffer; the idle, the lazy, the proud who will not work, the careless who will voluntarily waste their time, their strength, or their goods — they must suffer, they ought to suffer. Want is the only schoolmaster to teach them industry and thrift. Such as are merely unable, who are poor not by their fault — we do wrong to let them suffer; we do wickedly to leave them to perish. The little children who survive — are they to be left to become barbarians in the midst of our civilization?

Want is not an absolutely needful thing, but very needful for the present distress, to teach us industry, economy, thrift, and its creative arts. There is nature — the whole material world — waiting to serve. "What would you have thereof?" says God. "Pay for it and take it, as you will; only pay as you go!" There are hands to work, heads to think; strong hands, hard heads. God is an economist; He economizes suffering; there is never too much of it in the world for the purpose it is to serve, though it often falls where it should not fall. It is here to teach us industry, thrift, justice. It will be here no more when we have learned its lesson. Want is here on sufferance; misery on sufferance; and mankind can eject

them if we will. Poverty, like all evils, is amendable to suppression.

Can we not end this poverty — the misery and crime it brings? No, not to-day. Can we not lessen it? Soon as we will. Think how much ability there is in this town — cool, far-sighted talent. If some of the ablest men directed their thoughts to the reform of this evil, how much might be done in a single generation; and in a century — what could not they do in a hundred years? What better work is there for able men? I would have it written on my tombstone: "This man had but little wit, and less fame, yet he helped remove the causes of poverty, making men better off and better;" rather by far than this: "Here lies a great man; he had a great place in the world, and great power, and great fame, and made nothing of it, leaving the world no better for his stay therein, and no man better off."

After all the special efforts to remove poverty, the great work is to be done by the general advance of mankind. We shall outgrow this, as cannibalism, butchery of captives, war for plunder, and other kindred miseries have been outgrown. God has general remedies in abundance, but few specific. Something will be done by diffusing throughout the community principles and habits of economy, industry, temperance; by diffusing ideas of justice, sentiments of brotherly love, sentiments and ideas of religion. I hope everything from that — the noiseless and steady progress of Christianity; the snow melts not by sunlight, or that alone, but as the whole air becomes warm. You may in cold weather melt away a little before your own door, but that makes little difference till the general temperature rises. Still, while the air

is getting warm, you facilitate the process by breaking up the obdurate masses of ice, and putting them where the sun shines with direct and unimpeded light. So must we do with poverty.

It is only a little that any of us can do — for anything. Still we can do a little; we can each do by helping towards raising the general tone of society: first, by each man raising himself; by industry, economy, charity, justice, piety; by noble life. So doing, we raise the moral temperature of the whole world, and just in proportion thereto. Next, by helping those who come in our way; nay, by going out of our way to help men. In each of these modes, it is our duty to work. To a certain extent each man is his brother's keeper. Of the powers we possess we are but trustees under Providence, to use them for the benefit of men, and render continually an account of our stewardship to God. Each man can do a little directly to help convince the world of its wrong, a little in the way of temporizing charity, a little in the way of remedial justice; so doing, he works with God, and God works with him.

X

WAR

The Lord is a man of war.— Exodus xv. 3.
God is love.— 1 John iv. 8.

I ask your attention to "A Sermon of War." I have waited some time before treating this subject at length, till the present hostilities should assume a definite form, and the designs of the Government become more apparent. I wished to be able to speak coolly, and with knowledge of the facts, that we might understand the comparative merits of the present war. Besides, I have waited for others in the churches, of more experience to speak, before I ventured to offer my counsel; but I have thus far waited almost in vain. I did not wish to treat the matter last Sunday, for that was the end of our week of Pentecost, when cloven tongues of flame descend on the city, and some are thought to be full of new wine, and others of the holy spirit. The heat of the meetings, good and bad, of that week, could not wholly have passed away from you or me, and we ought to come coolly and consider a subject like this. So the last Sunday I only sketched the background of the picture, to-day intending to paint the horrors of war in front of that "Presence of Beauty in Nature," to which, with its meanings and its lessons, I then asked you to attend.

It seems to me that an idea of God as the Infinite is given to us in our nature itself. But men create a more definite conception of God in their own image. Thus a rude savage man, who has learned only

the presence of power in nature, conceives of God mainly as a force, and speaks of Him as a God of power. Such, though not without beautiful exceptions, is the character ascribed to Jehovah in the Old Testament. "The Lord is a man of war." He is "the Lord of hosts." He kills men, and their cattle. If there be trouble in the enemies' city, it is the Lord who hath caused it. He will "whet his glittering sword, and render vengeance to his enemies. He will make his arrows drunk with blood, and his sword shall devour flesh!" It is with the sword that God pleads with all men. He encourages men to fight, and says, "Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood." He sends blood into the streets; he waters the land with blood, and in blood he dissolves the mountains. He brandishes his sword before kings, and they tremble at every moment. He treads nations as grapes in a wine-press, and his garments are stained with their life's blood.

A man who has grown up to read the older Testament of God revealed in the beauty of the universe, and to feel the goodness of God therein set forth, sees Him not as force only, or in chief, but as love. He worships in love the God of goodness and of peace. Such is the prevalent character ascribed to God in the New Testament, except in the book of Revelation. He is the "God of love and peace;" "our Father," "kind to the unthankful and the unmerciful." In one word, God is love. He loves us all, Jew and Gentile, bond and free. All are His children, each of priceless value in His sight. He is no God of battles; no Lord of hosts; no man of war. He has no sword nor arrows; He does not water the earth nor melt the mountains in blood, but "He maketh His sun to

rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." He has no garments dyed in blood; curses no man for refusing to fight. He is spirit, to be worshiped in spirit and in truth! The commandment is: Love one another; resist not evil with evil; forgive seventy times seven; overcome evil with good; love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you. There is no nation to shut its ports against another, all are men; no caste to curl its lip at inferiors; all are brothers, members of one body, united in the Christ, the ideal man and head of all. The most useful is the greatest. No man is to be master, for the Christ is our teacher. We are to fear no man, for God is our Father.

These precepts are undeniably the precepts of Christianity. Equally plain is it that they are the dictates of man's nature, only developed and active; a part of God's universal revelation; His law writ on the soul of man, established in the nature of things; true after all experience, and true before all experience. The man of real insight into spiritual things sees and knows them to be true.

Do not believe it the part of a coward to think so. I have known many cowards; yes, a great many; some very cowardly, pusillanimous, and faint-hearted cowards; but never one who thought so, or pretended to think so. It requires very little courage to fight with sword and musket, and that of a cheap kind. Men of that stamp are plenty as grass in June. Beat your drums, and they will follow; offer them but eight dollars a month, and they will come — fifty thousand of them, to smite and kill. Every male

animal, or reptile, will fight. It requires little courage to kill; but it takes much to resist evil with good, holding obstinately out, active or passive, till you overcome it. Call that non-resistance, if you will; it is the stoutest kind of combat, demanding all the manhood of a man.

I will not deny that war is inseparable from a low stage of civilization; so is polygamy, slavery, cannibalism. Taking men as they were, savage and violent, there have been times when war was unavoidable. I will not deny that it has helped forward the civilization of the race, for God often makes the folly and the sin of men contribute to the progress of mankind. It is none the less a folly or a sin. In a civilized nation like ourselves, it is far more heinous than in the Ojibways or the Comanches.

War is in utter violation of Christianity. If war be right, then Christianity is wrong, false, a lie. But if Christianity be true, if reason, conscience, the religious sense, the highest faculties of man, are to be trusted, then war is the wrong, the falsehood, the lie. I maintain that aggressive war is a sin; that it is national infidelity, a denial of Christianity and of God. Every man who understands Christianity by heart, in its relations to man, to society, the nation, the world, knows that war is a wrong. At this day, with all the enlightenment of our age, after the long peace of the nations, war is easily avoided. Whenever it occurs, the very fact of its occurrence convicts the rulers of a nation either of entire incapacity as statesmen, or else of the worst form of treason: treason to the people, to mankind, to God! There is no other alternative. The very fact of an aggressive war shows that the men who cause it must be either fools or traitors.

I think lightly of what is called treason against a government. That may be your duty to-day, or mine. Certainly it was our fathers' duty not long ago; now it is our boast and their title to honor. But treason against the people, against mankind, against God, is a great sin, not lightly to be spoken of. The political authors of the war on this continent, and at this day, are either utterly incapable of a statesman's work, or else guilty of that sin. Fools they are, or traitors they must be.

Let me speak, and in detail, of the evils of war. I wish this were not necessary. But we have found ourselves in a war; the Congress has voted our money and our men to carry it on; the governors call for volunteers; the volunteers come when they are called for. No voice of indignation goes forth from the heart of the eight hundred thousand souls of Massachusetts; of the seventeen million freemen of the land how few complain; only a man here and there! The press is well-nigh silent. And the Church, so far from protesting against this infidelity in the name of Christ, is little better than dead. The man of blood shelters himself behind its wall, silent, dark, dead, and emblematic. These facts show that it is necessary to speak of the evils of war. I am speaking in a city whose fairest, firmest, most costly buildings are warehouses and banks; a city whose most popular idol is Mammon, the god of gold; whose trinity is a trinity of coin! I shall speak intelligibly, therefore, if I begin by considering war as a waste of property. It paralyzes industry. The very fear of it is a mildew upon commerce. Though the present war is but a skirmish, only a few random shots between a squad of regulars and some strolling battalions, a quarrel which in Eu-

rope would scarcely frighten even the pope — you see the effect of it upon trade. Though the fighting be thousands of miles from Boston, your stock falls in the market; the rate of insurance is altered; your dealer in wood piles his boards and his timber on his wharf, not finding a market. There are few ships in the great Southern mart to take the freight of many; exchange is disturbed. The clergyman is afraid to buy a book, lest his children want bread. It is so with all departments of industry and trade. In war the capitalist is uncertain and slow to venture, so the laborer's hand will be still, and his child ill clad and hungry.

In the late war with England, many of you remember the condition of your fisheries, of your commerce; how the ships lay rotting at the wharf. The dearness of cloth, of provisions, flour, sugar, tea, coffee, salt; the comparative lowness of wages, the stagnation of business, the scarcity of money, the universal sullenness and gloom — all this is well remembered now. So is the ruin it brought on many a man.

Yet but few weeks ago some men talked boastingly of a war with England. There are some men who seem to have no eyes nor ears, only a mouth; whose chief function is talk. Of their talk I will say nothing; we look for dust in dry places. But some men thus talked of war, and seemed desirous to provoke it, who can scarce plead ignorance, and I fear not folly, for their excuse. I leave such to the just resentment sure to fall on them from sober, serious men, who dare to be so unpopular as to think before they speak, and then say what comes of thinking. Perhaps such a war was never likely to take place, and now, thanks to a few wise men, all danger thereof

seems at an end. But suppose it had happened — what would become of your commerce, of your fishing-smacks on the banks or along the shore? what of your coasting vessels, doubling the headlands all the way from the St. John to the Nueces? what of your whale-ships in the Pacific? what of your Indiamen, deep freighted with oriental wealth? what of that fleet which crowds across the Atlantic sea, trading with East and West, and North and South? I know some men care little for the rich, but when the owners keep their craft in port, where can the hands find work, or their mouths find bread? The shipping of the United States amounts nearly to 2,500,000 tons. At $40 a ton, its value is nearly $100,000,000. This is the value only of those sea-carriages; their cargoes I cannot compute. Allowing one sailor for every twenty tons burden, here will be 125,000 seamen. They and their families amount to 500,000 souls. In war, what will become of them? A capital of more than $13,000,000 is invested in the fisheries of Massachusetts alone. More than 19,000 men find profitable employment therein. If each man have but four others in his family, a small number for that class, here are more than 95,000 persons in this State alone, whose daily bread depends on this business. They cannot fish in troubled waters, for they are fishermen, not politicians. Where could they find bread or cloth in time of war? In Dartmoor prison? Ask that of your demagogues who courted war!

Then, too, the positive destruction of property in war is monstrous. A ship of the line costs from $500,000 to $1,000,000. The loss of a fleet by capture, by fire, or by decay, is a great loss. You know at what cost a fort is built, if you have counted the

sums successively voted for Fort Adams in Rhode Island, or those in our own harbor. The destruction of forts is another item in the cost of war. The capture or destruction of merchant ships with their freight, creates a most formidable loss. In 1812 the whole tonnage of the United States was scarce half what it is now. Yet the loss of ships and their freight, in the late war, brief as it was, is estimated at $100,000,000. Then the loss by plunder and military occupation is monstrous. The soldier, like the savage, cuts down the tree to gather its fruit. I cannot calculate the loss by burning towns and cities. But suppose Boston were bombarded and laid in ashes. Calculate the loss if you can. You may say, "This could not be," for it is as easy to say No, as Yes. But remember what befell us in the last war; remember how recently the best defended capitals of Europe, Vienna, Paris, Antwerp, have fallen into hostile hands. Consider how often a strong place, like Coblentz, Mentz, Malta, Gibraltar, St. Juan d'Ulloa, has been declared impregnable, and then been taken; calculate the force which might be brought against this town, and you will see that in eight and forty hours, or half that time, it might be left nothing but a heap of ruins smoking in the sun! I doubt not the valor of American soldiers, the skill of their engineers, nor the ability of their commanders. I am ready to believe all this is greater than we are told. Still, such are the contingencies of war. If some not very ignorant men had their way, this would be a probability and perhaps a fact. If we should burn every town from the Tweed to the Thames, it would not rebuild our own city.

But, on the supposition that nothing is destroyed,

see the loss which comes from the misdirection of productive industry. Your fleets, forts, dockyards, arsenals, cannons, muskets, swords, and the like, are provided at great cost, and yet are unprofitable. They do not pay. They weave no cloth; they bake no bread; they produce nothing. Yet, from 1791 to 1832, in forty-two years, we expended in these things $303,242,576, namely, for the navy, etc., $112,703,933; for the army, etc., $190,538,643. For the same time, all other expenses of the nation came to but $37,158,047. More than eight-ninths of the whole revenue of the nation was spent for purposes of war. In four years, from 1812 to 1815, we paid in this way, $92,350,519.37. In six years, from 1835 to 1840, we paid annually on the average $21,328,903; in all, $127,973,418. Our Congress has just voted $17,000,000, as a special grant for the army alone. The 175,118 muskets at Springfield are valued at $3,000,000; we pay annually $200,000 to support that arsenal. The navy-yard at Charleston, with its stores, etc., has cost $4,741,000. And, for all profitable returns, this money might as well be sunk in the bottom of the sea. In some countries it is yet worse. There are towns and cities in which the fortifications have cost more than all the houses, churches, shops, and other property therein. This happens not among the Sacs and Foxes, but in Christian Europe.

Then your soldier is the most unprofitable animal you can keep. He makes no railroads; clears no land: raises no corn. No, he can make neither cloth nor clocks! He does not raise his own bread, mend his own shoes, make his shoulder-knot of glory, nor hammer out his own sword. Yet he is a costly animal, though useless. If the President gets his

fifty thousand volunteers, a thing likely to happen — for though Irish lumpers and hodmen want a dollar or a dollar and a half a day, your free American of Boston will enlist for twenty-seven cents, only having his livery, his feathers, and his glory thrown in — then at $8 a month, their wages amount to $400,000 a month. Suppose the present Government shall actually make advantageous contracts, and the subsistence of the soldier cost no more than in England, or $17 a month, this amounts to $850,000. Here are $1,250,000 a month to begin with. Then, if each man would be worth a dollar a day at any productive work, and there are 26 work-days in the month, here are $1,300,000 more to be added, making $2,550,000 a month for the new army of occupation. This is only for the rank and file of the army. The officers, the surgeons, and the chaplains, who teach the soldiers to *wad* their muskets with the leaves of the Bible, will perhaps cost as much more; or, in all, something more than $5,000,000 a month. This of course does not include the cost of their arms, tents, ammunition, baggage, horses, and hospital stores, nor the 65,000 gallons of whiskey which the Government has just advertised for. What do they give in return? They will give us three things, valor, glory, and — talk; which, as they are not in the price current, I must estimate as I can, and set them all down in one figure = 0; not worth the whiskey they cost.

New England is quite a new country. Seven generations ago it was a wilderness; now it contains about 2,500,000 souls. If you were to pay all the public debts of these States, and then, in fancy, divide all the property therein by the population, young as we are, I think you would find a larger amount of value

for each man than in any other country in the world, not excepting England. The civilization of Europe is old; the nations old, England, France, Spain, Austria, Italy, Greece; but they have wasted their time, their labor, and their wealth in war, and so are poorer than we upstarts of a wilderness. We have fewer fleets, forts, cannon, and soldiers for the population, than any other Christian country in the world. This is one main reason why we have no national debt; why the women need not toil in the hardest labor of the fields, the quarries, and the mines; this is the reason that we are well fed, well clad, well housed; this is the reason that Massachusetts can afford to spend $1,000,000 a year for her public schools. War, wasting a nation's wealth, depresses the great mass of the people, but serves to elevate a few to opulence and power. Every despotism is established and sustained by war. This is the foundation of all the aristocracies of the old world, aristocracies of blood. Our famous men are often ashamed that their wealth was honestly got by working, or peddling, and foolishly copy the savage and bloody emblems of ancient heraldry in their assumed coats of arms — industrious men seeking to have a griffin on their seal! Nothing is so hostile to a true democracy as war. It elevates a few, often bold, bad men, at the expense of the many, who pay the money and furnish the blood for war.

War is a most expensive folly. The Revolutionary War cost the general Government, directly and in specie, $135,000,000. It is safe to estimate the direct cost to the individual States also at the same sum, $135,000,000; making a total of $270,000,000. Considering the interruption of business, the waste of time, property and life, it is plain that this could not have

been a fourth part of the whole. But suppose it was a third, then the whole pecuniary cost of the war would be $810,000,000. At the beginning of the Revolution the population was about $3,000,000; so that war, lasting about eight years, cost $270 for each person. To meet the expenses of the war each year there would have been required a tax of $33.75 on each man, woman, and child.

In the Florida War we spent between $30,000,000 and $40,000,000, as an eminent statesman once said, in fighting five hundred invisible Indians. It is estimated that the fortifications of the city of Paris, when completely furnished, will cost more than the whole taxable property of Massachusetts, with her 800,000 souls. Why, this year our own grant for the army is $17,000,000. The estimate for the navy is $6,000,000 more; in all $23,000,000. Suppose, which is most unlikely, that we should pay no more, why, that sum alone would support public schools, as good and as costly as those of Massachusetts, all over the United States, offering each boy and girl, bond or free, as good a culture as they get here in Boston, and then leave a balance of $3,000,000 in our hands! We pay more for ignorance than we need for education. But $23,000,000 is not all we must pay this year. A great statesman has said, in the Senate, that our war expenses at present are nearly $500,000 a day, and the President informs your Congress that $22,952,904 more will be wanted for the army and navy before next June!

For several years we spent directly more than $21,000,000 for war purposes, though in time of peace. If a railroad cost $30,000 a mile, then we might build 700 miles a year for that sum, and in five years could

build a railroad therewith from Boston to the further side of Oregon. For the war money we paid in forty-two years, we could have had more than 10,000 miles of railroad and with dividends at seven per cent., a yearly income of $21,210,000. For military and naval affairs, in eight years, from 1835 to 1843, we paid $163,336,717. This alone would have made 5,444 miles of railroad, and would produce, at seven per cent., an annual income of $11,433,569.19.

In Boston there are nineteen public grammar-schools, a Latin and English High school. The buildings for these schools, twenty in number, have cost $653,208. There are also 135 primary schools, in as many houses or rooms. I know not their value, as I think they are not all owned by the city. But suppose them to be worth $150,000, then all the school-houses of this city have cost $803,208. The cost of these 156 schools for this year is estimated at $172,000. The number of scholars in them is 16,479. Harvard University, the most expensive college in America, costs about $46,000 a year. Now the ship "Ohio," lying here in our harbor, has cost $834,845, and we pay for it each year $220,000 more. That is, it has cost $31,637 more than these 155 school-houses of this city, and costs every year $2,000 more than Harvard University, and all the public schools of Boston!

The military academy at West Point contains 236 cadets; the appropriation for it last year was $138,000, a sum greater, I think, than the cost of all the colleges in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts, with their 1,445 students.

The navy-yard at Charlestown, with its ordnance, stores, etc., cost $4,741,000. The cost of the 78

churches in Boston is $3,246,500; the whole property of Harvard University is $703,175; the 155 schoolhouses of Boston are worth $803,208; in all, $4,752,883. Thus the navy-yard at Charlestown has cost almost as much as the 78 churches and the 155 schoolhouses of Boston, with Harvard College, its halls, libraries, all its wealth, thrown in. Yet what does it teach?

Our country is singularly destitute of public libraries. You must go across the ocean to read the history of the Church or State; all the public libraries in America cannot furnish the books referred to in Gibbon's "Rome," or Gieseler's "History of the Church." I think there is no public library in Europe which has cost three dollars a volume. There are six: the Vatican, at Rome; the Royal, at Paris; the British Museum, at London; the Bodleian, at Oxford; the University Libraries at Göttingen and Berlin — which contain, it is said, about 4,500,000 volumes. The recent grant of $17,000,000 for the army is $3,500,000 more than the cost of those magnificent collections.

There have been printed about 3,000,000 different volumes, great and little, within the last 400 years. If the Florida War cost but $30,000,000, it is ten times more than enough to have purchased one copy of each book ever printed, at one dollar a volume, which is more than the average cost.

Now all these sums are to be paid by the people, "the dear people," whom our republican demagogues love so well, and for whom they spend their lives,— rising early, toiling late; those self-denying heroes, those sainted martyrs of the republic, eating the bread of carefulness for them alone! But how are they to be paid? By a direct tax levied on all the property of

the nation, so that the poor man pays according to his little, and the rich man in proportion to his much, each knowing when he pays and what he pays for? No such thing; nothing like it. The people must pay, and not know it; must be deceived a little, or they would not pay after this fashion! You pay for it in every pound of sugar, copper, coal, in every yard of cloth; and if the counsel of some lovers of the people be followed, you will soon pay for it in each pound of coffee and tea. In this way the rich man always pays relatively less than the poor; often a positively smaller sum. Even here I think that three-fourths of all the property is owned by one-fourth of the people, yet that three-fourths by no means pays a third of the national revenue. The tax is laid on things men cannot do without,— sugar, cloth, and the like. The consumption of these articles is not in proportion to wealth, but persons. Now the poor man, as a general rule, has more children than the rich; and the tax being more in proportion to persons than property, the poor man pays more than the rich. So a tax is really laid on the poor man's children to pay for the war which makes him poor and keeps him poor. I think your captains and colonels, those sons of thunder and heirs of glory, will not tell you so. They tell you so! They know it! Poor brothers, how could they? I think your party newspapers, penny or pound, will not tell you so; nor the demagogues, all covered with glory and all forlorn, who tell the people when to hurrah, and for what! But if you cipher the matter out for yourself you will find it so, and not otherwise. Tell the demagogues, Whig or Democrat, that. It was an old Roman maxim, "The people wished to be deceived; let them." Now it is only practised on; not repeated — in public.

Let us deal justly even with war, giving that its due. There is one class of men who find their pecuniary advantage in it. I mean army contractors, when they chance to be favorites of the party in power; men who let steamboats to lie idle at $500 a-day. This class of men rejoice in a war. The country may become poor, they are sure to be rich. Yet another class turn war to account, get the glory, and become important in song and sermon. I see it stated in a newspaper that the Duke of Wellington has received, as gratuities for his military services, $5,400,000, and $40,000 a year in pensions!

But the waste of property is the smallest part of the evil. The waste of life in war is yet more terrible. Human life is a sacred thing. Go out into the lowest street of Boston; take the vilest and most squalid man in that miserable lane, and he is dear to some one. He is called brother; perhaps husband; it may be, father; at least, son. A human heart, sadly joyful, beat over him before he was born. He has been pressed fondly to his mother's arms. Her tears and her smiles have been for him; perhaps also her prayers. His blood may be counted mean and vile by the great men of the earth, who love nothing so well as the dear people, for he has no "coat of arms," no liveried servant to attend him, but it has run down from the same first man. His family is ancient as that of the most long-descended king. God made him; made this splendid universe to wait on him and teach him; sent His Christ to save him. He is an immortal soul. Needlessly to spill that man's blood is an awful sin. It will cry against you out of the ground — Cain! where is thy brother? Now in war you bring together 50,000 men like him on one side, and 50,000 of a different nation

on the other. They have no natural quarrel with one another. The earth is wide enough for both; neither hinders the sun from the other. Many come unwillingly; many not knowing what they fight for. It is but accident that determines on which side the man shall fight. The cannons pour their shot — round, grape, canister; the howitzers scatter their bursting shells; the muskets rain their leaden death; the sword, the bayonet, the horse's iron hoof, the wheels of the artillery, grind the men down into trodden dust. There they lie, the two masses of burning valor, extinguished, quenched, and grimly dead, each covering with his body the spot he defended with his arms. They had no quarrel: yet they lie there, slain by a brother's hand. It is not old and decrepid men, but men of the productive age, full of lusty life.

But it is only the smallest part that perish in battle. Exposure to cold, wet, heat; unhealthy climates, unwholesome food, rum, and forced marches, bring on diseases which mow down the poor soldiers worse than musketry and grape. Others languish of wounds, and slowly procrastinate a dreadful and tenfold death. Far away, there are widows, orphans, childless old fathers, who pore over the daily news to learn at random the fate of a son, a father, or a husband. They crowd disconsolate into the churches, seeking of God the comfort men took from them, praying in the bitterness of a broken heart, while the priest gives thanks for "a famous victory," and hangs up the bloody standard over his pulpit!

When ordinary disease cuts off a man, when he dies at his duty, there is some comfort in that loss. "It was the ordinance of God," you say. You minister to his wants; you smooth down the pillow for the ach-

ing head; your love beguiles the torment of disease, and your own bosom gathers half the darts of death. He goes in his time, and God takes him. But when he dies in such a war, in battle, it is man who has robbed him of life. It is a murderer that is butchered. Nothing alleviates that bitter, burning smart.

Others not slain are maimed for life. This has no eyes; that no hands; another no feet nor legs. This has been pierced by lances, and torn with the shot, till scarce anything human is left. The wreck of a body is crazed with pains God never meant for man. The mother that bore him would not know her child. Count the orphan asylums in Germany and Holland; go into the hospital at Greenwich, that of the invalids in Paris, you see the "trophies" of Napoleon and Wellington. Go to the arsenal at Toulon, see the wooden legs piled up there for men now active and whole, and you will think a little of the physical horrors of war.

In Boston there are perhaps about 25,000 able-bodied men between eighteen and forty-five. Suppose them all slain in battle, or mortally hurt, or mown down by the camp fever, vomito, or other diseases of war; and then fancy the distress, the heart-sickness, amid wives, mothers, daughters, sons, and fathers, here! Yet 25,000 is a small number to be murdered in "a famous victory;" a trifle for a whole "glorious campaign" in a great war. The men of Boston are no better loved than the men of Tamaulipas. There is scarce an old family, of the middle class, in all New England, which did not thus smart in the Revolution; many, which have not, to this day, recovered from the bloody blow then falling on them. Think, wives, of the butchery of your husbands; think, mothers, of the murder of your sons!

Here, too, the burden of battle falls mainly on the humble class. They pay the great tribute of money; they pay also the horrid tax of blood. It was not your rich men who fought even the Revolution; not they. Your men of property and standing were leaguing with the British, or fitting out privateers when that offered a good investment, or buying up the estates of more consistent Tories; making money out of the nation's dire distress. True, there were most honorable exceptions; but such, I think, was the general rule. Let this be distinctly remembered, that the burden of battle is borne by the humble classes of men; they pay the vast tribute of money, the awful tax of blood. The glory is got by a few; poverty, wounds, death, are for the people.

Military glory is the poorest kind of distinction, but the most dangerous passion. It is an honor to man to be able to mold iron; to be skilful at working in cloth, wood, clay, leather. It is man's vocation to raise corn, to subdue the rebellious fiber of cotton and convert it into beautiful robes, full of comfort for the body. They are the heroes of the race who abridge the time of human toil and multiply its results; they who win great truths from God, and send them to a people's heart; they who balance the many and the one into harmonious action, so that all are united and yet each left free. But the glory which comes of epaulets and feathers; that strutting glory which is dyed in blood — what shall we say of it? In this day it is not heroism; it is an imitation of barbarism long ago passed by. Yet it is marvelous how many men are taken with a red coat. You expect it in Europe, a land of soldiers and blood. You are disappointed to find that here the champions of force should be held in honor, and

that even the lowest should voluntarily enroll themselves as butchers of men!

Yet more: aggressive war is a sin; a corruption of the public morals. It is a practical denial of Christianity; a violation of God's eternal law of love. This is so plain, that I shall say little upon it to-day. Your savagest and most vulgar captain would confess he does not fight as a Christian — but as a soldier; your magistrate calls for volunteers — not as a man loving Christianity, and loyal to God; only as governor, under oath to keep the constitution, the tradition of the elders; not under oath to keep the commandment of God. In war the laws are suspended, violence and cunning rule everywhere. The battle of Yorktown was gained by a lie, though a Washington told it. As a soldier it was his duty. Men "emulate the tiger;" the hand is bloody, and the heart hard. Robbery and murder are the rule, the glory of men. "Good men look sad, but ruffians dance and leap." Men are systematically trained to burn towns, to murder fathers and sons; taught to consider it "glory" to do so. The Government collects ruffians and cut-throats. It compels better men to serve with these and become cut-throats. It appoints chaplains to blaspheme Christianity; teaching the ruffians how to pray for the destruction of the enemy, the burning of his towns; to do this in the name of Christ and God. I do not censure all the men who serve: some of them know no better; they have heard that a man would "perish everlastingly" if he did not believe the Athanasian creed; that if he questioned the story of Jonah, or the miraculous birth of Jesus, he was in danger of hell-fire, and if he doubted damnation was sure to be damned. They never heard that such a war was a

sin; that to create a war was treason, and to fight in it wrong. They never thought of thinking for themselves; their thinking was to read a newspaper, or sleep through a sermon. They counted it their duty to obey the Government, without thinking if that Government be right or wrong. I deny not the noble, manly character of many a soldier — his heroism, self-denial, and personal sacrifice.

Still, after all proper allowance is made for a few individuals, the whole system of war is unchristian and sinful. It lives only by evil passions. It can be defended only by what is low, selfish, and animal. It absorbs the scum of the cities — pirates, robbers, murderers. It makes them worse, and better men like them. To take one man's life is murder; what is it to practise killing as an art, a trade; to do it by thousands? Yet I think better of the hands that do the butchering than of the ambitious heads, the cold, remorseless hearts, which plunge the nation into war.

In war the State teaches men to lie, to steal, to kill. It calls for privateers, who are commonly pirates with a national charter, and pirates are privateers with only a personal charter. Every camp is a school of profanity, violence, licentiousness, and crimes too foul to name. It is so without sixty-five thousand gallons of whiskey. This is unavoidable. It was so with Washington's army, with Cornwallis's, with that of Gustavus Adolphus, perhaps the most moral army the world ever saw. The soldier's life generally unfits a man for the citizen's. When he returns from a camp, from a war, back to his native village, he becomes a curse to society and a shame to the mother that bore him. Even the soldiers of the Revolution, who survived the war, were mostly ruined for life — debauched,

intemperate, vicious, and vile. What loathsome creatures so many of them were! They bore our burden: for such were the real martyrs of that war, not the men who fell under the shot! How many men of the rank and file in the late war have since become respectable citizens?

To show how incompatible are war and Christianity, suppose that he who is deemed the most Christian of Christ's disciples, the well-beloved John, were made a navy chaplain, and some morning, when a battle is daily looked for, should stand on the gun deck, amid lockers of shot, his Bible resting on a cannon, and expound Christianity to men with cutlasses by their side! Let him read for the morning lesson the Sermon on the Mount, and for text take words from his own Epistle, so sweet, so beautiful, so true: "Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God, for God is love." Suppose he tells his strange audience that all men are brothers; that God is their common father; that Christ loved us all, showing us how to live the life of love; and then, when he had melted all those savage hearts by words so winsome and so true, let him conclude, "Blessed are the men-slayers! Seek first the glory which cometh of battle. Be fierce as tigers. Mar God's image in which your brothers are made. Be not like Christ, but Cain who slew his brother! When you meet the enemy, fire into their bosoms; kill them in the dear name of Christ; butcher them in the spirit of God. Give them no quarter, for we ought not to lay down our lives for the brethren; only the murderer hath eternal life!"

Yet great as are these threefold evils, there are times when the soberest men and the best men have welcomed war, coolly and in their better moments.

Sometimes a people, long oppressed, has "petitioned, remonstrated, cast itself at the feet of the throne," with only insult for answer to its prayer. Sometimes there is a contest between a falsehood and a great truth; a self-protecting war for freedom of mind, heart, and soul; yes, a war for a man's body, his wife's and children's body, for what is dearer to men than life itself, for the unalienable rights of man, for the idea that all are born free and equal. It was so in the American Revolution; in the English, in the French Revolution. In such cases men say, "Let it come." They take down the firelock in sorrow; with a prayer they go forth to battle, asking that the right may triumph. Much as I hate war, I cannot but honor such men. Were they better, yet more heroic, even war of that character might be avoided. Still, it is a colder heart than mine which does not honor such men, though it believes them mistaken. Especially do we honor them, when it is the few, the scattered, the feeble, contending with the many and the mighty; the noble fighting for a great idea, and against the base and tyrannical. Then most men think the gain, the triumph of a great idea, is worth the price it costs, the price of blood.

I will not stop to touch that question, If man may ever shed the blood of man. But it is plain that an aggressive war like this is wholly unchristian, and a reproach to the nation and the age.

Now, to make the evils of war still clearer, and to bring them home to your door, let us suppose there was war between the counties of Suffolk, on the one side, and Middlesex on the other — this army at Boston, that at Cambridge. Suppose the subject in dispute was the boundary line between the two, Boston

claiming a pitiful acre of flat land, which the ocean at low tide disdained to cover. To make sure of this, Boston seizes whole miles of flats, unquestionably not its own. The rulers on one side are fools, and traitors on the other. The two commanders have issued their proclamations; the money is borrowed; the whiskey provided; the soldiers — Americans, negroes, Irishmen, all the able-bodied men — are enlisted. Prayers are offered in all the churches, and sermons preached, showing that God is a man of war, and Cain his first saint — an early Christian, a Christian before Christ. The Bostonians wish to seize Cambridge, burn the houses, churches, college-halls, and plunder the library. The men of Cambridge wish to seize Boston, burn its houses and ships, plundering its wares and its goods. Martial law is proclaimed on both sides. The men of Cambridge cut asunder the bridges, and make a huge breach in the mill-dam, planting cannon to enfilade all those avenues. Forts crown the hill-tops, else so green. Men, madder than lunatics, are crowded into the asylum. The Bostonians rebuild the old fortifications on the Neck; replace the forts on Beacon Hill, Fort Hill, Copps Hill, leveling houses to make room for redoubts and bastions. The batteries are planted, the mortars got ready; the furnaces and magazines are all prepared. The three hills are grim with war. From Copps Hill men look anxious to that memorable height the other side of the water. Provisions are cut off in Boston; no man may pass the lines; the acqueduct refuses its genial supply; children cry for their expected food. The soldiers parade, looking somewhat tremulous and pale; all the able-bodied have come, the vilest most willingly; some are brought by force of drink, some

by force of arms. Some are in brilliant dresses, some in their working frocks. The banners are consecrated by solemn words. Your church towers are military posts of observation. There are Old Testament prayers to the "God of Hosts" in all the churches of Boston; prayers that God would curse the men of Cambridge, make their wives widows, their children fatherless, their houses a ruin, the men corpses, meat for the beast of the field and the bird of the air. Last night the Bostonians made a feint of attacking Charlestown, raining bombs and red-hot cannon-balls from Copps Hill, till they have burnt a thousand houses, where the British burnt not half so many. Women and children fled screaming from the blazing rafters of their homes. The men of Middlesex crowd into Charlestown.

In the meantime the Bostonians hastily repair a bridge or two; some pass that way, some over the Neck; all stealthily by night; and while the foe expect them at Bunker's, amid the blazing town, they have stolen a march and rush upon Cambridge itself. The Cambridge men turn back. The battle is fiercely joined. You hear the cannon, the sharp report of musketry. You crowd the hills, the housetops; you line the Common, you cover the shore, yet you see but little in the sulphurous cloud. Now the Bostonians yield a little, a reinforcement goes over. All the men are gone; even the gray-headed who can shoulder a firelock. They plunge into battle, mad with rage, madder with rum. The chaplains loiter behind.

> "Pious men, whom duty brought,
> To dubious verge of battle fought,
> To shrive the dying, bless the dead!"

The battle hangs long in even scale. At length it

turns. The Cambridge men retreat, they run, they fly. The houses burn. You see the churches and the colleges go up, a stream of fire. That library — founded amid want and war, and sad sectarian strife, slowly gathered by the saving of two centuries; the hope of the poor scholar, the boast of the rich one — is scattered to the winds and burnt with fire, for the solid granite is blasted by powder, and the turrets fall. Victory is ours. Ten thousand men of Cambridge lie dead; eight thousand of Boston. There writhe the wounded; men who but few hours before were poured over the battle-field a lava flood of fiery valor — fathers, brothers, husbands, sons. There they lie, torn and mangled; black with powder; red with blood; parched with thirst; cursing the load of life they now must bear with bruised frames and mutilated limbs. Gather them into hasty hospitals — let this man's daughter come to-morrow and sit by him, fanning away the flies; he shall linger out a life of wretched anguish, unspoken and unspeakable, and when he dies his wife religiously will keep the shot which tore his limbs. There is the battle-field! Here the horse charged; there the howitzers scattered their shells, pregnant with death; here the murderous canister and grape mowed down the crowded ranks; there the huge artillery, teeming with murder, was dragged o'er heaps of men — wounded friends, who just now held its ropes, men yet curling with anguish, like worms in the fire. Hostile and friendly, head and trunk are crushed beneath those dreadful wheels. Here the infantry showered their murdering shot. That ghastly face was beautiful the day before — a saber hewed it half way.

"The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay must cover; heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent."

Again it is night. Oh, what a night, and after what a day! Yet the pure tide of woman's love, which never ebbs since the earth began, flows on in spite of war and battle. Stealthily, by the pale moonlight, a mother of Boston treads the weary miles to reach that bloody spot; a widow she — seeking among the slain her only son. The arm of power drove him forth reluctant to the fight. A friendly soldier guides her way. Now, she turns over this face, whose mouth is full of purple dust, bit out of the ground in his extremest agony, the last sacrament offered him by earth herself; now she raises that form, cold, stiff, stony, and ghastly as a dream of hell. But, lo! another comes; she too a woman, younger and fairer, yet not less bold, a maiden from the hostile town to seek her lover. They meet, two women among the corpses; two angels come to Golgotha, seeking to raise a man. There he lies before them; they look. Yes, it is he you seek; the same dress, form, features, too; it is he, the son, the lover. Maid and mother could tell that face in any light. The grass is wet with his blood. The ground is muddy with the life of men. The mother's innocent robe is drabbled in the blood her bosom bore. Their kisses, groans, and tears recall the wounded man. He knows the mother's voice; that voice yet more beloved. His lips move only, for they cannot speak. He dies! The waxing moon moves high in heaven, walking in beauty amid the clouds, and murmurs soft her cradle-song unto the slumbering earth. The broken sword reflects her placid beams. A star looks down, and is imaged back in a pool of blood. The cool night wind plays in the branches of the trees shivered with shot. Nature is beautiful — that lovely grass underneath their feet; those pen-

dulous branches of the leafy elm; the stars, and that romantic moon lining the clouds with silver light! A groan of agony, hopeless and prolonged, wails out from that bloody ground. But in yonder farm the whippoorwill sings to her lover all night long; the rising tide ripples melodious against the shores. So wears the night away,— nature, all sinless, round that field of woe.

> "The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
> With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom,
> Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
> And living as if earth contained no tomb,
> And glowing into day."

What a scene that morning looks upon! I will not turn again. Let the dead bury their dead. But their blood cries out of the ground against the rulers who shed it,— "Cain! where are thy brothers?" What shall the fool answer? what the traitor say?

Then comes thanksgiving in all the churches of Boston. The consecrated banners, stiff with blood and "glory," are hung over the altar. The minister preaches and the singer sings: "The Lord hath been on our side. He treadeth the people under me. He teacheth my hands to war, my fingers to fight. Yea, He giveth me the necks of mine enemies; for the Lord is His name;" and "it was a famous victory!" Boston seizes miles square of land; but her houses are empty; her wives widows; her children fatherless. Rachel weeps for the murder of her innocents, yet dares not rebuke the rod.

I know there is no fighting across Charles River, as in this poor fiction; but there was once, and instead of Charles say Rio Grande; for Cambridge read Matamoros, and it is what your President recommended;

what your Congress enacted; what your Governor issued his proclamation for; what your volunteers go to accomplish: yes, what they fired cannon for on Boston Common the other day. I wish that were a fiction of mine!

We are waging a most iniquitous war — so it seems to me. I know I may be wrong, but I am no partisan; and if I err, it is not wilfully, not rashly. I know the Mexicans are a wretched people; wretched in their origin, history, and character. I know but two good things of them as a people — they abolished negro slavery, not long ago; they do not covet the lands of their neighbors. True, they have not paid all their debts; but it is scarcely decent in a nation, with any repudiating States, to throw the first stone at Mexico for that!

I know the Mexicans cannot stand before this terrible Anglo-Saxon race, the most formidable and powerful the world ever saw; a race which has never turned back; which, though it number less than forty millions, yet holds the Indies, almost the whole of North America; which rules the commerce of the world; clutches at New Holland, China, New Zealand, Borneo, and seizes island after island in the furthest seas; the race which invented steam as its awful type. The poor, wretched Mexicans can never stand before us. How they perished in battle! They must melt away as the Indians before the white man. Considering how we acquired Louisiana, Florida, Oregon, I cannot forbear thinking that this people will possess the whole of the continent before many years; perhaps before the century ends. But this may be had fairly; with no injustice to any one; by the steady advance of a superior race, with superior ideas and a better civilization: by commerce,

trade, arts; by being better than Mexico, wiser, humaner, more free and manly. Is it not better to acquire it by the schoolmaster than the cannon? by peddling cloth, tin, anything rather than bullets? It may not all belong to this government, and yet to this race. It would be a gain to mankind if we could spread over that country the idea of America — that all men are born free and equal in rights, and establish there political, social, and individual freedom. But to do that, we must first make real these ideas at home.

In the general issue between this race and that, we are in the right. But in this special issue, and this particular war, it seems to me that we are wholly in the wrong; that our invasion of Mexico is as bad as the partition of Poland in the last century and in this. If I understand the matter, the whole movement, the settlement of Texas, the Texan revolution, the annexation of Texas, the invasion of Mexico, has been a movement hostile to the American idea, a movement to extend slavery. I do not say such was the design on the part of the people, but on the part of the politicians who pulled the strings. I think the papers of the Government and the debates of Congress prove that. The annexation has been declared unconstitutional in its mode, a virtual dissolution of the Union, and that by very high and well-known authority. It was expressly brought about for the purpose of extending slavery. An attempt is now made to throw the shame of this on the Democrats. I think the Democrats deserve the shame; but I could never see that the Whigs, on the whole, deserved it any less; only they were not quite so open. Certainly, their leaders did not take ground against it, never as against a modification of the tariff! When we annexed Texas, we of

course took her for better or worse, debts and all, and annexed her war along with her. I take it everybody knew that; though now some seem to pretend a decent astonishment at the result. Now one party is ready to fight for it as the other! The North did not oppose the annexation of Texas. Why not? They knew they could make money by it. The eyes of the North are full of cotton; they see nothing else, for a web is before them; their ears are full of cotton, and they hear nothing but the buzz of their mills; their mouth is full of cotton, and they can speak audibly but two words — tariff, tariff, dividends, dividends. The talent of the North is blinded, deafened, gagged with its own cotton. The North clamored loudly when the nation's treasure was removed from the United States Bank; it is almost silent at the annexation of a slave territory big as the kingdom of France, encumbered with debts, loaded with the entailment of war! Northern governors call for soldiers; our men volunteer to fight in a most infamous war for the extension of slavery! Tell it not in Boston, whisper it not in Faneuil Hall, lest you waken the slumbers of your fathers, and they curse you as cowards and traitors unto men! Not satisfied with annexing Texas and a war, we next invaded a territory which did not belong to Texas, and built a fort on the Rio Grande, where, I take it, we had no more right than the British, in 1841, had on the Penobscot or the Saco. Now the Government and its Congress would throw the blame on the innocent, and say war exists "by the act of Mexico!" If a lie was ever told, I think this is one. Then the "dear people" must be called on for money and men, for "the soil of this free republic is invaded;" and the Governor of Massachusetts, one of

the men who declared the annexation of Texas unconstitutional, recommends the war he just now told us to pray against, and appeals to our "patriotism," and "humanity," as arguments for butchering the Mexicans, when they are in the right and we are in the wrong! The maxim is held up, "Our country, right or wrong;" "Our country, howsoever bounded;" and it might as well be "Our country, howsoever governed." It seems popularly and politically forgotten that there is such a thing as right. The nation's neck invites a tyrant. I am not at all astonished that Northern representatives voted for all this work of crime. They are no better than Southern representatives; scarcely less in favor of slavery, and not half so open. They say: Let the North make money, and you may do what you please with the nation; and we will choose governors that dare not oppose you, for, though we are descended from the Puritans, we have but one article in our creed we never flinch from following, and that is — to make money, honestly, if we can; if not, as we can!

Look through the action of your Government, and your Congress. You see that no reference has been had in this affair to Christian ideas; none to justice and the eternal right. Nay, none at all! In the churches, and among the people, how feeble has been the protest against this great wrong. How tamely the people yield their necks — and say: "Take our sons for the war — we care not, right or wrong." England butchers the Sikhs in India — her generals are elevated to the peerage, and the head of her Church writes a form of thanksgiving for the victory, to be read in all the churches of that Christian land. To make it still more abominable, the blasphemy is

enacted on Easter Sunday, the great holiday of men who serve the Prince of Peace. We have not had prayers in the churches, for we have no political archbishop. But we fired cannon in joy that we had butchered a few wretched men half-starved, and forced into the ranks by fear of death! Your peace societies, and your churches, what can they do? What dare they? Verily, we are a faithless and perverse generation. God be merciful to us, sinners as we are!

But why talk for ever? What shall we do? In regard to this present war, we can refuse to take any part in it; we can encourage others to do the same; we can aid men, if need be, who suffer because they refuse. Men will call us traitors: what then? That hurt nobody in '76! We are a rebellious nation; our whole history is treason; our blood was attainted before we were born; our creeds are infidelity to the mother-church; our Constitution treason to our fatherland. What of that? Though all the governors in the world bid us commit treason against man, and set the example, let us never submit. Let God only be a master to control our conscience!

We can hold public meetings in favor of peace, in which what is wrong shall be exposed and condemned. It is proof of our cowardice that this has not been done before now. We can show in what the infamy of a nation consists; in what its real glory. One of your own men,[1] the last summer, startled the churches out of their sleep, by his manly trumpet, talking with us, and telling that the true grandeur of a nation was justice, not glory; peace, not war.

We can work now for future times, by taking pains to spread abroad the sentiments of peace, the ideas of peace, among the people in schools, churches — every-

where. At length we can diminish the power of the national Government, so that the people alone shall have the power to declare war, by a direct vote, the Congress only recommend it. We can take from the Government the means of war, by raising only revenue enough for the nation's actual wants, and raising that directly, so that each man knows what he pays, and when he pays it, and then he will take care that it is not paid to make him poor and keep him so. We can diffuse a real practical Christianity among the people, till the mass of men have courage enough to overcome evil with good, and look at aggressive war as the worst of treason and the foulest infidelity.

Now is the time to push and be active. War itself gives weight to words of peace. There will never be a better time till we make the times better. It is not a day for cowardice, but for heroism. Fear not that the "honor of the nation" will suffer from Christian movements for peace. What if your men of low degree are a vanity, and your men of high degree are a lie? That is no new thing. Let true men do their duty, and the lie and the vanity will pass each to its reward. Wait not for the churches to move, or the State to become Christian. Let us bear our testimony like men, not fearing to be called traitors, infidels; fearing only to be such.

I would call on Americans, by their love of our country, its great ideas, its real grandeur, its hopes, and the memory of its fathers — to come and help to save it from infamy and ruin. I would call on Christians, who believe that Christianity is a truth, to lift up their voice, public and private, against the foulest violation of God's law, this blasphemy of the holy spirit of Christ, the worst form of infidelity to man

and God. I would call on all men, by the one nature that is in you, by the great human heart beating alike in all your bosoms, to protest manfully against this desecration of the earth, this high treason against both man and God. Teach your rulers that you are Americans, not slaves; Christians, not heathen; men, not murderers, to kill for hire! You may effect little in this generation, for its head seems crazed and its heart rotten. But there will be a day after to-day. It is for you and me to make it better: a day of peace, when nations shall no longer lift up sword against nation; when all shall indeed be brothers, and all blest. Do this, you shall be worthy to dwell in this beautiful land; Christ will be near you; God work with you, and bless you for ever!

The present trouble with Mexico may be very brief; surely it might be even now brought to an end with no unusual manhood in your rulers. Can we say we have not deserved it? Let it end; but let us remember that war, horrid as it is, is not the worst calamity which ever befalls a people. It is far worse for a people to lose all reverence for right, for truth, all respect for man and God; to care more for the freedom of trade than the freedom of men; more for a tariff than millions of souls. This calamity came upon us gradually, long before the present war, and will last long after that has died away. Like people like ruler, is a true word. Look at your rulers, representatives, and see our own likeness! We reverence force, and have forgot there is any right beyond the vote of a Congress or a people; any good beside dollars; any God but majorities and force. I think the present war, though it should cost 50,000 men and $50,000,000, the smallest part of our misfortune. Abroad we are

looked on as a nation of swindlers and men-stealers! What can we say in our defense? Alas! the nation is a traitor to this great idea,— that all men are born equal, each with the same unalienable rights. We are infidels to Christianity. We have paid the price of our shame.

There have been dark days in this nation before now. It was gloomy when Washington with his little army fled through the Jerseys. It was a long dark day from '83 to '89. It was not so dark as now; the nation never so false. There was never a time when resistance to tyrants was so rare a virtue; when the people so tamely submitted to a wrong. Now you can feel the darkness. The sack of this city and the butchery of its people were a far less evil than the moral deadness of the nation. Men spring up again like the mown grass; but to raise up saints and heroes in a dead nation corrupting beside its golden tomb, what shall do that for us? We must look not to the many for that, but to the few who are faithful unto God and man.

I know the hardy vigor of our men, the stalwart intellect of this people. Would to God they could learn to love the right and true. Then what a people should we be, spreading from the Madawaska to the Sacramento, diffusing our great idea, and living our religion, the Christianity of Christ! O Lord! make the vision true; waken thy prophets and stir thy people till righteousness exalt us! No wonders will be wrought for that. But the voice of conscience speaks to you and me, and all of us: the right shall prosper; the wicked States shall die; and history responds her long amen.

What lessons come to us from the past! The Genius

of the old civilization, solemn and sad, sits there on the Alps, his classic beard descending o'er his breast. Behind him arise the new nations, bustling with romantic life. He bends down over the midland sea, and counts up his children — Assyria, Egypt, Tyre, Carthage, Troy, Etruria, Corinth, Athens, Rome — once so renowned, now gathered with the dead, their giant ghosts still lingering pensive o'er the spot. He turns westward his face, too sad to weep, and raising from his palsied knee his trembling hand, looks on his brother genius of the new civilization. That young giant, strong and mocking, sits there on the Alleghanies. Before him lie the waters, covered with ships; behind him he hears the roar of the Mississippi and the far distant Oregon — rolling their riches to the sea. He bends down, and that far ocean murmurs pacific in his ear. On his left are the harbors, shops, and mills of the East, and a fivefold gleam of light goes up from Northern lakes. On his right spread out the broad savannahs of the South, waiting to be blessed; and far off that Mexique bay bends round her tropic shores. A crown of stars is on that giant's head, some glorious with flashing, many-colored light; some bloody red; some pale and faint, of most uncertain hue. His right hand lies folded in his robe; the left rests on the Bible's opened page, and holds these sacred words — All men are equal, born with equal rights from God. The old says to the young, "Brother, beware!" and Alps and Rocky Mountains say, "Beware!" That stripling giant, ill bred and scoffing, shouts amain: "My feet are red with the Indian's blood; my hand has forged the negro's chain. I am strong; who dares assail me? I will drink his blood, for I have made my covenant of

lies, and leagued with hell for my support. There is no right, no truth; Christianity is false and God a name." His left hand rends those sacred scrolls, casting his Bibles underneath his feet, and in his right he brandishes the negro-driver's whip, crying again,— "Say, who is God? and what is right?" And all his mountains echo —"Right." But the old Genius sadly says again: "Though hand join hand, the wicked shall not prosper." The hollow tomb of Egypt, Athens, Rome, of every State, with all their wandering ghosts, replies, "Amen."

XI

CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT

They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.— MATTHEW ix. 12.

Just now the wrath of a large and excellent class of the community is excited against such as commit great crimes of violence, and there is much talk of the necessity of going backwards in law-making, to revive the barbarous punishment of death, to restore the gallows with its swift and public hanging. Not only rash and cruel men incline this way, and that spontaneously; but many sober, discreet and humane persons, on cool reflection, come out for the gallows. So let us look the matter fairly in the face and see what the facts are, and our consequent duty. Accordingly, this morning I lay aside the subject I should else more gladly have treated, and ask your attention to some thoughts on crime and its punishment.

Certain things are naturally right, just, or fair; that is, they have the approbation of the moral faculty within us, when it acts soberly. This happens as we declare that certain things are true because they correspond to the intellectual faculty when it acts soberly. Thus it is right to give each man his just due; it is true that two and two are four. We are certain that the one is absolutely right, and the other is absolutely true; nobody doubts either. The conscience tells us what is right, the intellect what is true. The absolute right is the natural ideal rule of conduct for mankind. The private conscience is to declare it for John

and Jane; the public conscience, the aggregate moral sense of all, is to declare it for Massachusetts, America, England, the human race. By their moral nature all mankind are amenable, primarily each to his own conscience, and secondarily all to his ideal rule of conduct, to justice, the natural law of God; for the function of conscience is to make the constitution of the universe into the common law and daily practice of all mankind, to make the universal law of God the private law of John and Jane, of Massachusetts, America, England, of all mankind.

But as man is finite,— with limited power to know and to do,— and individually and collectively progressing, advancing from babyhood to the high excellence of manhood, and also partially free, directed by his own personal will, which acts independent of circumstances, or at least superior to them, it is plain he may err in two ways. First, he may fail to know the right, through lack of moral perception; or, second, he may fail to do the right he knows, through lack of moral will and power to perform the right. This two-fold failure happens to each man that was, is, or will be, and in all our relations in life. There never has been, and there never will be, a man who does not sometimes make both these mistakes, now failing to see the right, and then failing to do the right he has seen. John and Jane will now and then make mistakes individually in their small sphere, America and England nationally in their large domain, and mankind humanly, will thus err in its mundane sweep and compass. All commit errors; indeed, the history of the individual, the nation, the race, is that of progress by experiment, wherein many experiments fail. Men make mistakes in their speculative attempt to learn the absolute right,

the ideal rule of conduct; and also in their practical experiments, the endeavor to learn the concrete right, the most profitable way of making the ideal rule of conduct the actual fact of daily life. God has made us so that our progress is by experiment, but likewise so that we advance, even by means of the experiment which fails, for that shows us the wrong which we are to shun, and indicates to us where we are to look for the right we should do.

Now by our common nature there is such a solidarity of the whole human race that the superior individual can help the moral development of the mass, and the moral development of the mass that of the inferior individual. Thus a man of moral genius,— like Moses, Solon, Minos, Numa, Jesus, Fénelon, Franklin, Garrison, Emerson,— can show the mass of men the right he knows which they know not; or he can tell them how to do the right which they already know but cannot yet profitably execute; and the mass of men thus doubly helped can control the hindmost man, both by showing him what is right to do, encouraging him thither, through hope of reward, and by pointing out the wrong and deterring him thence through fear of punishment. Thus the foremost man may inform and lead the great mass to moral excellence, and the great mass itself constrain the hindmost man towards some decency of virtue. So in any army there is a leader who directs the special march, pioneers to go in front preparing the way, and also a vanguard to bring up the stragglers, the halt and lame. Nay, in each New England cotton mill there is not only a head man to plan and conduct the enterprise, but some one also appointed to look after the waste, gathering up the fragments that nothing be lost.

As there is this solidarity of each and all, men make statutes, that is, conventional rules for the community to obey, and provide punishments for such as break the statutes. In New England, so far as the statute is made, not by the general government, but by the six States, commonly it comes out from the conscience of the people, and represents the actual moral sense of the community, nay, sometimes of the most eminent moral guides, and is designed to promote the general welfare of all the people. I say this is commonly so; it is not always, for sometimes vengeance, or more often covetousness, enacts a particular statute, a selfish rule of conduct not meant for the welfare of all, but for some "Fifty Associates," or a larger or smaller number, who desire a special favor for themselves, come what may to the rest of mankind. But in nine cases out of ten I think the New England lawmakers mean right; yet of course their statutes are sometimes wrong, spite of the good intention, for Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont may make mistakes just as easily as Abraham, Isaac or Jacob. "To err is human;" the liability to mistake belongs to man individually and collectively. Each statute is morally amenable to the individual conscience of John and Jane, and also to the conscience of God, the constitution of the universe, the absolute right; for the conventional statute, which is only tentative and provincial, has moral power no further than it coincides with natural practice, that higher and unrepealable law which alone is final. And yet, in consequence of their social position in the community, all men are bodily subject to the statute, be it what it may. Each man is held liable to keep it, or else to endure the punishment it provides.

A violation of the statutes is what is called a crime, and if they be just, the crime is also a wrong, an offense against the constitution of the universe. And as I am to speak to-day chiefly of statutes that are just, it is also of crimes which are likewise wrongs that I speak.

To secure obedience to the statute law-makers provide a punishment for such as break it. This punishment is intentionally of two kinds: the first is a hurt inflicted on the criminal's property, the second a hurt to his body. But there is also, though perhaps unintentionally, a third kind of punishment, a certain disgrace, a hurt inflicted on the spirit of the criminal who suffers the legal harm in his property or person.

Punishment is older than conventional rules of conduct — omitting cases of immediate resistance against a wrong, and it comes about in this way: John strikes Thomas, and Thomas strikes John back again in revenge. That is the earliest step in legislation; fist-law is the oldest law of all. Next, many Thomases, or some great Thomas, make a statute forbidding that kind of wrong for the future, and denouncing a certain kind of punishment against it; that seems to be the second step in legislation.

It is interesting to study man's treatment of crime. I find three distinct periods therein. At first the motive which led to the infliction of punishment was an instinctive desire of revenge; and that seems to be the earliest moral impulse of man in his wild state, as it is of every baby in his cradle to-day. The whole of human history is compacted into the brief compass of a single individual, and whoso studies the cradle may understand the progressive development of mankind which is condensed in that abridgement of humanity.

I take it that revenge for the wrong we suffer is older than remorse for the wrong we do, older than gratitude for the favors we receive. Indeed, it is indispensable that it should be so, as the instinct of self-preservation which it grows out of comes into bearing earlier than the instinct of self-purification, whence at a later day both remorse and gratitude will also be gathered. If not so writ in books, it is so wrought in facts. The more you think of this, the more you will admire and reverence the wisdom of that Divine Providence which makes it so. Life, the foundation, must be secure ere aught is built thereon. In man as in nature all things are bottomed well.

In a rude stage of man's development the only motive for punishment seems to be vindictive; it is to revenge a wrong that has been done, it is wholly retrospective. But the providence of God acts through the instincts of man for ends that we know not till they appear. It is by and by found out that the punishment which was meant only as vengeance against a wrong already done has a tendency to prevent such wrong for the future. Man acts on this discovery, makes statutes and decrees punishments.

Then the second motive for punishment appears; it is also a desire to prevent crime for the future, as well as to revenge a wrong already done in the past. The first is the vindictive motive; vengeance is the aim. The second is the repressive, economic motive, where the aim is to prevent future wrong, not to revenge the past; and as speedy and painful hurt in public seems to deter men from crime, so the most awful punishments are inflicted on the wrong-doer, for the punishment is not revengeful and retrospective, and so proportioned to the kind and quantity of the

wrong, but is suppressive, economic, prospective, and intended to prevent future crime and so designed to achieve that end. Thus in England the statute puts a man to death for stealing property to the amount of five shillings, not because so small a theft required so large a forfeit, but because theft was the common crime, and death was thought the most likely to put an end to pilfering. The rich man made the repressive statutes and said, "Stealing must be put down any way, and so we must resort to such means as will stop the thief."

I need not, however, go so far back to find an example. To-day Virginia, with most of the other Southern States, has a law which provides that the crime of teaching a colored person to read the Lord's Prayer or anything else shall be punished by imprisonment for various periods from six months to seven years. In this case the legislators did not inquire if the punishment was an adequate retaliation for teaching poor children to read; they only said, "The slaves must be kept from knowing anything which will develop their humanity, convince them of their natural rights, and incite them to desire their freedom; and accordingly we must visit all humane men with such penalties as will deter them from teaching the alphabet to the colored child."

Alas, I need not go to Virginia to find examples of disproportionate punishment, a worse statute hangs its penalty over your heads in Boston. The Fugitive Slave Bill provides that if any one shall aid a fugitive slave to have his natural and unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, he shall be fined a thousand dollars and shut up in jail twelve months. The law-makers did not think that obedience to the

golden rule of the Christian religion was so great a wrong that it could not be partly revenged by any smaller hurt to the Christian's body or estate; but they wanted to prevent the escape of the men they had stolen and held in chains.

But by and by other emotions, nobler than revenge, more disinterested than self-protection, are excited. Man feels philanthropy, the instinct of his kind, remembering that he is not only bound to his particular person and his family, but also closely allied to the human race; and then he extends his love even to the class of criminals. This new feeling affects the statute-maker and controls the punishment he denounces; so a third motive for punishment appears, namely, philanthropy, a desire to do good to the wrong-doer. Then the thought of vengeance is gone. The kind man would not smite the smiter, for the sake of giving him as ill as he sent, nor merely to prevent a future blow, but only to do good to whoso has done ill; not to give him as bad as he sent, but to do him the greatest good by checking the vicious propensity in him and developing the good of his nature. The vindictive and repressive design yields to the corrective. Philanthropy as motive is more economic than that which precedes it, for it would prevent the effects of wrong by removing the cause of future wrong from the criminal himself.

Philanthropic men arise no doubt even in savage times, and protest against the wrong of the criminal, and the vindictive or repressive wrong of the community which punishes him. I doubt not that even amongst the revengeful red men of our own country there were women full of loving kindness and tender mercy, whose presentient souls kindled some philan-

thropic fire amid the darkness of those times, and made a little morning of humanity in some poor, cold wigwam.

Christendom has not yet come to the high height of philanthropy, only some words of Jesus went up so far; and now and then a noble man, or more commonly a noble woman, moves in that direction. We must not scold; Christendom is advancing towards it, and New England has in general got a good way on, with the promise that she will yet go farther still.

See how mankind has treated other classes of men. Once all who were born feeble-bodied, lame, blind, deaf, foolish, were either killed outright, or else left to perish, man consciously doing what the bees instinctively do, who kill the needless drones when winter sets in. Insane persons were likewise simply got rid of in the same way or else shut up to prevent them from doing mischief. But at length all these unfortunate persons are adopted by the State, protected, educated, and developed, so far as their nature can receive the education of the age. See what New England is doing to-day! Nobody grudges the money which Massachusetts pays for the blind, the crazy, and the idiotic. In respect of them philanthropy prevails, and the State institutions for their protection and welfare are even grander monuments of New England excellence than yonder tall column of stone which also points to God's higher law. I reverence that bloody finger which in darkness and in day, year out year in, on Bunker Hill, from out our father's graves continually points up to that eternal justice, unaltered, inseparable, from old, from new, whereto their spirits whom it led and blesses now seem to look forth and say,

"Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through Thee are fresh and strong."

But still more do I reverence the lunatic hospital, the blind asylum, the idiot school. The column, which so ornaments the heroic ground, tells of the valor of men undisciplined who could fight for their own fortunes. They had great earthly virtue which that cheap stone commemorates — I sometimes wonder that such cowards bear their names; but these houses of charity show that the children of such valiant sires can deny themselves, and pay large money, and nice science, too, for the protection of the most unfortunate class of creatures born into our rich and happy northern homes. Be thankful for that courage and bravery of flesh, "primal virtues," which once shone "aloft as stars;" and also that now

"the charities which soothe, and heal, and bless
Are scattered at the feet of men like flowers."

At this time all these three motives affect our treatment of criminals; punishments are designed to revenge, repress, correct. But the nobler motive continually and progressively obtains over the meaner, and it is but rarely that the desire for revenge appears in the moral feeling of the people of New England. I remember but here and there an instance. Once, when a professor of Harvard College committed that ghastly crime, which will always be known as "the great Boston murder." Desire of revenge comes over even cool, thoughtful, and religious men, for such a terrible crime as that stirred the revengeful instinct, which commonly slumbers in such bosoms, covered over with the peaceful ashes of our quiet hearths. But commonly the more generous motives so far pre-

vail over the mean and selfish that in forty years we have swept many a ghastly statute from the law-book of Massachusetts; and are unconsciously revising the whole system of penal law. We have lessened the vindictive element and developed the repressive into wiser forms; and the philanthropist has advanced to a much greater extent than ever before, here or elsewhere. The Legislature of 1855, the first Know-nothing [1] Legislature, as it was called, was severely laughed at in consequence of its simplicity of heart; but it did great service in this direction, as well as in various other matters, and I think performed a grander service for the State than any which ever sat since the majority of us were born. When hanging was put off for a year it seemed as if put off forever. It did seem then as if Massachusetts would cut down the gallows-tree, and no new shoot would come up from the savage stump of vengeance.

The instinctive moral feeling of the community inclines men to abolish the punishment of death; but their prudential reflection makes them doubt if it be quite safe to remove this safeguard of savage times, while the theologic notion that God is malignant, vindictive, and demands life for life, bids some men let the gallows stand. The result is clear, only the time uncertain; this moral instinct of the people is but the harbinger of day; it will at length clear the night away, and the hearts of the hurt will gather themselves together and lay them down in their dens, and man will go forth to such labor as is seemly for the day. I know not how long the twilight shall continue, only this: day is before us, night behind, 'tis twilight of the morn. But after the late elections I thought the gallows would not live through another

winter, but would soon be cut off and cast to its own place. Latterly, however, two murders have been committed in the State Prison itself by convicts, and under circumstances of peculiar atrocity; committed upon estimable men, who, so far as the public knows or now suspects, had given no provocation for these offenses. So now for a moment the public feeling turns back to the gallows, and seeks to rest under the shadow of that awful tree. I have heard men say that the neighbors at Charlestown ought to have seized the murderer and hanged him upon the first beam they could find; and cool men on sober reflection say, first, it is not right to allow murderers to go unhanged, it is "mistaken philanthropy" and "mawkish sentimentalism" to let them live; they must have a punishment equal to their crime, life for life. The savage instinct for vengeance is roused again even in these men, who yet are conscientious and do not wish to do wrong but only right. Secondly, they say "It is not safe to allow the murderer to live, for if spared in jail, first, his imprisonment does not operate in public and so diminish crime; and next, as he is not amenable to any further punishment, he will mock at law and justice, and kill his keepers! Accordingly, we must retain the gallows, and bid it strike swiftly and in public!" I have heard this from several moderate men of intelligence and humanity; nay, from kind and thoughtful women too. I suppose they represent the present feelings of a large part of the community.

Certainly, the case is very difficult, for we have not only our own native criminal class to deal with, but a great army of foreigners, many of whom are the off-scouring from the streets of a civilization filthier than ours. The worst of the emigrants stop in the

great towns, linger about the rum-shops of the metropolis,— so flies always swarm in the dirtiest streets, — while the better portion go to the interior, where there are attractions for industrious and honest people. Nay, in the nineteenth century beggars and criminals are purposely sent to New England from Europe, as once in the seventeenth century they were sent to Virginia. The number of foreigners in Boston is quite large. In the four years from 1851 to 1854 only 4,816 American women were married in Boston, and 6,596 foreign women, of whom 5,002 were Irish. In the five years from 1850 to 1854, 8,300 children were born here of American mothers, and 17,702 from foreign mothers, whereof 14,438 were Irish women. Thirty pairs of twins were born in Boston of Irish mothers the last year!

You trace this foreign stream in the annals of poverty and crime; thus of 238 boys in the Boston House of Reformation in 1856, only 13 were Americans, while 225 were of foreign parents, 203 of Irish origin; of the 426 inmates of Deer Island and of the Boylston Asylum on the 31st of last March only 155 were of American origin, while 216 were directly of Irish extraction; of the 1,089 sentences to our House of Correction in 1856, 251 were Americans and 838 foreigners, 689 of them from Ireland. Out of the 17,500 persons arrested by the Boston police last year, 13,500 were foreigners! Honest men, seeing the effect which an ancient inundation of beggary and crime has had on the South, begin to fear lest hereafter Massachusetts shall teem with such men as some of "the first families of Virginia" are now composed of, and who sell their own children into the absolute and eternal bondage. Some say, "If the mixed multi-

tude which peopled Virginia two hundred years ago could gender such a population as now occupies that State, why may not similar beggars and thieves also ruin our own New England? Let us discourage them from settling here, or if they will come, let us have stern, swift, and bloody punishments to deter the rascals from crime!" So already they propose to repeal the law which allows the criminal a year of grace between his sentence and the gallows.

I know the difficulty, but do not hope to escape it so directly. We cannot overcome crime, more than madness, idiocy, and blindness, by the gallows alone. To get rid of a criminal is one thing — a single blow with an ax will do that,— but to finish the race of criminals, and get rid of crime, is quite a different thing.

I find three distinct causes of crime, which distinguishes so many classes of offenders.

The first and most obvious cause is purely personal, the free will of the individual controlling his action. Man is indeed partially free and self-directed; yet his freedom is not absolute, but dependent on a complication of circumstances; and if you study the psychology of a hundred cases of crime you find that the individual volition was the smallest part of it. The wicked deed did not gush out from a single spring, the offender's personal will; but oozed forth from the whole mountain side of material and social circumstances. Men of strong will are not often criminals in this way. Punishment is designed to affect man's free will by furnishing a new terror to vice. No doubt the certain knowledge that crime will be followed by hurt to property, person or honor is a powerful means of preventing the crime itself in men of strong will, and a wholesome stimulus to persons of weak wills.

The next cause is organic. There is a malformation of the material frame, the constitution inclining the man to some special wrong. Some men are so born that they are disposed to murder, in the same way as the wolf, only not in the same degree. There is such a man in the Lunatic Asylum at Taunton, sent from the State Prison. He is afflicted with what is called murderous insanity, and is organized in his osteology to be a murderer. All of you have seen pictures of the heads of murderers, and noticed the peculiarity so clearly pointed out by phrenologists. This is born in the bones of some men, for as some are born blind or deaf or idiotic, so are others born with an inherent disposition to various crimes. But this class is small, not larger than the class of blind, deaf, dumb or idiotic persons; and this malformation is a part of the evil which the vices of old times have entailed upon us.

The third cause is social, the general disposition of the community or nation, the general tone of society. This is the great circumstance which controls the character of nine persons out of ten, making them Christian or Mahometan, Protestant or Catholic, Unitarian or Trinitarian, just as their surroundings incline them. This social cause, the vice of society, affects men of weak will and feeble moral perception and organic tendency to crime.

Those who commit offenses against the person are commonly born in low places, surrounded by evil circumstances; they are commonly weak-minded men who are easily affected by the general current of evil in society; for as the strong winds blow heaviest on great tall trees which stand high up on hill-tops and mountain-sides, so the wickedness of the community or nation falls most heavy in the lowest places, on the weak-

est men. To him who by birth or education has great moral talents, the vice of society gives yet more, for it stimulates him to manly efforts of philanthropy to put down the evil; but to him who by birth or education has little virtue, this vice of society takes away that which he seemed to have. There are few persons, I suppose, who at present would originate the scarlet fever; but every child may catch it by bodily touch or the infection in the air. And so it is with many crimes, which the lowest class in the community take by infection or contagion, but would not originate.

Now see what social causes there are to vitiate the character of this class of men who are born with feeble moral forces and weak will, yet with a structure inclining them to various kinds of vice — causes which induce men to commit great crimes against property and person.

Look at the conduct of American society in respect to property. I will take a conspicuous example, known to everybody. A few years ago the State of Florida repudiated her debt of three millions of dollars, and the constitution of the State, which was accepted by Congress, forbids the payment of this great sum of actual indebtedness. Again, for twenty years the State of Mississippi has refused to pay the interest on a lawful debt of two and a half millions of dollars, and she utterly repudiates another of five millions more; but her assessed property is more than two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Arkansas pays no interest on her debt of two and a half millions of dollars; she can, and will not. The United States refuses to pay the honest debt which the government owes to persons who suffered from French spoliation fifty or sixty years ago.

Look at the conduct of municipal bodies in their disposition of public money. Look at the public wickedness of the authorities of New York, whose plunder is by wholesale. But I need not go out of Boston to find examples enough to show that puritanic honesty has not been perpetually present for four or five years past in the management of our municipal money. You know the reputation of our own city government under several previous administrations. Why do such things excite no more stern indignation amongst men? Because they are not so very exceptional as we sometimes profess.

Besides this, recall the great swindling operations in Boston which have gone unpunished. You know the way in which some great estates have been got in Boston, and how the reputation of the gatherers was enhanced by the increase of their money, obtained in a way not less dishonest than if the men had committed downright and open burglary.

Need I mention other frauds? Take a single example in which you and I are alike interested. Everybody reads books, everybody writes, the quality and cost of paper is a matter which concerns us all. Paper is estimated partly by its surface — it must be smooth, and partly by its weight. Now to ensure a smooth surface, and at the same time secure adequate weight, the paper-makers of New England have found the art of mixing clay with their materials, by which they secure a glossy surface and the requisite weight, but the paper is far less valuable; it wears out the printer's type and the writer's pen, and will not endure long. A single house informed me that they were cheated out of fifteen hundred dollars by the paper-makers in publishing a single book. Do you

wonder, these things being so, that crimes of violence against property are so common amongst low and poor persons? We must reap as we sow.

Look at American society in respect to crimes against the person. Remember what the United States did to Mexico. We plundered her with the armed hand, and slew forty thousand of her citizens. She had committed but one offense; she had a million and a half square miles of land that we wanted. So Ahab wanted Naboth's vineyard; no, it was Jezebel, who forced her weaker husband into the scheme. You know how they wickedly got possession of it, and you remember the prophecy against Ahab, "In the place where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine," and "The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel."

You recollect what the American Government has done to Kansas, what burning, what robbery, what rape and what murder the American Government has committed against honest people there. It was only the Sharpe's rifles of New England which kept the Government from establishing slavery there. The general Government appointed bullies to high office there, and from first to last not an outrage against the free-state settlers has been punished. Recollect also what we are now doing in Nicaragua. I think the invasion of this place, though not done with the ordinary public formalities, is just as much the act of the American people as the election of the president. Consider what we propose against Cuba, to seize it with the hand red with the blood of peaceful men, to perpetuate slavery there. One of the favorite projects of the day is the restoration of the African slave-trade. The merchants like it, and there are

plenty of ministers who encourage it as a means of evangelizing Africa. Remember that fifty-seven members of the House of Representatives voted for it — a small vote, yet remember that the trade is carried on, and the American Government only makes a pretense of preventing it; and when a vessel was fitted out from Boston for this purpose, the city authorities got into a steeple with a spyglass and looked at it, and did not send to arrest the slave-trader till it was miles away and had passed the light-house. Remember that another branch of the slave-trade is carried on from Boston, the trade in white men, kidnapped in China, and sold in South America; and the men who engage in the traffic lose nothing of reputation in church or society here in Boston. Remember that four millions of men are seized and plundered by the United States, their babies taken away from the women, and their earnings from the men. Remember also that in 1851 a conspicuous merchant in Boston declared that if anybody would murder Wendell Phillips, and he stood as foreman of a jury to try the murder, he would return a verdict of justifiable homicide,— served him right!

In Virginia there are 54,333 free colored persons, and in that State, whose gentry are descended from those thieves sent out from England, that I just spoke of, it has been publicly proposed to seize these men and sell them at four hundred dollars apiece for slaves, and thus put twenty-one millions of dollars into the exhausted treasury of the State. Why should that strike you with horror? Is there not a law in Massachusetts to-day which authorizes a man to steal a black man? Is not the Fugitive Slave Bill recognized as law? and is it any worse for Virginia to steal these

fifty-four thousand men than for Boston to steal a free man? Remember the barbarities practised in the slave States themselves. In the first four months of 1856, they burned four men alive, partly for vengeance, partly for sport; in the last month they shot or hanged some forty slaves, on suspicion that they were intending to rise and secure their freedom, and two more they whipped to death — thus with scorpions ending the year, which they began with sticks of green wood, making a holocaust of their Christmas, and filling up the whole Christian year with their murderous agony. All this is instantial, not the exception, all defended at the North and in Boston. Recollect that duelling is a common practice in more than half the land. Remember that last year an honorable Southern member of Congress in the street beat a Northern editor with a club, and went unpunished; and another honorable representative to Congress with a bludgeon beat and maimed a noble senator of Massachusetts, and not only went with no punishment, but was welcomed with new honors all over the South, had gifts showered on him by the men and kisses by the women; one of your own representatives called him a brave man, and one of your own city council declared that he was sorry that Mr. Brooks had not killed Mr. Sumner. Remember that a third Southern member of Congress in the breakfast room of a hotel murdered a black man and had no punishment. Recall the conduct of Boston for six years; remember the Union meeting when Democrats and Whigs came together and determined to steal Ellen Craft. Remember the kidnapping of Shadrack, Thomas Sims, and Anthony Burns; remember the Boston judge of probate, the Boston military, the mayor, the United States soldiers

with sabers, muskets, cannons; remember the men struck and wounded; recollect that no man has ever been punished for all these wicked deeds, and the man who drew the illegal writs still holds his office against law, that the men who with swords slashed the heads of peaceful citizens have never felt the weight of Massachusetts justice, and never will. And when all these things take place, are you astonished that a miserable, ill-born, ill-bred convict in the State Prison kills his keeper, an honest and very estimable man, without any provocation? Reap as you sow! Remember that when Boston was kidnapping Anthony Burns, one of your most enlightened ministers exclaimed, "It is only a single man, and what is the liberty of one man compared to the peace of Boston for a day?"

Remember that these things have been justified by the highest authorities in America, legislative, judicial, and executive; and also that the tall pulpits, bottomed on money, have declared that there is no higher law, and then how will you affect to wonder that the convict kills his keeper? When a minister in country lyceums and city societies is applauded because he says that to save the Union he would send his own mother into slavery, are you astonished that the convict criminal kills his victim with a knife? Years ago men laid down the atheistic principle, there is no law of God higher than the ambition of the office-seeker; and years ago did I warn men against the consequences of the atheistic principle, and remind them that they who sow the wind must reap the whirlwind. Well, it is fair just now to say that all this murderous evil comes from a mistaken philanthropy? Think of all Massachusetts in the act of prayer and fasting, confessing her sins and saying, "O Lord, we have erred in putting

away the gallows and leaving hanging undone, and we have sought to reform and Christianize men, when we ought to have murdered them. Help us to hang the murderer, O Lord!" Picture to yourself Boston on her knees, nay, standing before the seven golden candle sticks, and saying, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other towns! My police report that I have three thousand rum-shops, open all day and Sunday too; pardon me that I have but a single gallows. If thou wilt be my Lord, I will build thee up a new gallows, fifty cubits high." Is that the confession Boston is to make? Go to now! Massachusetts must make a very different shrift.[2]

We are corrupt inwardly, and our sins break out, and robberies and murders are only the public toad-stools which have sprung from that dung-hill which the Church and State have nourished. We are too far civilized, and have too much respect for the name Christian, to consciously kill murderers for vengeance. We know too well also, that we have no right to kill the little offenders when we let the great ones escape. Think of Boston hanging a man for murder when she has the sin of three kidnappers on her head, and her heart has not repented of it yet. If you hang a man you simply have got rid of *him*, not of the crime for which he suffered. I think there was not a man in New England who had seen so many hangings and guillotinings, or who so well understood that form of death, as that great Boston murderer whom I spoke of. In his younger days he was in the habit of hanging cats and dogs, to the horror of the students of Harvard College.

I say such things check a few by terror, they will not check many, they will cause new crime; the blood

of a man executed only fattens the ground. I think the hanging of Washington Goode — a poor, miserable, weak-minded negro, half mad with jealousy, and half crazed with rum, has caused more murder than the most active gallows can prevent in fifty years.

If you keep a man in jail fifty years perhaps you will not do him any good. The first time I preached on this subject, the very hour that I was preaching, the property of some of you was being plundered, and that too by men who had been convicted of several crimes. That the robbery was committed by them there is no material doubt; by the cunning and craftiness of lawyers the criminals escaped. The inside of a jail is no more powerful to reform men than the outside. Hard labor in the week, and Calvinism on Sunday, are not means of grace calculated to touch these men, born with little moral sense, whom the vice of society has encouraged to crime. To send such men back on society while their character is bad as before, is a great wrong to society itself. A plague hospital keeps its inmates, who are only sick, till they are cured of their infection. Shall a jail do worse with its convicts? We shall have a fresh crop of criminals for some time to come. Think of a single gallows to stop up the door of three thousand rum-shops!

I should advise these things: first, to retain the criminals till they are healed. Distinguish convicts into two classes, such as become so by their will, and such as are organized for crime. The dangerous ones I should expect to keep forever, as I should insane men; I do not mean to confound insanity with vice. I would make their condition comfortable and educational, as far as possible, but not costly. They might

be made to support themselves and have an opportunity to contribute something to their families or their friends, or add some creature comforts to their own condition. I know the difficulties of the matter; but I know that they can be overcome. I would have religious instruction also in all places of detention. That is the first thing.

Next, we must mend the whole community, and so cut off the causes of crime. When the dishonest trader, the kidnapper, the dealer in coolies, the slave-trader, the man who corrupts the people with his open lies, disappears from the place of public favor and confidence, then will murder vanish from your streets, not till then. It is not prudent to expect the grog-shop and brothel to be better than the parlor and the church. It is not quite just to expect a higher morality amongst convicts at Charlestown than Congressmen at Washington. Would you hang Cato from New Hampshire and continue Herbert in his seat at Washington? If you would hang convicts, what are you to do with kidnappers, who commit a worse crime? For the present crisis I would rather shut up the three thousand rum-shops than build a new gallows.

I would appoint firm men for prison-keepers, not men of mawkish sensibility; but men of stern philanthropy; and I should not ask of a candidate what his politics were, whether he was a Whig, a Democrat, a Know-nothing or a Republican, only if he was a man fit for the post; and when I found such a one I would keep him forever, if there was money enough in the State to pay him.

I would have religious instruction there, and for that I would not take a minister with mere book re-

ligion, but a man with piety of heart and life; not a priest who thinks man is a little weak devil by nature, and God a great strong devil by will; but a man who knows the Infinite God by heart, and has the humanity, the self-respect and the divinity of love. To preach the religion of fear, which makes man a worm, and God a devil with fiery foot forever treading on that worm, is bad enough in a meeting-house, full of rich men, who can afford to sleep. But the theology of damnation is still worse when preached in a jail, for there the poor wretch has no shelter to screen him from the hail of eternal torment which the minister pours down on him from the windows of inverted hell. The gospel of love would not be wasted anywhere; in a jail it would be the good physician among the sick.

There is always power enough among mankind for large crises, especially in such an age and nation as this; men with just the elements to organize jails fitly, keep the criminals safe, and to make them better. But I rely most on great general causes — the school, the press, good men and good women. Our whole scheme of education is radically wrong in this, that we omit to cultivate the conscience, the affections and the soul. We take great pains to educate the understanding, the economic faculty of man, and train it to acquire power over matter and over man, not equally to use that power with justice, love, and piety. So we have a rich New England, an intellectual New England, not a moral, affectional, and religious New England to correspond. What if we took as much pains with the higher faculties as with the lower. I imagine Massachusetts with the higher faculties developed — twelve hundred thousand men as moral, affectional and religious as they are now well developed

in understanding, and then think of the proposition to revive the gallows as a means of preventing crimes!

But we shall live through this crisis. The oldest among you remember to have seen naked women scourged in State Street; the gallows will go where the whipping-post has gone before, and by moral forces we shall at length overcome the immorality which is in man. It was said of old by the divine soul that you cannot cast out devils by Beelzebub the prince of devils, but by the finger of God we cast them out, and angels shall come to take their place.

XII

WHAT RELIGION MAY DO FOR A MAN

Friend, go up higher.— Luke xiv. 10.

It is New-year's Sunday to-day — when men become thoughtful, as they look back on the irretrievable past, or forward to the uncertain future. Let us use, therefore, the occasion of the day, and so this morning I ask your attention to some thoughts on "What Religion may do for a Man, a Sermon for New Year's Sunday."

In religion there are always three things which make up that complex of consciousness. First, there are feelings, the emotional part; second, ideas, the intellectual part; and third, there are actions, the practical part. These three, I take it, are the essentials of all conscious religion, and you actually find them in all the different forms thereof which prevail, either amongst us or the rest of mankind.

But see what difference there may be in what is called religion,— in respect to these various elements of this complex consciousness.

1. The *idea* may be that man is a miserable wretch, totally depraved, no good thing in his body, his mind incapable of learning truth by its own power, his conscience good for nothing, and his affections "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." It may be that God is a snake, a crocodile, a bull, a white elephant, a consuming fire — Moloch, Zeus, Jupiter, Woden, Thor, Jehovah, a Hebrew peasant, or the ecclesiastical triune God who created the world for his own

glory, and means to torment the majority of its inhabitants for ever, for his own good will and pleasure. So the relation between man and God may be thought to be ever-enduring wrath — almighty hate on the one side, and the most helpless prostration on the other.

2. The *feeling* may be such as comes unavoidably from this idea of man, God, and their relation. It may be fear, waxing into sheer and utter despair and hopelessness of all good, both now and hereafter.

3. The *action* may be such as comes from these emotions: it may be killing an only son, as a sacrifice to Jehovah, making the male children pass through the fire unto Moloch, sacrificing a daughter unto Artemis, consecrating a monk to Jesus of Nazareth, or a nun to the "Virgin Mother of God." It may be a deed of Jews crucifying Jesus, or of Christians massacring the Jews by the million; it may be the act of Simeon the Stylite standing for six-and-forty years on a pillar-top in the market-place, or of an Indian devotee throwing himself before the car of his idol god; it may be that of the Catholic inquisitor tearing men to pieces with his Spanish or Italian rack, or of the Protestant inquisitor burning Servetus at Geneva, or hanging a Quaker woman from the great elm on Boston common.

All these ideas, feelings, actions have prevailed, and have been called religion, and that too amongst earnest and self-denying people.

On the other hand these three things may be entirely different.

1. The *idea* of man may be that he is the crown of creation, with a noble nature, and a grand destination here on earth, and hereafter, we know not where, with powers proportioned to his destination, and certain to

develop themselves in such manner as to secure this ultimate welfare. The idea of God may be that of infinite perfection — power almighty, wisdom all-knowing, all-righteous justice, and all-embracing love.

The idea of the relation between the two may be that God is a perfect Creator and a perfect Providence, making all from love — the highest possible motive, for infinite welfare — the highest possible purpose, and in the material and the human world furnishing the adequate means to go between his motive and his purpose and so secure the end.

2. The *feeling* may be the natural one which springs up at the thought of such a God and the consciousness of such a nature in us, and the certainty of such a relation of the Infinite Father and Mother to all mankind. It may be a feeling of reverence, of that perfect love which casts out every fear, of confidence in God's motive, purpose, means — all passing into a perfect and absolute trust in God, in his world here and all his worlds hereafter.

3. The *action* may be the normal use of every limb of the body and every faculty of the spirit, obedience to the natural laws which God writes on the body and in the soul, a life of manly toil and thought and the natural enjoyment of all reasonable things — works of industry, of wisdom, justice, affection, philanthropy, all growing like a flower from this seed of piety within the soul.

All these conflicting and hostile ideas, feelings, and actions have prevailed as religion. What a difference between the two! What I named first, I will call false religion, for it comes from a mistaken and perverted action of the human powers. The other, let me call true religion, for it comes from the normal and healthy

action of the same powers. The odds between the two is the difference between lust and love — between the ghastliest sickness and the fairest and handsomest health.

Each form of religion is thought of infinite value by its devotee — the false and unnatural, not less than the fit and true. The Spanish Inquisitors, as an act of faith, tearing a woman to pieces with their rack, the half frantic Christians in a prayer-meeting asking God to confound some humble minister, put a hook in his jaws, or else remove him from the world; all of these are as earnest and devoted as those noble women who show their love to God by justice and charity to needy men, and with blessed feet write out the gospel of love, in the hovels of the poor, in the pestilence of a camp, in the cell of the maniac and the criminal, or stooping down, on the ground write "freedom" as a guide-board to the slave. But let not this identity of name make you and me for a moment doubt the odds between such opposites.

A bigoted minister, superstitious, ignorant of God and man and true religion, spiteful, and yet devout, hanging a Quaker woman because she believes in the free inspiration of the human soul; a thoughtful wife, trusting in God, loving her children and their father, ruling her household with discretion, industry, religious love, and living kindly toward all mankind,— what an odds there is betwixt the two! Yet he values his religion as much as she. So the filthiest squaw who rots in her California subterranean den values her mode of life as highly as Von Humboldt the science that he learns and sends abroad to bless the world.

Against the false form of religion I have spoken,

perhaps, less than I should, but certainly far more than I would, for I never think of it without a shudder at the ghastly horrors it has produced, and still sows the world withal.

All round me do I see its wicked work; for as the forehead of a groaning man is grimly wrinkled by the bitter draughts he swallows through mistake, whereat his palate quivers still, and his throat turns rough while the poison begins to work him fatal ill below — so with earnest and self-denying believers of those bitter doctrines which they too have swallowed also by mistake, do their sad looks, distorted mouth, belittled brow, their doleful voice and ghastly prayers, attest the unkindness of that religion which so wars against the soul. It is this odious thing which has been opposed, hated, and scorned by some of the most philosophical and humane men who ever lived. They spoke against that religion whose emotion is fear and despair before God, and hate before men; whose ideas are that man is a worm, and God a great ugly boot, lifted up to tread him down with endless crush of misery; whose actions are unmanly, unjust, and wicked, watering the earth with blood, and sowing it with seeds of woe. It is against these things that Grecian Epicurus, and Lucretius the Roman, his pupil, heathens both, with many more, waged a continual war; it is against false religion that many a noble man and woman since have lifted up their voices, and won a bad name in the Christian Church, and come to a bloody end from Christian hands. But do you ever find a philosopher who speaks against the other form of religion,— against infinite perfection in God,— against emotions which are trust, and love, and charity,— against actions which are honor, wisdom, justice,

mercy, loving-kindness towards men? Yes, I know you do find, here and there, such as speak against all this, but it is those who have been first corrupted by that false religion, which consists in the opposite of those good things. What natural man ever prefers sickness to health, sickness, and its miserable weakness, to strong and handsome health? We send a sectarian form of religion to heathens, and they laugh it to scorn. Half a million Bibles have been published in Siam, and scattered amongst the heathens there, and there are not three dozen Christians in all Siam! They took the Bibles,— they rejected the doctrines which the missionaries taught. But did you ever hear of a nation of heathen men rejecting justice, integrity, charity, and saying, "We will have no such things amongst us! kill every just man! let us burn with slow fire every man who loves his kind!" No, you never heard that; savage human nature does no such thing.

Now see what the true religious emotions and ideas can do for men.

I. In our early life we find developing in us certain great strong, instinctive appetites, those which tend to support the individual frame,— both those which ally us with others, and those wrathful passions whose functions it is to defend us from other men. All these are good in themselves, each indispensable to human welfare, for the life of the individual, and the life of the race. But we see how easily they all run to excess; before we know our danger we are often thereby driven down to our ruin.

Every man must fight a battle between the reflective personal will and the instinctive animal appetites. Most men bear the scars of this conflict all their days,

and grim recollections of the struggles which in their hearts went on unseen. What a story many an honest man and woman I now look upon, might tell of this conflict. Here and there the animal appetite conquers, and the man never walks afterwards upright and free, but goes bowed as a slave all his life. The thoughtful old man looks on the lads in a college, on the boys and girls in a great school, and bethinking himself of his own internal life, and the struggles within him — desire drawing one way, and conscience pointing another — a little tear springs into his manly and experienced eye, half hope and half fear. I knew a woman once, rather a cold and worldly one, but strong-minded and experienced well, and tender-hearted still, who never heard the little boys pattering about their cradle, but she sighed inwardly at the thought of the rough ways those little feet must tread before they rested in calm, victorious, and virtuous manhood.

Now, if a youth or maiden be trained up to know there is an infinitely perfect God, who made man of the best possible material, in the best possible ways, for the best possible purpose — a God who plans all for the good of each, and placed in us that spark of his spirit which we call conscience;— if they were trained up to trust this infinite God — to feel love and reverence for him, and a most sacred desire to keep every command he writes in their consciousness; if they were thoroughly taught that the true service of Him is to listen to that still small voice of conscience and obey its sure and gentle word — why, what a safeguard this would be! If they were taught that the laws of God, with beneficent function, worked as irresistibly as gravitation, that no deed, no thought, no automatic instinct, ever escapes their righteous jurisdiction — then what a mo-

tive would the young people have to live a clean, pure life, free from the immoral violence and heats of passion, which destroy the welfare of so many men!

There is a paradise of joy whereto all youths and maidens have a birthright of entrance. Through the automatic instincts, nature calls, "Come up hither, O young man, O young maid! Come up hither, and be blessed!" But there is only one gate which opens and lets in, and that is the gate of duty; thereto through the wilderness of life there is only one guide, and that is *conscience* — the true Emmanuel, or God-with-us.

I see how strong are these various appetites, what excesses they lead to, what ruin they often end in. Look at the drunkard, the glutton, the debauchee — men who are slaves to the baser part of their appetites, and yet do not get the manly delight which even those parts of us were meant to afford.

But in forming man, God provided us with a power to rule all these passions, and make every appetite not only secure its own special satisfaction, but serve likewise the general welfare of the whole, and promote the development of the highest faculties of the spirit. Man's body and his soul are a unit, and there is not a passion in the body but the soul needs it all, and needs its normal satisfaction.

To this end, to harmonize those appetites and passions, I know no help like true ideas of religion and the natural emotions thereof; they lead unavoidably to noble actions.

How we misjudge the value of common things! "What a fortunate young man is Augustus," said the men and women of Boston many years ago, "he inherits so much money,— and of course so much social

respectability, which is the function of money,— born in one of the first families,"— that is, the richest,— "and inheriting such an estate; what a fortunate man!" "I wish *I* had his lot," said the young men; "I wish I could give such a fortune to *my* children," said the old ones. Ah me! the fortunate man is he who starts in life with the true religious ideas of man, of God, of His providential care for you and me, and all mankind; with the true religious feelings of reverence, gratitude, trust, love, and the unconquerable will to keep his every command. The culture which brings about this is not always costly, it must be precious, and that for ever.

II. But the great battle of life is not over when we have put down wrath, lust, and drunkenness, and have got through the wild land of the appetites. There are vices of conscious reflection not less than of instinctive passion. In New England I fear these are the greatest dangers, for few men warn you against them. Nay, what in a commercial and political town is called a great success in life is commonly the greatest defeat of the manliest thing which is in you.

The subtler vices are love of approbation, often degenerating into mere vanity, which is to honor what the froth is to the sea,— the scum it genders in chafing with the world; ambition, the excessive love of power; covetousness, the intemperate love of money: these often make a dreadful ruin of a man. How many wealthy wrecks do I see, floating all the week in the streets, and drifted, perhaps, for an hour into some meeting-house of a Sunday. A man may be a millionaire in dollars, and yet a bankrupt in manhood.

Bears and frogs and various other creatures hibernate a part of every year; they lie still, seemingly un-

conscious; their powers all live, but the functions are suspended; nothing is wholly dead, all is sleeping. How many men do I know, who undergo a partial hibernation, and that for long years! Their conscience has "denned up," as the bears in winter; their humanities are all torpid as the frogs who now lie buried in the mud. Yet these men walk about, all their higher faculties winter-quartered in their heart. Men salute them, "Good morning, sir! a happy new year!" They sit on platforms and are called by honorable names. Ministers preach to those hibernal souls as vainly as to a winter congregation of Russian bears. Nay, worse; hibernant ministers hold forth to a hibernating pack of "worshipers." So, in the catacombs of Egypt, you shall find the ancient priest amid his ancient congregation, mummies all.

A few years ago, in Boston, an ambitious religious society built a meeting-house more costly than they could pay for, or keep; so they were forced to leave it; the steeple turned the church out of doors. I never knew but one instance of this kind. Societies are wiser. But how often do I find that some respectable vice — covetousness, vanity, or ambition — has turned the man out of his own body. Politics have twisted that man's neck; fine dress exposes the shame of this civilized Adam and Eve, so fearfully clothed, that they are not ashamed while they yet for ever seek to hide themselves from the presence of the Lord God, always walking in every garden, at the cool or the heat of day, with eyes that travel through eternity. Here the shop unhouses the man; this is crushed by an avalanche of domestic goods; and this has bottled his soul along with his drink; there the pulpit, with its snow-white halter, chokes the life out of the minister.

Zeal for a false religion has slowly changed Dr. Banbaby into a practical atheist, all the theological funeral bells are tolling the knell over his humanity, while they mean to ring a joyous peal for his accession of divinity.

Miss Seemly had a lithe, trim figure, white teeth and rosy cheeks, eyes that if seldom brilliant were always sharp; a slender fortune and a stain on her family. At marriage she became Mrs. Seemly-Worldly; wedlock only added to her name; it did not change her character, which, in joy and sorrow, she has fiercely developed ever since. With a temper which, if not sweet, was at least a pleasant sour, in youth she committed no sin of instinctive passion, neither of attractive love nor of repulsive wrath; she was too decorous, nay, perhaps too conscientious, for either. The marriage was a bargain,— the Worldlys were a "great family," distant relations of the Seemlys too. Mrs. Seemly-Worldly, for still she keeps her maiden name, thought wealth was worth far more than love. She was devoted to her husband; for the lowlier purposes of life she was a convenient mate. She chose her religion, as her marriage bonnet, for its conventional fitness to the hour,— neither held an unfashionable feather; it was the religion of worldliness. Now, she aims at two chief things, to make a fashionable and ecclesiastic show, so demure at prayers, so jaunty at a ball; and to transplant her daughters into soft, rich soil. Oh, Mary Magdalen, and all ye other scriptural Marys, is there a patron saint for the abandoned woman only of the street, is the only prostitution theirs? The Seemly-Worldlys are older than Jerusalem, and in the midst of such it were no wonder, if to a woman taken in adultery, clear-sighted Jesus really

said, "Neither do I condemn thee. But go thou and sin no more." And to the Seemly-Worldlys of this time, how bravely did he say, "The publicans and the harlots enter into the kingdom of heaven before you!"

An old story tells that Actæon, a famous hunter, kept many hounds, and they ended by eating him up. Actæon is an old name; it is Greek besides. How many Actæons do you and I know — men eaten up by their own dogs! I know men who damage their body by their business; so do you. The other Sunday I spoke of them — a sermon meant likewise partly for myself; I hope we shall all heed it. Many more I know, who break down their conscience, their affections, their higher manhood. Mechanics sicken of their craft; painters have lead-colic; tailors and shoemakers are pale and dyspeptic-looking; printers go off in consumption, which they have caught from breathing ink and type-metal. Is that the worst? I know men whose ambition, whose vanity, whose covetousness, has wrought them worse mischief — a consumption of the mind, a numb palsy of the affections, gout in the conscience, a general dyspepsia of their humanities.

When Mr. Successful first came to Boston, "with nothing but his hands," he was a sufficiently generous young man. When he began his housekeeping, a little string of money, only one hundred and fifty dollars long, went clean round his annual expenses; the ends met and tied, and he had still a penny for the poor. When he was comfortably rich, his heart was still human and needed small prompting for kind deeds. He lit the fire on a poor widow's hearth, and the blessing of such as were ready to perish came, the sweetest benediction on his modest daily meal, or the annual sump-

tuous feast of thanksgiving, when his grateful eye fell on the unbroken ring of domestic jewels gradually twined by his own and his fond partner's hands. Now Mr. Successful is very rich, awfully rich, wealthy beyond hope; he talks in a "high prosperous voice" at the bank; in the council of hard faces you turn off from his; law is his only conscience now. It would take his right hand a great while to find any alms which his left hand ever does. So great is the load of gold on his shoulders, he cannot lift either hand to his lowliest pocket; once charity was wont to come, he heard her gently tapping at his wooden door; now all day she shall vainly beat against his gate of gold, and he will not hear that dear angel of humanity. His ears are full of money, he hears but one sound, chink, chink, chink. Theology tells us of stony hearts; they may be broken and managed then. But God save us from a heart of gold, which only beats like the mint-hammer to make coin, and circulates nothing but money, sending it out arterial, and taking it back dark-colored and venous. In Bunyan's wonderful poem, as the pilgrim draws nigh the end, his burden lightens, and at length falls off, leaving him to walk upright and joyous, a free man. But Mr. Successful has a huge, deep, wide-mouthed pannier fastened to his back, and as he trudges through this storm of money, it so rains gold thereinto that his burden greatens continually, and with bended back, and out-pressed eyes, knock-kneed, he staggers on his way, ere long to fall beneath his load, dead and buried under his pannier full of gold. On his gravestone let it be writ, *He coined his heart, and turned his conscience into dollars; his human sympathies became eagles.*

You sigh over the human ruins cast ashore on in-

famous places, stranded in jails, or caught upon the gallows, and so exposed to public shame; kind souls take interest in their cruel fate, however so well deserved; "there breaks not a heart but leaves some to grieve." Beneficent lawyers sometimes try to defend these poor creatures, and save them from their fate, and gentle-hearted ministers would intercede. Nay, the State has forecasting care for such as are like to be whelmed under in that perilous sea of crime; builds her breakwaters, and artificial harbors, calling them "Reform School," Industrial School," and other Christian names. But men are ruined otherwise; how many an ambitious craft encounters total wreck while sailing for the Presidency, for the governor's chair, or some political port far less renowned! The shore of Congress is lined with the fragments of shipwrecked men, wherewith, also, the coast of every State is painfully deformed. What argosies yearly go under, all their virtuous wealth spilled out among the heedless waves!

The saddest human ruin now conspicuous in America is no wretch in the State Prison, no lunatic at Worcester or Taunton; he will never be hung on any gibbet. It is a man uncommonly well gifted, well educated too; his praise is in all the newspapers. Pah! let us not look at him again; it is New-year's Sunday, turn we to more pleasant things.

Terrible are these vices of reflective calculation. I know of nothing which so enables a man to correct them, and to keep his hounds to hunt for him, not eat him up, as true religious ideas, true religious feelings. These put you in harmony with the universe around you, and with God who is everywhere. They set your little mill where the stream of life falls

on its wheels and the great forces of the universe come and grind for you all day, all night, year out, year in. If you want to heap up more money than you can ever earn, or either wisely spend, or manfully can keep, I would advise you to renounce true religion; give it all up, and go into business with your whole soul — nay, with your whole body and mind. Aaron's calf of gold will serve your turn better than Moses' God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, immensely better than the universe's God of infinite perfection. If you wish to be very popular with very popular men, or with cold, hard, cruel persons, who often control society for their special use, I would advise you to make yourself into a practical atheist, ringing with loud professions of ecclesiastical religion, noisy as brass, but like brass destitute of all love for the Infinite God of the world, and all charity towards men; that is the card for such a game. But if you wish to be a man, or a woman, and enjoy all your human rights, welfares, hopes, joys, and those dear, heartfelt delights, which are to happiness what well earned daily bread, and nightly sleep, are to health; why, I would advise you before all things, to heed that "still, small voice," which spoke once, at least, in the heart of the worst of us, and still comes to mankind, gently pleading, "Friend, come up higher; come up higher, friend!" I would advise you to seek that religion whose ideas are of the infinite perfection of God, whose feelings are reverence, and trust, and love, and whose actions are the natural morality of this body and this soul.

There are times of temptation. They come to us all, the passionate earlier, the ambitious later; sometimes both together. Alas me! which way shall I turn? Here is an internal guide which God has given to watch

over me, and keep me, and bear me up in his hands, lest at any time I dash my foot against this twofold stone of stumbling and rock of offense. Has not every man felt the temptation? Who has not sometimes likewise yielded when desire from within leagued with occasion from without, and both were too much for us? And, while plucking the forbidden fruit, have we not all been stung by that bee of remorse which mercifully lurks therein? Some have eaten the forbidden fruit so long that remorse troubles them no longer with pain; they are so paralyzed they know no more the sweet delights of life which virtuous lips alone can taste. In these times, the true idea of religion comes back to men, the infinitely perfect God, man so noble in nature, conscience so true, will so strong, human destination so fair and wonderful — and deep religious emotions spring up again, reverence for God and his unchanging law of right. Then we say to the tempter, "Get thee behind me! — who am I to debase my nature and sully my soul?" Many a noble youth has thus tottered on the sharp and perilous edge of ruin till true religion flashed her early light upon his road, and he turned and crept back safely. Many a noble man has been worse tempted, and by the same guide has been led through a wilderness hotter than the Arabian.

The stain of vice is on us; we have yielded to the temptation; we have broken with conscience, and marred the integrity of our own soul. Then, too, the true religion comes to us with marvelous healing power. There is hope: for the God all-mighty and all-righteous is all-loving too; and He has provided me ways of return. In the sickliest frame there is always a recuperative struggle, an effort to expel the

disease and return to the normal type. But the body is mortal, meant to last only a few score years: so its power of recovery has limits never far off; a fever soon burns down this six-foot tenement; a drowning child pulls a stout man after it into the fatal stream — the dead baby-hand strangling a vehement and full-grown life; a short fall breaks our precious urn — 'twas only earthenware — and men gather up the fragments to bury them out of their sight, while its precious balm ascends to heaven, filling the neighborhood with its sweetness. But there is no spiritual death — only partial numbness, never a stop to that higher life. The soul's power of recovery from wickedness is infinite: its time of healing is time without bounds. There is no limit to the *vis medicatrix* of the inner, the immortal man. To the body death is a finality; but the worst complication of personal wickedness is only one incident in the development of a man whose life is continuous, an infinite series of incidents all planned and watched over by absolute love. "One day shalt thou be with me in paradise," is what Jesus might say to each penitent thief: — aye, to the red-handed remorseful murderer gnawing his own heart; yes, to the New England kidnapper, not yet gnawing his own heart, still prowling about the courts, licking his jaws and hungering for other prey. The providence of God is infinite, and his love embraces the wickedest of men, not less than the best. In the world of matter and of man, He has provided an infinite means to rouse the self-restoring energy of the sin-sick soul — painful means no doubt they may be to us, but blessed in their motive, and oh! how joyous in their end! I think there is not in the Old Testament, or the New, a single word which tells this blessed truth that penitence here-

after shall do any good, or that the agony which men shall suffer never so many years shall wipe out one single scar of wickedness. But the universe is the revelation of God, and it tells you a grander truth,— infinite power and infinite love, time without bounds for the restoration of the fallen and the recovery of the wicked. In all the family of God, there is never a son of perdition.

This true religion is to be preached also in jails, and the hands of the murderer will then be lifted up in penitence and aspiration when he finds that there is an Infinite Mother who looks even upon him, and through the blood on his soul beholds the heavenly child and loves him still.

There are also times of prosperity. The little olive-plants are green with prophecy. Not a pearl has fallen from our chain of affection twined by loving hands about the neck; our cup runneth over. Then the man of true religious ideas and emotions feels his brotherhood to all mankind. "Who am I," quoth he, "but one of God's children? Did He make me stronger than they? Then the powers that He has given, and the fruits of my gathering thereby, are they only for myself? Are they not also for other men? Should I not help men more, as I am abler than they? Am I only a hand to gather for myself, and keep? only a mouth to consume in selfish greed? Am I not also much rather a hand to uphold the honest man who yet is weak and goes tottering; to distribute my power to those, who though earnest and honest, yet need? Am I not a mouth to instruct and warn; to heal, and soothe, and bless?" There can be Catholics who are mean and selfish in the use of all their faculties; such men may be Protestants just as well — Trinitarians, Unitarians.

Methodists, Baptists, nay, Christians after the fashion of the Christian Church; believing all the creed blameless, and hoping "salvation through Christ" from "the wrath of the dreadful God." But such men cannot have the true religion. He who has its ideas and emotions, perforce must have its actions; for every tree bears fruit after its own kind, not another's kind.

What joy does this religion add to prosperity! Who, think you, is richest in welfare — the miser, that gripes his four million dollars with lean, tenacious hand, which only opens at the touch of death, to litter his money on the ground, where he goes dust to dust; or that wise, kind man, who is contented with enough, and with his mercy cheers the cold fireside of some lone woman, where virtue and poverty sit down continual on her hearth? I do not underrate riches. I think I am one of the few New England ministers who duly honor wealth, who preach the natural gospel of industry, of comfort, of enjoyment, of riches also when fairly gained. But I would rather have the Warren Street Chapel in my heart, and shining out of my face, than all the hoarded money of the Rothschilds in my hand.

How we misjudge of values; if some inspired Diogenes should light his lamp and seek the richest man in Boston, he might find him possessed of a great estate; he might find him with a very little one, so small that the assessors never found it out, nor levied a property-tax upon him. How we misrate things! The material wealth is outward, and the spiritual is inward. Happy the man who has the spiritual; blessed also, if he have likewise the material, wherewith to lengthen his arm, and spread good thereby!

There are likewise times of sorrow. The world's tide is against us; riches vanish; some commercial crisis

sweeps off a competence; we are too old for new hope; the faces of our dear ones have changed, and they are sent away. How handsome was the urn of love that held our jewels! Now it is broken; the diamonds and rubies are all trodden into dust! fragments only litter the floor of life. How full of heart-breaks is our earthly day! It is seldom difficult to die for ourselves, but to leave those who make life worth the living, to feel the treasures of our affection slip through our hand so eager and yet so impotent, this is the bitterness of death. Silent the young wife sits by her husband's side,— it is the better part of her which is soon to be shorn away; the memory of youthful courtship comes back, hopeful and fragrant as a morning in May, when the apple trees have also put their nuptial glory on: she brings again the bridal's throbbing joy, and re-collects the scattered bliss of all the following years. She looks on that forehead, once so fair, and full, and smooth, the throne of many a kiss, but roughened now, ploughed over and harrowed too with various pain. Their two right hands are clasped in private now, as once, when both were conscious, they were publicly made one; but his drops from her, it is only the wife's palm that warmed the husband's hand. She is made a widow while the joy of her bridal and the scattered bliss of all the following years became new consecrate to her.

In hours like this what shall sustain our heart? Only the certainty that there is an Infinite Power, all-wise, all-good, that loves us, loves them, and if He change their countenance, it is only from the mortal into the immortal glory, brightening and brightening for ever. If this certainty does not wipe every tear from the eye of youth or age, it yet turns it into a telescopic glass

wherewith they see the expanded souls of their dear ones. Therein the mother beholds the baby whom death painfully delivered of the flesh, now become a child in heaven, already blessed with power and virtue which quite surpass its living parents here. There the widowed heart of man or woman beholds the dearest transfigured into human glory, which mortal flesh could never put on, nor even wear upon the earth.

> "Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
> Could have received greenness? It was gone
> Quite under ground, as flowers depart
> To see their mother-root when they are blown —
> Where they together,
> All the hard weather,
> Hid from the world, keep house unknown."

This religion at all times of life, I think is the chief treasure of human achievement. But if it be wise in such matters to speak of what a man has not inly experienced, and so known by heart, then I should say I think true religion is not quite whole and mature in childhood, youth, or manhood; that it takes old age to make it complete in all its parts, and perfect in each detail. Childhood has its bud, growing from the germ which none notice in babyhood; youth has its flower,— how fair and sweet a thing it is; in manhood comes the full foliage, and the expanding fruit falling, apple by apple, as it gets ripe; but in old age, only, appears I think the full harvest, when the very leaves turn into beauty ere they die, and the full ripe apples hang handsome on the tree, or, falling, clothe the ground with their sweet loveliness, each one a fruit historic, pointing back, also a seed prophetic of another spring whose sun rises not on us here; we have its dawning, not its day.

Yesterday we took each other by the hand, and welcome smiled in mutual eyes as we gave each other good wishes. Children rose early, their limbs half clad, and ran with pattering feet to their father's and mother's door, or to a more venerable generation, and lisped out their "Happy New Year!" To grave and thoughtful men what does it mean? The cause of greatest and perennial happiness is the true religious ideas, right religious feelings, manly religious deeds. What better thing would you? what greater could you? Let us wish this, each to himself, all to our brother men.

The old year ended a day and a half ago. The Infinite Providence bends over the cradle, or the playground, or the school-room, or the workshop of her children, and wishes us all a happy new year. But the wise Mother leaves us somewhat to ourselves, to work our weal or woe, and though she holds the tether, and never lets us stray beyond recall, she holds it something loose, and lets us run and choose our way. Which will you,— the meaner or the nobler life? You may have the worst thing, or the best thing, and call either your "religion!" Over your head and my head there hovers the ideal self that we know we ought to be. It points to years happier than we yet have known, and calls with cheery voice,— "Friend, come up higher! Come up higher, friend!" Let you and me not be disobedient unto that heavenly vision.

NOTES

NOTES

I

THE CHIEF SINS OF THE PEOPLE

On April 3, 1851, Thomas Sims, a fugitive slave pursued by kidnappers, was arrested in Boston for some misdemeanor while endeavoring to defend himself. He was brought before United States Commissioner George T. Curtis, who, after brief examination, remanded him, by virtue of the Fugitive Slave Law, to his claimant. It was the first instance in Massachusetts of the execution of this oppressive law. Boston was thrown into intense excitement. A week later, on Fast Day, April 10, Sims not yet deported and still in jail, Parker preached at the Melodeon this memorable sermon.

Charles Sumner wrote him, "May you live a thousand years, always preaching the truth of Fast Day! That sermon is a noble effort. It stirred me to the bottom of my heart, at times softening me almost to tears, and then again filling me with rage. I wish it could be read everywhere throughout the land. You have placed the commissioner in an immortal pillory."

After preaching it Parker wrote a friend — "Men in the street look long-favored at me as I go by. Nevertheless the good God lets the skies rain on me, and the sun shine (I saw my shadow to-day), and I am allowed to ride on the cars and walk on the sidewalk."

This sermon was published in pamphlet form in Boston the same year and is included in Frances Power Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. VII. pp. 257-295.

Page 8, note 1. Parker's career as the preacher of a new gospel of humanity and a new interpretation of Christianity, was contemporaneous with a new birth

of American literature. The "miserable imitation of the feudal literature of old Europe" was passing. The rapidly increasing facilities of intercourse with foreign nations, putting us in closer touch with their literatures, instead of stifling was fostering originality. The growth of liberal educational institutions and the vast expansion of a democratic press had the same influence. Our greater poets were in the maturity of their production. Historians had made a great beginning. A new imaginative literature, to which woman was soon to become a large contributor, was growing. Parker himself was surrounded by men with the genius of new vision,— essayists, orators, statesmen and scholars. The germs of an indigenous literature were alive and active, the roots of appreciation and criticism springing. A tide of enthusiasm for a purer intellectual culture and scholarship had set in.

Parker's acquaintance with the world's best literature and its best scholarship was exceptional, consequently he was the more impressed by America's crudeness and deficiencies. No one better than he knew all that was doing, yet he could not know that the seeds and plants that were springing round about him were the seeds and plants of a truly national or indigenous literature, and one that would so soon mature into a rich and luxuriant fruitage.

Page 22, note 2. Julius Jacob Van Haynau, the Austrian general, was in command during the Hungarian revolution of 1848-9. He was without a conscience for humanity. After the defeat of the Hungarians, being commissioned with absolute authority, he exercised it wantonly by condemning Hungarian nobles to long terms of punishment, the confiscation of the estates of the rich, enforcing a vigorous censorship of the press, subjecting an impoverished country to the rapacity of merciless officials and other cruelties.

Page 25, note 3. Parker notes that the judge here referred to was Peleg Sprague.

Page 45, note 4. A Saints' Calendar hung in a conspicuous place in Parker's memory. He knew it by heart. It was characteristic of him to associate Saints' days and Saints' names with events and themes on which he was preaching. Nothing significant of the piety and heroism of the ages escaped him.

II

THE THREE CHIEF SAFEGUARDS OF SOCIETY

This sermon was preached at the Melodeon July 6, 1851, and was printed in pamphlet form the same year. It is included in Miss Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. VIII. pp. 55-88.

Page 51, note 1. These old-time authors, Columella, Tusser, Cobbett, whom he elsewhere alludes to — were farmers and farmers' sons, and their books on agriculture a kind of classic. Parker, a farmer's son, loved the soil, its flowers and its fruits, and whatever was appreciatively written of their cultivation interested him, however obsolete. In fact he loved the neglected nooks and corners of literature, whatever the subject, the age, or the language.

Lucius Junius Moderatus Columella was a contemporary of Seneca, was born in Spain, and held estates there, but lived in Rome, and was a traveller. He wrote in prose and verse on the cultivation of cereals and vegetables, trees, flowers and the vine.

Thomas Tusser, an Englishman of the sixteenth century, according to Fuller's "Book of Worthies," was "a musician, schoolmaster, serving man, grazier, husbandman, poet, more skilful in all than any vocation." Yet he made a book on "A Hundredth Good Points of Husbandrie" that went through a score of editions, and put him in literary companionship with Varro and

Columella, though Stillingfleet thinks he "would rather compare him to old Hesiod."

William Cobbett, the brilliant and erratic English satirist (1762-1835) and author of Peter Porcupine's hundred or more volumes both laudatory and damnatory of English and American politics and politicians, wrote, also as a practical farmer, on "Agriculture and Horticulture," though it is said he "did not in any way advance the practice of agriculture, either by precept or example, but he adorned the parts that have been mentioned by his homely knowledge of the art, and most agreeable delineation."

Page 85, note 2. See Webster's speech at Capon Springs.

III

THE PUBLIC EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE

This address was delivered before the Onondaga Teachers' Institute, at Syracuse, New York, October 4, 1849.

It was published in Boston in pamphlet form in 1850.

It is included in Miss Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. VII., pp. 180-216.

Page 133, note 1. Horace Mann, (1796–1852), was the first Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, established in 1837. Through his influence and efforts important reforms in the public school system were brought about, educational conventions held, and legislation secured for the establishment of normal schools. A new impulse was given to the interests of public education throughout the State. Mann's addresses and reports gave him national distinction as an educator. He was also a rugged abolitionist, and, later, in Congress, put up a vigorous fight against the extension of slavery, the Fugitive

Slave Law, and Mr. Webster. These services in behalf of education and humanity led to an intimacy between him and Parker, and more or less correspondence. Parker often pays him tribute, and especially in the following paper on Education. Elsewhere he has said — "I think there is but one man in America who has done the nation so much service — that is Garrison."

It is well worth recording here what a contemporary, Wendell Phillips, says in a Fraternity lecture delivered in Boston, in 1859 — the subject "Idols" — "Within her bosom (Massachusetts) rests the dust of Horace Mann, whose name hundreds of thousands of children in western prairies, looking up to Massachusetts teachers, learn to bless. He bears the scepter of Massachusetts influence to the shores of the Pacific. When at the head of our Normal School, a colored girl was admitted, and the narrow prejudice of Newton closed every door against her — "Come to my table, let my roof then be your home," said Mr. Mann.

Antioch College staggered under $60,000 debt. One, bearing the form of a man, came to its president, and said "I will pay one sixth, if you will promise me no negro shall enter its halls." "Let it perish first," was Horace Mann's reply.

IV

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE

This paper was originally published without signature in the Massachusetts Quarterly Review for March 1848 and included in Frances Power Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. IV. pp. 263-292.

For an account of the Massachusetts Quarterly Review see a note on page 505 of volume VIII. of this edition of Parker's Works, entitled the American Scholar.

Page 163 note 1. This paper was originally a re-

view of: I. City Document, No. 40 — Reports of the Annual Visiting Committees of the Public Schools of the City of Boston, 1847: Boston, 1847, 8vo., pp. 124 and 92. II. Eleventh Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the Eleventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board: Boston, 1848, 8vo., pp. 136 and IX.

Page 164, note 2. Massachusetts is indebted to George B. Emerson for important labor in behalf of education and its institutions. A graduate of Harvard, he received from the College in 1857 the degree of LL.D. Until his retirement from professional life in 1855, he conducted a private school for girls in Boston for over thirty pears, and was previously principal of the Boston High School. He was one of the organizers and also president of the Boston Society of Natural History, was instrumental in securing legislation for the geological survey of the State, and in the establishment of the State Board of Education; wrote and lectured on educational matters, and was a member of many learned societies.

V

THE PUBLIC FUNCTION OF WOMAN

This sermon was preached at the Music Hall, March 27, 1853. It was phonographically reported by J. M. W. Yerrinton and Rufus Leighton, and published in pamphlet form at various times, 1853–1855 in Boston; included in American edition of Parker's Works, Additional Speeches, Vol. II.

It is included in Frances Power Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. VIII. pp. 88-110.

Page 194, note 1. Probably Sarah Alden Bradford, daughter of Captain Gamaliel Bradford, and the wife of Rev. Samuel Ripley. She was born in Boston, July

31, 1793, and died in Concord, Mass., July 26, 1867. "Her hands," it is said, "were often busy with some household task while her Virgil or Homer was set up open before her. She seemed to know it by heart, and always set us right without interrupting the sewing and the shelling of peas. It soon happened that students from Cambridge were put under her private instruction and oversight."

Page 194, note 2. Parker's reference seems to be the only record of the "daughter of a poor widowed seamstress" who shared with Elihu Burritt the ability to read the Koran in Arabic.

Page 194, note 3. Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, lived at one time in Lynn, which explains the phrase "in a town adjoining this." She was born in Nantucket, in 1818. Her father, more than a mechanic, was devoted to mathematical and astronomical studies; was an Overseer of Harvard College, and chairman of the committee to visit the Observatory.

Maria, early in life, did much original astronomical work. She discovered a comet in 1847, and was honored with a gold medal by the King of Denmark. She was engaged some years on the American Nautical Almanac. During a visit at the observatories of Great Britain and the continent, she was received by Sir John Hershel, LeVerrier, Humboldt and other distinguished astronomers and scientists. Dartmouth and Columbia gave her an LL.D. For more than thirty years she was Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College.

Page 194, note 4. Without doubt, Mary Lowell Putnam, sister of James Russell Lowell. She died at great age in 1898. She was a linguist. The Slavic languages were among her accomplishments.

"Margaret Fuller was certainly not the most accomplished philologist at Boston," says a venerable contemporary. And Mrs. Julia Ward Howe modestly disclaims the honor, though she says she used to borrow

Parker's Hebrew Lexicon, for she loved the language of the Psalms.

Page 196, note 5. This reference was presumably to Lucretia Mott.

VI

HOME

CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO ITS MORAL INFLUENCE

This sermon appears in Parker's scrap-book journal under date of 1843.

VII

THE MORAL DANGERS OF PROSPERITY

This discourse was preached at the Music Hall, in Boston, November 5, 1854. It was phonographically reported by Mr. Rufus Leighton, and published in Boston, 1855. It is included in Frances Power Cobbe's edition of Parker's Works, Vol. VIII., pp. 111–131.

Page 238, note 1. This traditional charge, founded on an unhappy outburst of feeling in the heat of controversy, is reiterated again and again in slightly varying words. It is sufficient to quote from a note, p. 256, in Chadwick's "Theodore Parker." See also Mr. Cook's note, "Matter and Spirit," p. 410. "Dr. Dewey's remark was one of those which Parker never tired of worrying. He insisted on its grossest form, and wrote in his journal that Dr. Dewey would have done what he said. This showed his ignorance of the man, whose unfortunate expression was simply an hyperbole spontaneously caught up to express Dr. Dewey's sense of the evils that would attend the disruption of the Union. It was my privilege to know Dr. Dewey well in his old

age and I do not believe that he would have given over a fugitive to the slave-catcher any sooner than Parker, whatever might happen to the Union of these States."

Page 238, note 2. This refers to Nehemiah Adams, for forty-four years (1834–1878) minister of the Essex Street Congregational Church, Boston, and famous for his theological orthodoxy and as an apologist for slavery. A graduate of Harvard and Andover, he was prominent in denominational affairs, and author of several books. His "South Side View of Slavery," 1854, made him a target for the abolitionists, and stirred up a deal of controversy, which was revived by the "Sable Cloud — a Southern Tale, with Northern Comments."

Another book, "Scripture Argument for Endless Punishment," brought him under the fire of the liberal denominations.

VIII

HARD TIMES

This discourse was given at Music Hall, October 4, 1857, and reported the following day, October 5, by the *Boston Daily Bee.* Some slight but necessary changes have been made in the reporter's phrasing.

IX

POVERTY

This sermon was preached at the Melodeon, January 14, 1849, and published in the *Daily Chronotype* for January 26, 1849. It is included in Frances Power Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. VII., pp. 94–113.

X

WAR

This sermon was preached at the Melodeon, June 7, 1846.

It was published in Boston in pamphlet form in at least three editions within the year 1846. It is included in Frances Power Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. IV., pp. 1–31.

"This was the first," says Chadwick, in "Theodore Parker," "or one of the first, of those sermons in which the massing of statistics was a striking part."

Page 320, note 1. This reference is to Mr. Charles Sumner.

XI

CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT

This sermon is now published for the first time. No information concerning the date of delivery appears upon the manuscript; internal evidence, however, shows it to have been made after the attack on Sumner.

Page 336, note 1. The American Party was a political body in existence during the administrations of Fillmore and Buchanan, in the 50's and organized as a secret society or fraternity. As its members usually professed ignorance of what was doing in their meetings, it got the name of the "Know-nothing" party. Its aim, similar to that of the shorter lived "Native American" party of the preceding decade, was to keep the government in the hands of native-born Americans. As to slavery it was non-committal, a position a good many people regarded as the only safe and practical one for themselves and the nation in its disturbed state. The party was obnoxious to Roman Catholics and the abolitionists. It gained control, however, of several

State legislatures, North and South, but suffered a crushing defeat when it nominated Fillmore for a second term. Its principles were too weak to gain any considerable constituency, and so opposed to the liberal policies and increasing moral fervor of the North, that it soon died out.

Page 347, note 2. In his journal, May 28, 1845, Parker notes attending "all anti-capital punishment meetings," nothing remarkable but as a sign of the times. Soon this sin of judicial murder will be over. Notice the remarkable variety of persons; all conditions were represented there.

XII

WHAT RELIGION MAY DO FOR A MAN

This sermon was delivered at Music Hall, Boston, January 2, 1859.

It was published in pamphlet form, 1859. It is included in Miss Cobbe's edition of Parker's Collected Works, Vol. III., pp. 301-319.

This was the last sermon preached by Theodore Parker. His anxious and painful apprehensions are voiced in his journal of the previous evening.

"January 1, 1859. This Saturday night, eve of the first day of the New Year. I have finished my sermon for to-morrow and I have nothing to do but indulge my feelings, and gather up my soul. This is the first New Year's day that I was ever sick. Now I have been a prisoner almost three months, living in my chamber or my study. I have been out of doors but three times since Sunday last. It looks as if this was the last of my New Year's days on earth. I felt so when I gave each gift to-day; yet few men have more to live for than I. It seems as if I had just begun a great work. Yet if I must abandon it I will not complain."

During the following week he prepared another sermon, but early Sunday morning, January 9, he was attacked with a hemorrhage of the lungs. In a brief pencil note of explanation of his absence, read to the congregation, he says, " I intended to preach on ' The Religion of Jesus and the Christianity of the Church; of the Superiority of Good-Will to Man over Theological Fancies.' I hope you will not forget the contribution for the poor, whom we have with us always. I don't know when I shall again look upon your welcome faces, which have so often cheered my spirit when my flesh was weak " — the note closing with his affectionate benediction.

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